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WOMAN'S LOVE;

OR,

THE TRIUMPH OF PATIENCE.

A DRAMA,

IN FIVE ACTS.

Miller's

MODERN ACTING DRAMA,

CONSISTING OF

THE MOST POPULAR PIECES

PRODUCED AT THE

LONDON THEATRES,

SUBJECT TO THE

PROVISIONS OF THE DRAMATIC COPYRIGHT ACT.

LONDON:

JOHN MILLER, HENRIETTA STREET,

COVENT GARDEN.

(Agent to the Dramatic Authors' Society.)

1834.

WOMAN'S LOVE;

OR,

THE TRIUMPH OF PATIENCE.

A DRAMA, IN FIVE ACTS.

BY

THOMAS WADE.

FIRST PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL COVENT GARDEN,

ON WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1828.

THIRD EDITION.

LONDON:

JOHN MILLER, HENRIETTA STREET,
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(*Agent to the Dramatic Authors' Society.*)

1834.

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TO

CHARLES KEMBLE, ESQ.,

This Drama of

"WOMAN'S LOVE;

OR,

THE TRIUMPH OF PATIENCE",

PRODUCED UNDER HIS KIND AUSPICES,

IS,

WITH GRATITUDE, INSCRIBED —

BY HIS OBLIGED

AND FAITHFUL SERVANT,

THE AUTHOR.

Those who kindly honor the following drama with their attention will be pleased to observe that many passages have judiciously been omitted in its representation at the theatre: but the practice of printing such waived sentences between inverted commas is always far more troublesome than necessary, and a frequent source of confusion to the reader.

[redacted]

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ANDREA, *Duke of Saluzzo,*	Mr. C. Kemble.
PEGANUS, - - - - - -	Diddear.
VALERIO, - - - - - -	Raymond.
MANSO, - - - - - - -	Bartley.
AURELIO, - - - - - -	Warde.
BISACCIO, - - - - - -	Horrebow.
GUALTIER, - - - - - -	Egerton.
PETRONIO, - - - - - -	Baker.
LUCIO, - - - - - - -	Green.
FERDINAND, - - - -	Irwin.
MESSENGER, - - - -	Holl.
BIANCA, *wife to Andrea,* -	Miss Jarman.
ROSAMOND, - - - -	J. Scott.
LIVIA, - - - - - - -	Mrs. Vining.
FIRST VILLAGER, - -	Miss H. Cawse.

Lords, Courtiers, Messengers, Attendants, Villagers, &c.

Scene: — *Saluzzo, Bologna, &c.*

PREFACE.

THE sources from whence the story of this drama is derived, are well known to the readers of Bocaccio, Petrarch and Chaucer. Goldoni's elegant genius adorned with it the stage of Italy; but the author of the present work had no opportunity of perusing the "Griselda," until after the completion of "Woman's Love;" nor has he ever met with the old English play upon the same subject. Had the case been otherwise, his imperfect performance might, perhaps, have challenged criticism with a bolder face.

One of his critics speaks of his "depravity of taste," in selecting "a theme so puerile and disgusting," from "all the varying scenes of this strange and eventful world." The puerility and disgust of the matter, in all probability, exist only in the mind of the manful, but too delicately sensitive critic: the story is, undoubtedly, an unfavourable one for dra-

matic purposes, and surrounded with difficulties; but difficulties are the true lure to enterprise, and success in their despite is ever the most welcome to a gallant adventurer.

But, the author's triumph (and an indulgent public has stamped it as such) over his subject, shrinks into insignificance before that of Mr. Charles Kemble, over the revolting and unaccountable character of *Duke Andrea:* doubt, suspicion, moodiness, sarcasm, humour, ire, dignity, half-madness, love, doting fondness—flash from his mind to his voice, features and action, in rapid and continued variety: the monarch, lover, husband, father—in all the great changes of their varied passions—find in him their *beau idéal;* and we may challenge the stage of Europe to furnish a more perfect piece of art than his admirable personation of the cruel, but still constant lord of the patient Bianca.

The deep interest which follows Miss Jarman throughout every scene of *Bianca's* patient sorrows—and the silent tears which she exacts from her audience, pay her a higher tribute than could volumes of praise; and to their all-sufficient eulogy, the author would blush to add one poor commendation of his own.

Mr. Warde, in his spirited and most excellent performance of *Aurelio*, sheds a life through the whole play, which materially relieves the harshness of Andrea, and the sufferings of Bianca; and alleviates both the anger and pity of the audience, at the unmerited woes of the one and the uncalled-for cruelty of the other. The plaudits of his hearers are his truest recompense.

To Mr. Bartley, for his correct, his perfect delineation of *Manso*, the pen that afforded the words which he clothes in so much feeling, here freely records the admiration of him who holds it. And to Mr. Egerton, for his just representation of *Gualtier*—to Mr. Diddear, Mr. Raymond, Mr. Horrebow, Mr. Baker; to Miss J. Scott, to Mrs. Vining—and to one and all engaged in his drama, the author begs to offer his most sincere thanks. To Mr. Blanchard and to Mr. Green, for kindly interesting themselves in characters so unworthy of their powers, as the *Steward* and *Lucio* (the former of which having been entirely omitted after the first night's performance of the play, does not appear in its printed form), he desires particularly to acknowledge his great obligations. Prose were a dull return for the sweet tones of Miss H. Cawse, which so enliven the garden of old Manso.

Whilst to many of his critics the author feels more than thankful, no less for their judicious censure than their praise; he can but regret the extreme eagerness shown by others to deprive him of all hope of present, or future success. These gentlemen, affecting to despise and condemn the translating system, which has so long lowered our English stage, no sooner descry an humble candidate for the honors of originality (he had almost said, abandoned honours; but, have we not the accomplished Mary Russell Mitford — have we not a Knowles?) than they, one and all, pounce upon him with unrelenting swoop, and ply their forces with a right magnanimous vigor — beak, talons and all! He would counsel them to be generous as well as just; and hopes on another occasion to be enabled to offer them at least the praise of consistency.

To the public, for the kind and cheering applause with which they have greeted this his first essay as a dramatist, the author feels deeply grateful. Their approbation is the proudest of all incentives to continued exertion.

WOMAN'S LOVE;

OR,

THE TRIUMPH OF PATIENCE.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.

Saluzzo.—The Court Yard of the Duke's Palace.

Enter GUALTIER *and* PETRONIO.

Gual. Signor Petronio, you are most welcome to Saluzzo—and much is my contentment that your foreign education has not schooled you into a contempt of your native land: for in this outward-bred aversion to his country, a man but shows himself as a foolish child, who, spoiled by the nurse, despises the mother. A man's country is his father and mother—and he who suffers his affections to fall from her, is indeed guilty of a breach of the decalogue. Signor Petronio, I rejoice heartily to see you.

Pet. My Lord Gaultier, your kindness flatters me; and

as to the theme of one's country—although I somewhat affect the cosmopolite — there is yet a voice in my heart which sings gladness as I tread the soil of my nativity: for, truly, on so fair a spot of earth as this Saluzzo, and blest with such friends as I boast here, although my natural parents be dead, I scarce can deem myself in the estate of an orphan. But, noble Signor,—is the Duke absolute in this matter of his divorce?

Gual. Absolute,—I say it grievingly; for never did lady so grace the coronet that graced her, as doth the beauteous Bianca: she is a royal rose, the pride of whose form and colour doth well appear in her greatness and beauty; but its richest quality—the quality of sweetness—in her virtues.

Pet. I am bent to inquire more in the matter: for although a native here, having been an exile from my boyhood, I, of necessity, am mainly ignorant of what has hitherto chanced in Saluzzo.

Gual. The history is long—you shall have the epitome.

Pet. 'Twill suffice, my lord.

Gual. It is a theme for a better historian. About the time that, your parents dying, you were sent, a mere child, to England, there grew a most vehement desire in the public mind of Saluzzo, that our Duke should do that which might yield us good hope of an heir to the Dukedom—marry; but he, then in the spring-flush of youth, and living in the wanton wilds of love, did hold himself averse to the walled garden of wedlock — and flatly refused the people's petition.

Pet. And what then did the people?

Gaul. Drove petition at the heels of petition so fast, that the Duke at length took their desires into entertainment, and bound himself to marry — with this especial *proviso:* that his choice should have no rein; but be its own guide in all things.

Pet. He could but choose nobly.

Gual. He affected the nobility of nature — and passing the princesses of kingdoms, espoused the queen of a village, Bianca, the fair daughter of a private, but honourable gentleman — one Manso, who, although his allegiance permitted him not to deny the suit of his prince, yet strangely stood aloof from the proud alliance; haply foreseeing, from its wide inequality, the woe that hath indeed followed. Besides, he hath constantly refused all advancement; still playing the poor part of a country gentleman within the sunshine of his daughter's sovereignty.

Pet. Strange!—But hath she no other relatives whose fortunes might engraft themselves on hers?

Gual. None, but a wild brother, named Aurelio—whom the Duke much loved, and favoured at court; till his sudden honours, in a manner, drove him from himself—and, as the steady-judging father predicted, swelled him into such excesses, that the Duke was reluctantly constrained to banish him his presence; and rumour hath since drawn Aurelio's life in such colours, as can but have grievously afflicted the virtuous Manso — and the royal lady, who ever doted on her brother.

Pet. Her sorrows are manifold.

Gual. Well, Sir;—to renew: amid much muttered scandal, Duke Andrea espoused this Bianca, this regal-

gifted villager;—and never was seen so much of heaven upon the earth as ensued: it was a palace, with all the sweet innocence and content of a cottage;—a cottage, with all the honour and appliances of a palace: the simple flowers of humility were strown amongst the gorgeous jewels of pride; and the sceptre meet for a princess, became honoured in the hand of a rustic.

Pet. And did this long continue?

Gual. Alas! no: scarce had the Duchess become a mother, when the Duke (curiosity might never learn wherefore) grew reserved and gloomy—bore himself harshly towards the lady Bianca—dwelt much on the meanness of blood; which the wayward people hearing, straight flew to the like conclusions—and thus sanctioned, the Duke, it is partially believed, caused violent hands to be laid upon his infant daughter; for (when given out as dead) a certain ruffian, it is reported, was seen bearing her from the palace by midnight;—and since then, now sixteen years past, she has at least been dead to knowledge, if not in nature: I fear the last.

Pet. This tale is more than piteous. Could a mother survive such cruel bereavement?

Gual. She bore it like a martyr—without a tear, without a murmur! The shut book of her heart discovered no index; which, at first, when the Duke noted, he would clasp her in his arms—and sometimes smile, or weep, as the fit worked on him; and it proved ever hard of credence, that such smiles and tears could be those of a murderer.

Pet. The crocodile weeps and the hyæna laughs, they say. What followed?

Gual. More clouds: the Duke soon relapsed into his former mood—pierced the fond heart of his lady with perpetual unkindness—grew more and more morose; and now—as a crown to his inhumanity, which many (I speak it in caution) are reasonably fain to attribute to a kind of brain-wandering—he has resolved upon this divorce, on pretence that his only child being dead, and Bianca bringing him no further issue, the good of his kingdom requires he should espouse one of royal blood, who may yield him a worthy heir to the Dukedom.

Pet. This will go nigh to break three hearts, unless dissipation have turned Aurelio's into stone.

Gual. Not so: Manso rejoices, and welcomes his daughter to her humble home again, with open heart and arms; whilst Aurelio, now absent at Bologna, pranks it there so wildly, that ignorance of his disgrace may happily be a bar to its annoyance. But the lady—the lady! she seems a suffering angel—bearing with a dignified meekness her lord's insane cruelty and the malignity of the many who, envying her exaltation, now greatly rejoice in her downfall.

Pet. Poor heart! And doth his Holiness sanction this stern measure?

Gual. He doth, Signor: and little marvel, since gold is so almighty with the saints of Rome. One Lucio, a travelled fop, who hath lounged over Europe and found all men alike, is momently expected in Saluzzo, with the Pope's written approval of the matter: the execution but awaits his arrival—and, ho! here comes the man! Have I invoked Satan? Bear with him, Petronio.

Pet. Oh! doubt me not.

Gual. You could not mend him, Signor: he is too comfortably wrapped in the cloak of his conceit, to be chilled by the wind of ridicule. Good-day and welcome, to my lord Lucio!

Enter LUCIO.

My friend Petronio, an' it please you,—fresh from merry England.

Pet. I greet your lordship.

Luc. Salutation 's the word,—Signor, your slave. From England?—So! I have been there myself; and truly, I found it a land of fogs, in which the natives walk, like Ulysses in his cloud, invisible. Oh, Sir!—a villanous country, England.

Pet. Cold, Sir, indeed, and somewhat cloudy: but, a brave kingdom!—in dimensions a dwarf; in strength a giant,—a little head to the great body of the world—indeed, a noble kingdom!

Gual. His lordship knows. How fares the Pope?—bring you the dispensation?

Luc. I kissed his Holiness' toe, and therein derived much spiritual comfort: I felt, as I may say, an enlivening of the soul; an invigoration of the principle of faith; a kind of tickling about the pericardium of grace; a ——.

Gual. Bring you the dispensation?

Luc. I do: and the Duke's crown is thereby endangered?

Pet. How!

Luc. His wife, Sir—his wife. But, I must haste to the Duke—the divorce will proceed apace. Your Helot,

gentlemen; in camp and court, yours: I go to accend grief; for the divorced lady, I trow, will even marry her tears, and encouch herself with sorrow. Gentlemen, *au revoir!* [*Exit.*

Pet. The coxcomb!—how heartlessly he speaks of sorrow!

Gual. So substantial a feeling as pity cannot float in that shallow, his mind; nor can it sink there—it is so shallow a shallow. But, come! Sir: I must present you to Duke Andrea: he walks i' the palace garden—let us in.

Pet. I attend you, my Lord. The beams of his greatness must render us blind to his defects. But one word more—has any lady yet been named as the Duke's second bride?

Gual. Ay, Signor. At the court of Peganus, Prince of Bologna, who espoused the noble Livia, the sister of our Duke—resides a fair maiden of royal birth, called Rosamond; of whose excellent beauty the world has made itself the reporter and panegyrist: she it is, they say, whom the Duke solicits in marriage. Craves your curiosity further?

Pet. I blush, my Lord Gualtier. Pray you, lead on. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Saluzzo.—The Palace Garden.

Enter DUKE ANDREA, *attended;* LUCIO; *and afterwards* GUALTIER *and* PETRONIO, *at a distance.*

Duke. The setting sun upon the ground doth throw
A most unseemly shadow from thy form—
Take it away!

Luc. In truth, most dreaded Sir,
To move my shadow, I must move myself.

Duke. And 'tis thyself that I would have removed.
Begone! I loathe that dress.

Luc. It is the fashion.

Duke. Out on the fashion!—Out—My taste's my fashion.
Thine errand's done—begone!—Infest me not.

Luc. I kiss your Highness' hand—

Duke. My glove—farewell!

[*Exit* LUCIO.

Gual. Another tickle for his lordship's pericardium of grace.

Pet. He's a great man—hand and glove with a Duke.

Duke. I saw a monkey on a mongrel's back,
And 'twas a farce to note his gravity:
'Tis thus these skipping jacks bestride the time,
Playing the ape on 't, like this monkey, Lucio.

GUALTIER *and* PETRONIO *advance.*

Worthy Lord Gualtier!—thou 'rt a man indeed:
Manhood is in thy dress and in thy manners—
Thou 'rt worth a score of Lucios—Who is here?

Gual. Petronio, Sir: my excellent young friend—
Newly from England—

Pet. Now your Highness' servant.

Duke. Young Signor, you are welcome to our Court.
We shall have need of you—Your leave, awhile.

[*Exit* PETRONIO. *Attendants retire.*

Gualtier!

Gual. My Lord?

Duke. Did Lucio tell you he had seen the Pope?

Gual. He did my Lord,—and with a wide discourse.

Duke. Would that all liars were fools!—they'd do less mischief.
I'd have him say so—but he saw no pope:
Of proctors, priests and clouted cardinals,
Belike, he saw a bevy—but no pope.
You note this scroll, Sir?—'tis the papal bull—
A forged one.

Gual. Forged! my lord?

Duke. They'd hang us, Sir, in England.
Ay—forged. What! think you, if the deed be wrong,
The Pope, more than the Devil, can sanctify 't?
And if 'tis right (as right, indeed, it is)
What need of sanction to 't? Princes are dolts,
Thus to be ridden by a reverend Joan,
Who whilst they stoop to take their rider up,
E'en chuckles in his sleeve, and writes them, *fools*.
But still the public conscience must be soothed,
And here is that shall do the business:
A cunning scribe of Rome the instrument
Hath featly penn'd; and Lucio, my messenger,
Being an ass, takes matters as they seem—
And so, no fear of him. What say the people
Of this break-marriage work? No flinching! What?

Gual. They are too loyal to condemn their prince.

Duke. No matter, soft-tongued courtier, what they say.
New toys allure men ever. Our young Duchess,
Fresh-crowned and royal, shall the former drive
Out of remembrance quite—make her grow stale
In the most closet memory. Trusty Gualtier!

Gual. Your Highness?

Duke. Secret be as death, Lord Gualtier.
I need thy service—and fair confidence
Begets affection in the servitor—
Thou wilt not blab?

Gual. I've read of Midas, Sir.

Duke. But, lest thou should'st, I will not tell thee more. (*Aside.*)
No word o' the forgery! We must despatch:
Your friend Petronio, out of grace to you,
We do select as our ambassador
(To supersede fantastic Lucio)
Unto Bologna: bid him there solicit
The speedy presence of fair Rosamond
Here at our court. See that no pomp be wanting!
With gems of Ind and sweets of Araby
Make giddy her dear sense: proud equipage
Attend her; and be sure the spirit of music
Do wait upon her footsteps. Let him hence!
And with him, these.

[*Gives* GUALTIER *letters.*

And that Duke Andrea's throne
May for a queen have timely vacancy,
Yourself, grave Councillor, give order due
That all the nobles in assembly meet,
To set the public seal to our divorce.—
See to 't, old friend.

Gual. With diligence, my Lord.

[*Exeunt* DUKE *and attendants.*

I would his Highness had another servant;
Or that his servant had a better office!
His mind's disturb'd: he's cruel, for he's mad! [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Saluzzo.—The Court-yard of the DUKE'S *Palace.*

Enter GUALTIER, *with Letters, and* PETRONIO.

Gual. Despatch! Petronio: and, as you would insure further service, preserve a diligent ear and a ready eye; but let thy tongue be a sluggard, upon occasion. Here are the letters (*giving them*): and so, at once, farewell!

Pet. I will use all speed. Good health continue with your Lordship! Farewell. [*Exit.*

Gual. This is a strange whim of the Duke. Can he be sane? The whole matter is a mystery, whose depths my poor wits have not line enough to fathom: time must enlighten my dark apprehension, and events proclaim the history of motives. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Saluzzo.—An Apartment in the Duke's Palace.

Enter DUKE *and Attendants.*

Duke. Sirs, to your sports! But, first; go, one of you,
Unto the Duchess: Say, we wait her leisure.

[*Exeunt Attendants.*

O, for a draught of mental emboline!
To neutralise this poison of the soul—
This mad suspicion, whose vile weed o'ergrows
The sweetest flowers of life. Still seems she loyal;
Fond—very faithful: her obedience
Foreruns command—Yet do I doubt, and doubt!
Her babe, unbaptised, from her side was snatch'd;
And yet she railed not; *'Twas her lord's behest,*
And that for her was warrant all enough
To hold her grief in chains—and still, I doubt!

I've heap'd the ice of chill indifference
Upon the bright fire of her seeming love,
In which it melts invisibly—quenching nothing
Of its clear warmth; nothing apparent, nothing—
But yet, I doubt! She loves my greatness only;
Prizing the state whereto my love exalts her,
More than the love that raises her—To this,
As to a twig, my faint and sinking doubts,
Those o'erwrought swimmers, cling. I must have proof!
Yes—the divorce!—And if, when so disgraced—
And with a rival near the throne she fills
With such a meekness, that authority
Takes lessons of submission from her smiles—
She be still constant, and resentless still,
However tempted unto mutiny
(And strongly shall she be temptation-tried)
And keep (unmoved by passion's pettiness)
Unclouded the pure heaven of her love—
By the bright stars! she is a living gem
Whose worth the unsearched treasures of the spheres
Could not pay down. But, hold!—let me not play
The blind adventurer with my happiness;
And like an over-eager merchant, lose
The present thrift, to all need adequate,
In greedy speculation after more,
Which being gained, were superfluity:
For that, indeed—but, no! I rest resolved—

Enter BIANCA.

Ho! lady—are you come? Bianca.—Bianca

Bianca. My dear lord?

Duke. How?

Bian. My lord—I pray you, pardon me:
My tongue must go to school. I wait, my lord—
The poor wife waits her royal husband's will.

Duke. My wife no more! Take titles that become thee.
Duke Andrea's wife should boast her of a race
Whose veins run kingly blood.—O! doff those robes:
This masquerading hath endured too long.
Cloak thee in russet—go! Is that a tear
That dims the lustre of thy blue-bell eye?—
How's this, Bianca?

Bian. No—believe me, Sir:
You wrong your hand-maid. True, the dress I wear
Speaks of a splendor that derides my birth;—
But who, my lord, first clothed me in 't?—who bade
Me to forego my country weeds, and don
The robe of state?—who snatched me from the vale,
To place me on the pinnacle I fall from?
Who, but my lord?—You see no tear: I scorn
To weep!—guilt weeps; but I am innocent.

Duke. Who says I ever thought that you were guilty?
You are no Roman matron, that repine not
At noble suffering for your country's good:
By heaven! you grieve.

Bian. Mine is no Roman cause.

Duke. That's wildly said; it is a Roman cause.
Saluzzo with one voice cries out for offspring,
That may rule o'er her with a lineal sway,
When I be dust. We have no child, Bianca.

Bian. Have we no child, my lord? We had a child—
Heaven pity her sweet soul!
Duke. Of that, no more!
I will have no pretenders to my throne,
That are not of my blood—I must have heirs!
Bian. May they—
Duke. Nay, 'sooth—you have my pity, lady:
'Tis grievous punishment to those who walk
In golden clouds, to find them very clouds:
Indeed, 'tis sad—and for a woman, most so—
To leave the glitter of pomp, the knee of homage,
The voice of flattery, the wand of power—
All in a moment, for humility
And life obscure—I see it moves you, lady.
Bian. Duke Andrea—no! Power, flattery, homage, pomp—
Tho' held, were treasureless; without the jewel—
The crowning one of my life's diadem—
My sovereign's love; there lies the loss I mourn,—
And none but that—that cuts me to the quick.
Were he a shepherd of Saluzzo's plains,
He would be then, as now—my poor heart's king.
Duke. Now could I laugh: what! love? the school-girl's dream;
The youngster's vision—the starved poet's chime;
The thing of fables, raw inventions—lies!
A riddle, jest—Midsummer-craziness;
Air, wind, breath, vapor, shade, shade's shadow—nothing!
Is't this you stumble on? Bianca's mad!

Bian. I am your jest, my lord: came I for this?

Duke. For this—and this: There goes an embassy
Unto Bologna, by to-morrow's morn-break,
To gratulate my bride and tend her hither.—
Is her heart marble? (*aside*) And—come near, Bianca—
A great assembly will be straight convened,
To sanction our divorce.—She's more than woman. (*aside*)
Your presence will be needed.—That was thunder! (*aside*)

Bian. (*kneeling*). Spare—spare me that! O, any thing but that:
All griefs but that! Let not the public eye
Behold my degradation: let me not
Be greeted with cold pity and the cry—
There goes Bianca, she who was the Duchess:
Dread Sovereign! Spare me that. I will go hence
Unseen, unknown—and never more molest you;
But hide my sorrows in my father's bosom,
Without a thought that shall be rebel to you;
Love you in silence, pray for you—and die.

Duke. That were not well: for busy men would say
We shrunk from duty—and by private dealing
Slander'd a public cause. All must be openly
And freely done. Dares she who was my wife,
Shrink back from duty?

Bian. (*rising*). Never! Call the assembly:
Your outcast will be there.

Duke. Enough: now leave me. [*Exit* BIANCA.
Am I not cruel? Can it be she loves me
With such a nobleness? With love that centres
All in myself, as man; holding for nought

The trappings of my state—the fictitious
Nature of greatness—most so, when 'tis highest?
O! if she stand the proof, 'twill give the lie
To all the calumnies men ever heap'd
Upon the name of woman—So, I'll on:
And thou—dove Pity! fold thy wings awhile,
Nor flutter in my heart. By those same letters
Unto my sister Livia and her lord,
My agents in these mysteries—they'll contrive it.
My pretty Rosamond! thou'lt play the Duchess
With a rare grace—a sweet unconsciousness
Of thine own quality. A copious fount
Unto conjecture's streams, my deeds will be:
But, let the subject prate!—it stirs not me. [*Exit.*

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I.

Bologna.—A Street.

Enter AURELIO.

Aur. But that 'tis true, the sprucest gentleman
May tumble in the mire; and therefore, I,
Heaven knows! not nicely furnish'd, need not swear
When I do trip—I should heap oaths on oaths;
Blaspheme the stars and their high tenement;
Curse the dull earth whereon we wretches breathe,
And damn my weary life. All's lost—all's spent!

No money and no credit — not a whit:
And my grave father, his last drop of patience
Oozed, bids me hope but little from the dregs.
Duke Andrea, whom by right I style my brother,
Might yet be lenient: but I scorn to kneel,
Seeking forgiveness on an abject knee,
For what was but youth's venial levity.
I'll sup with beggars first. Philosophy!
Come to my aid: it is a natural law,
That all must reap according as they sow:
I've planted briars, and so gather thorns —
And thorns prick fingers sadly. Well? — No matter!
The rose hath thorns: my passions are my thorns:
But come, good spirits! be ye as a rose;
Bloom in the midst — and be their ornament!
How now? Bisaccio —

Enter BISACCIO.

What gale blows you hither
So fast?

Bis. An ill one to my friend — and so
To me, since that his griefs are mine.

Aur. Well? speak!

Bis. I have grave tidings for Aurelio's ear.

Aur. Why, hang up gravity! Yet give them vent:
I never was more bent on seriousness.
Your news? Your news?

Bis. I pray you friend, receive them patiently.

Aur. Why, man, what is it? Hath an earthquake chanced?
Or have the winds blown half the solid earth

Into the fluent sea? — What? in God's name!
I've learnt endurance in a rugged school —
Out with it! then.

Bis. O! it will touch you nearly —

Aur. My father's dead.

Bis. May his good life be long!
Of him I bear no word; nor doubt he's well.
Bianca —

Aur. Say she's dead — and break my heart!
In all my madness, to fond memories
Of that dear sister have I clung for health;
And if she's dead — why, then, I am but dust:
The dial of my life hath lost the sun
That told bright hours upon't.

Bis. She is not dead.

Aur. I live, then, in her life: since she be well,
I may not dream what ghostlike tidings bring you,
To fright my midnight spirit. Speak!

Bis. Not dead,
But, oh! far worse than dead: her honour's dead,
And yours lies buried with it. Oh! Aurelio
She is——

Aur. Speak — Death!

Bis. Divorced.

Aur. Fire of deep hell!
Divorced? I'll not believe it: idlest report
Hath played the mocker with you. She divorced?

Bis. Past every doubt.

Aur. Tut! you are credulous.
Duke Andrea loves her, man: he singled her

From out the world, for beauty and for virtue:
Gave her two crowns — his greatness and his love—
And this the richer: and altho' of late,
'Tis said he hath been somewhat tyrannous,
And his child's death prompts whispers ominous—
Whilst many hold him to be somewhat crazed,
(And of the number I myself am one)
Yet — yet, he's fond — Divorced! Report's a liar:
Pin not thy faith to such a ragged sleeve.

Bis. You will believe too soon. Along with me!—
Here in Bologna hath a Sir arrived,
Andrea's ambassador, who doth demand,
In the Duke's name, the hand of Rosamond—
Peganus' royal ward — to fill the place
Of fallen Bianca — your dear sister, friend.

Aur. If it were so? — 'Tis vulgar! — he is tired:
His palate's dull'd, and fain would have the sauce
Of novelty, to tickle it — Curse him!
But prithee, friend, what crime hath she committed?
Was't boldness — treason? — Was't adultery?
I'd know what crime.

Bis. Her barrenness her crime:
No other.

Aur. Ha! That was ordain'd by Heaven;
Who would not see such beauty bring forth copies
Of its own exquisite pattern, to be marred
By this vile Duke — this known infanticide.
I knew no crime could stain my sister's soul:
She is the earthly type of purity;
And I much more a wretch, to be allied

To such a paragon — yet have no touch
Of her great virtues. Had she guilty been,
'Twere just that she should fall — as I have fallen;
But thus unsullied, to be trampled on
Like a stained thing—Oh! vengeance, justice! vengeance.

Bis. Nay — this is raving.

Aur. Bottle-eloquence —
I judge you 'd so say but you know me not:
You've scann'd the dark side of my character —
Look to the bright! Come with me to the court:
I'd speak with this Ambassador. Divorced!
There was small cause for my swift banishment:
None — none, for this!

Bis. Aurelio, you forget:
We speak i'the street.

Aur. Forget?—All things: myself!
This business drives each lesser matter out,
Reigning sole tyrant of my memory.
To the palace! Friend, I thank thee for thy news;
Tho' they be cursed ones. Duke! look to thyself:
Treason ere now hath sprung from private wrong —
'Tis scarcely treason, if the cause be strong. [*Exit.*

Bis. My joy copes with my sorrow — since this ill
Strikes my friend's heart, and proves it noble still. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

The same.—A Room in the Palace.

Enter VALERIO *and* ROSAMOND.

Val. Sweet Rosamond! our happy days are gone —
It hath been with us, as if our two lives

Were branches of one bough, growing together,
As meant not to be parted: now a wind—
A cruel wind springs up, and sunders quite
The one from the other. You are Andrea's bride.

Ros. I to that title make not love, Valerio,
And would not wear it: but my guardians' will
Hath my heart's blindfold homage. See!—they come.

Enter PEGANUS, LIVIA, PETRONIO, FERDINAND—
and other Attendants.

Peg. Come hither, noble maid—Saluzzo sends,
By this fair Sir's especial agency,
His royal commendation to his bride—
His gentle Rosamond: and prays she may,
Borne on the dove-wing of fast-flying love,
Fanning the swift gale of occasion,
And gilded by the sun-beam of bright pomp,—
Haste to his arms; and in the sky of state,
Be as the morning-star of happiness.
What says Bologna's pearl?

Liv. Speak, our heart's flower!

Ros. What should she say—what should an orphan say,
Tho' royal, to the guardians of her days,
But duteous words, wherein submission dwells,
Figured in meek assent?— Her obedience
Shall in the self-same mould as your command
Be truly modell'd.

Liv. Then, our all but daughter,
Look jocund to the heights of sovereignty;
For Rosamond must be Duke Andrea's wife.
Why seems our son so grave?

Val. To your trite question,
Madam, a trite reply. Who wears a gem
He values, but that, losing it, will grieve?
Who in his garden views a favourite flower,
But mourns that e'er another's hand should pluck it?
Answer — and you are answered.

Peg. Wayward boy!
Get to thy books. (*noise without.*) How now?

Aur. (*without.*) Wait here, Bisaccio, and keep off these knaves:
I'll enter.

Enter AURELIO, (*a Servant stopping him.*)

Serv. Out again! by your leave.

Aur. Off, off, thou dirty rag! thou skeleton! thou lack-sixpenny knave! Get to thy fellows. Off, off, and out!
[*Thrusts Servant out.*
Pardon, (*kneeling*) great Sir; most noble lady, pardon;
And, pardon, thou fair bud of royal stock,
(For in thy face I read thy quality)
Who, if thou wed'st this Duke (and rumour's tongues
All wag to that high tune) must come to blight,
Never to blossom; I crave audience here,
And leave to shame this presence with rude speech,
That haply needs the file. Have I permission?

Peg. You've taken without leave, what now you crave:
And we should punish taking, not grant, leave.
But since your speech and outside argument
Cry both, *well-bred* — you have our license, Sir:
Proceed—

Aur. (*rising*). Which is the Duke's ambassador?

Pet. That honorable office, mine.
Aur. Then, Sir,
You come on a dishonorable errand.
Would the mad duke be twice a murderer?
First, his child's life, and then, his lady's fame!
What, both? O, gentle maiden, have a care,
Lest you be third sad victim, sacrificed
On the lewd altar of his damn'd caprice.
Liv. Silence, for shame!
Peg. What swaggering rebel thou,
That thus speak'st treason 'gainst great royalty?
Give good account; or, by the throne I fill!
I'll bind thee hand and foot, and send thee thus,
With accusation full, unto the Duke.
Aur. Do what thou wilt; a brother's love speaks out,
Boldly speaks out, even in the throat of death.
I am the brother of Saluzzo's Duchess,—
Aurelio, I—the brother of that sweetest,
Dearest, most innocent, lady o'the earth:
At whose inviolate door sin never knock'd—
The visible spirit of chastity: O, tis common—
Gross appetites will famish on fine food.
At Zembla, seek the plains of Thessaly;
Or Tempe, at the Pole; you'll find them there,
Ere justice, or soft-strung humanity,
With o'erswollen greatness. Prince, you know me now,
And, prythee, grant I've motive for all treason.
Peg. Aurelio?—we have heard of such a man:
One whom his sovereign lifted unto honor;
But found him nothing honorable.

Liv. One who left
This dearest sister, with out-poured tears
To weep a brother's baseness, and with sighs,
Oft shaking the frail walls of her choked heart,
To deem him reprobate.

Pet And one, 'tis said —

Aur. Prison thy breath up with thy courtier's lips,
Smooth, honey-sugar'd Sir — and mouth not me!
You, Sir, — and you, most honor'd Madam, — have full scope
To rate me as you list: you cannot sink me
To lower depths of my poor self-esteem,
Than those I drown in. Yet, beseech you, Sir —
Of what rank crime (in substance, or in shadow)
Stands she accus'd? Or if not criminal —
And for she's barren, and on this pretence
(Since heirless sovereignty lacks much of honor)
The Duke would cast her — let him look at home!
Two causes oftimes go to one effect.
Beseech you, Sir — what crime?

Peg. Sir, answer not:
The will of royalty is ground enough
For royalty's procedure. We are busy:
Please you, give way.

Aur. Your highness well reminds me:
I hasten to the source of this great wrong,
And dive i'the fountain head. Nobles, farewell:
I've loiter'd long already. Princess Rosamond,
Yet, ere I go — Frown not such furrows, Madam! —
Upbraid me, I intreat thee — roundly: Nay! —

With these same bodiless weapons, air-edged words,
Assail me too, I prithee — be not single :
I am Bianca's brother.

Ros. Sir, not I :
I wish thee well — and thy Bianca well —

Liv. Play housewife with thy tongue, child Rosamond.
Why stay you, Sir? You have our leave to go.

Aur. You are gracious, Madam : I have heard enough,
And have no further cause for tarriance here.
I'll to Saluzzo — I have business there,
Which, be the road as ridgy mountains rough,
Will not be jolted from my memory. [*Exit.*

Peg. This man's for moonlight : it will yet be well
Saluzzo know of his vagaries here —
Mind we record them. Ho! who waits there? Be

Enter an Attendant.

The strangers gone?

Attend. My lord — in furious haste.

Peg. They make good speed.
Go, see this worthy gentleman bestowed;
And, Sir, make free — our palace is your home.

[*Exeunt Attendant and* PETRONIO.

Hark hither! Ferdinand: go seek my steward,
And by this warrant, bid him give thee straight
Of gold a liberal purse. Thus furnish'd, ride
Post haste upon the high road to Saluzzo,
Where overtaking that same gentleman

Who late went hence—Signor Aurelio,
(Whom you do know) in our name proffer it
To his free use, with speech and action fitting:
Say somewhat of our sorrow—pity; so:
Our knowledge of his need—lightly touch that.
Haste, Sir.

Fer. It shall be done, my lord. [*Exit.*

Peg. We would not have the kinsman of a princess
Lack means; and had on this thought sooner, but
For the man's violence, which drove us quite
From present matters.

Liv. He 'll refuse the purse:
My life! he will—whatever be his need.

Peg. And rumour speaks that great—Well! he will choose.
And now, our son and prosperous-fortuned charge,
Prepare ye as ye may;—this very noon
Must we be travellers.

Liv. And good my son—
Be merry: or not knowing merriment,
Learn it of Rosamond.

Val. That's wrongly said:
For, bound on such a journey, I would have her
Teach me unmeasured grief—not merriment.

Peg. You're sad, when most you should take joy by the hand,
And call her, *fellow spirit.* Come; Bestir!
All things are order'd for good government
During our absence; and our deputy

Waits at the outer gate, to take due leave.
Look gay, bride Rosamond—be smilers! all—
Our spirits hold their merriest carnival! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A place on the Road to Saluzzo.
Enter AURELIO *and* BISACCIO.

Aur. Thus far upon our journey—and we've kill'd
The distance bravely. Said you, 'tis to-morrow
That the Duke holds his mockery of a court?
Bis. To-morrow, at high noon.
Aur. O! I will spur
My steed, till blood and foam bathe him all o'er,
But I will brave this honor-murderer there,
And tell him to the teeth, he is a villain.
Oh! my sweet sister—I have been a wretch—
The veriest wretch that e'er by base excesses
Lower'd his humanity—to leave thee thus;
Deeming thee safe in a burglarious world,
Where innocence may ne'er lock up itself
So strongly, but that wrong creeps nigh i' the dark;
Breaks up its wards—and every treasure stolen,
Leaves it to blank bereavement.
Bis. Yet again,
Good friend Aurelio, be more temperate,
You will do more with this distemper'd Duke
By fair remonstrance, than mad violence.
Aur. No more of that, Bisaccio, if you love me.
As well you might with your weak-blowing breath
Puff 'gainst the roaring wind, as with tame counsel

Bear coldly on my wrath. Divorced? Bianca!
Why, tho' she be, she shall be nothing fallen:
Whenever Virtue is by Vice put down,
It rises honor'd by the abasement: I—
I say it!—who to Virtue have been truant.

Enter FERDINAND.

Your pleasure, friend? I've seen you in Bologna.

Fer. Thence have I travell'd with post haste to greet you;
But well nigh fail'd—you rode so rapidly.
Peganus, Sir, Bologna's sovereign,
Pitying the cause that takes you to Saluzzo,
And much concern'd for half your sorrows there—
Part knowing you do lack of golden means,
Sends you this purse, and bids you use it freely.

Aur. I crave the royal pardon: I had thought
He played Sir Rat, and wisely turned his back
Upon a falling house. Sir, bid him eat his purse!
Ay, like the long-eared king, chew nought but gold—
I'll none of 't! Go: his purse will pay your labor.

[*Exit* FERDINAND.

Why, this is rare!

Enter a SERVANT.

How now! Sirrah:
Bring you fresh horses?

Serv. They are hard at hand, Sir.

Aur. On! then, my friend. The sky portends a storm.

Bis. Indeed, it looks foul weather.

Aur. Every way:
Without, within: i' the welkin—in my fortunes:

And it will break; but, happily—not yet.
Hold off, ye clouds o' the air and of my soul!
Till I my journey and its end fulfil—
Then, rain—spout—blaze—and thunder, if ye will!
Quick! quick! Bisaccio.

[*Storm at a distance. Exeunt.*

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I.

Saluzzo.—A Room of State in the Palace. The DUKE *seated, surrounded by* GUALTIER, LUCIO, *and assembled Lords, Officers, &c. in attendance.*

Duke. Are all the peers assembled?
Luc. All, my Lord:
And form (as I may say) a galaxy,
A *via lactea.*
Duke. These empty tubs!
Are all the peers assembled?
Gualt. All, your Highness;
And wait upon the business of the court.
Duke. Why, that's well said. You 're a plain man, my lord:
Your speech lacks rhetoric—we like 't the better.
Illustrious Sirs!—the columns whereon rest
Our state's high edifice—its strength and grace,
Wherefore you are convened, to here proclaim,

Were but to dote upon a twice-told tale :
Since Curiosity, tho' doors be shut
And windows barr'd, will down the chimney drop—
Or smuggle thro' a crevice, to make prey
Of matters nice as this we stand upon,
And buzz them all abroad. You know the matter?

Lords. We do, my lords.

Duke. A word then, with your honors :
'Twas you, my lords, that forced us into wedlock :—
Would you had been our wife-providers too!
So that the hot intemperance of youth,
Whose will flows with the current of his blood,
Had worn the curb of wisdom. But we chose
To be our own purveyor; and therein,
Did madly whet the knife that was to strike
At the unmailed heart of our own peace.
We married for we loved—(and that, forsooth,
Was but a semptress' cause for matrimony)—
And for we knew a lass—a country lass,
Whose mirror showed a face men might call fair;
Eyes not too dull—rose cheeks, and certain dimples
Playing round cherry lips, must needs go mad
And wed: as if a monarch had no path
To the fair vale where Beauty's treasure lies,
But through the pitfalls and the gins of marriage!
Was it not so?

Luc. Truly 'twas so, my lord.

Duke And. That's a brave rattle, for a royal fair!
Ay, Sirs; purblinded by this imp of love,
And past the aid of Reason's *optica*,

We sought not the state's interest, nor our fame;
But led by passion, ass-like, by the nose,
We married basely: And now, mark the curse!—
But, shut thy mouth, Lord Lucio: can't you hear
With a closed lip?—Now, mark the curse! my lords;—
Inward upbraidings and domestic grief;
An unblest bed (the only fruit it bore
Dying ere ripeness) public discontent;
Vile accusations, and a world beside
Of full-fledged ills, the night-birds of the soul,
That flew, so many screech-owls, round our throne—
And each a death to peace. Went it not thus?

Luc. Faith!—it was pity—faith!—and yet it did.

Duke. Good Sir, are you the crier of the court?
Went it not so?

A Lord. So, in the public guess;
And at your Highness' lack of sweet content,
The heart of loyalty was as a fount
For sorrow's hidden tears.

Duke. Well—that might be—
Her eyes showed none. Now, mark the remedy!
Whose use to sanction and just exhibition,
You, the state's learn'd physicians, here are met.
Our riper age, atoning for the raw,
Harsh-savor'd folly of unmellow youth,
To prudence prompting us—we have resolved
Here to divorce the low-descended partner
Of our degraded throne; and thereto tending,
We have already, from the papal court,
License obtained of holy mother church

For this proceeding—And, yet more, my lords:
By weak half-measures, not to tease the wound
Of the galled state; but heal it, once and wholly—
Petronio, our new-styled ambassador,
Hath to Bologna gone, where, at the court
Of our most royal brother, he demands
The hand of princess Rosamond for ours,
Whose high-born beauty, rising o'er our throne,
Shall make us happy morning; and her youth,
Yielding fair promise of posterity,
Pull tight the loosen'd cords of sovereignty,
Strength'ning the bond of state. Hath this approval?

[*A murmur of assent.*

You bless me, Lords. Call in the Duchess, ho!
For Duchess is she, till she be divorced.

[*Exeunt several Attendants.*

So, Duchess shall she ever be, God wot! (*Aside.*)
Tush! Tush! My lords,
It was a stormy night.

Gual. A fearful night:
The elm-uprooting hurricane made waste
In all the neighbouring groves.

Duke. But now—behold,
From yonder casement's eastward-peering eye,
Those golden clouds, fair-weather harbingers,
In sunny ridges lying all along,
Like to a field new mown. It seems, my lords,
A happy omen of Saluzzo's weal
In these near-neighbour changes. Higher! Look!

1*st Courtier.* Do you not mark with what a hard-heart coldness

His Highness heaps these griefs upon Bianca?
And for what cause? Think you his reason's clear?

2nd Court. I know not what to think: 'tis not his nature.

Here comes the lady.

Attend. (*without*) Way there, for the Duchess!

Duke. Come, come, my lords! we stay too long i' the clouds.

Now, stern dissembling be my onward game;
Tho' tender pity, with an earnest voice,
Cry in the ear of love. (*Aside.*)

Enter BIANCA, *attended.*

Your servant—Madam.

Bian. Mine, that title—Sir:
And here I come, to take my last discharge;
Tho' heaven is witness, I've betray'd no trust—
Shrunk from no service; but have been as true,
As constant minister to your high will,
As e'er was slave to master.

Duke. Is't complaint?

Bian. No, my good lord.

Duke. Lady—you are most wise,
Not to complain in vain; for vain complaint
Is the besetting sin of all your sex;
So, not complaining vainly, you do show
Your sex a glass, wherein their own souls seeing,
They may behold where nature sits awry—
And set the strings of their behaviour right.
Sirs!—read the sacred instrument aloud.

Officer (*reads*). We, the holy successor of St. Peter—

delegate of God; in compliance with the request of our obedient son Andrea, Duke of Saluzzo—holding in due regard the interests and welfare of both prince and people; do hereby give authority, by virtue of our divine right—to make null our said son's marriage with the lady Bianca, his Duchess; who is hereby deprived of all privilege and property thereto appertaining—excepting whatsoever she may have brought to him in dowry.

Duke. More!—there is more?

Officer. The rest are forms, my Lord.

Duke. Why, then—the forms are like the squirrel's tail,
Longer than all the body. You have heard,
Bianca, Rome's directing ordinance:
And what the church ordains, the state approving—
The state's assembled nobles here have set
The seal to this divorce: therefore, good lady,
You are no more the Duchess of Saluzzo.
You know the rest:—your proud successor comes—
Proud, and by birth, right worthy of a throne—
E'en whilst I speak, from fair Bologna hither.
Hence with your nuptial dower—a thing, I ween,
Of easy burthen—hence!—and on the plains
Choose thee an equal helpmate, and no more
Live in these gaudy dreams.

Bian. Duchess no more?
Duke Andrea's wife no more!—Ah! there's the wound,
The only wound at which Bianca bleeds.
Sir, I obey: but never think, my Lord,
I am so basely natured, as to soil

The vessel of your choice: no mean alliance
Shall sully even the outcast of your throne.
Yet will I not pine in sad widow-weeds;
But make a husband of my memory—
And still in contemplation be your bride.
Farewell, my Lord!

Duke. Your dower—forget not that!

Bian. My heart, and the poor beauty you commended.
The first, my lord, defies all other hands,
Save that, the iron one of death, to wrest it
From where it once was treasured: and the wreck
Of the unworthy last, is scarcely worth
Its hapless owner's wearing.

Duke. Well—away!
Retain the regal gew-gaws which you wear;
And let them be as foppish monitors—
As counsellors by contrast. Go: an escort
Waits i'the court-yard, to conduct you forth
Safe to old Manso's arms.

Bian. I need no escort.
For these proud ornaments—I valued them
But as the precious tokens of your love,
Which lost, they're valueless. And here, my Lord,
Low at your feet, I lay this jewell'd crown,
Unmeet to be a wretch's diadem,
Who could but dull its bright gems with her tears:
And here the ring, within whose golden round,
Pure emblem of pure love, my very soul
Hath been engirded: last, this princely robe

Cast I aside, and, lo, my russet gown!

[*She lets fall her robe, discovering a rustic vest beneath.*

Duke. *(aside.)* Now, heaven, put on the vestiture of earth!

Stars, leave your brightness, and be dull as fogs!
And thou, high treasury of all light's wealth,
Brave palace metropolitan of fire,
Wrap thee in smoke! She is a paragon!

Bian. Your highness sees I have no need of escort;
None will molest a poor-clad traveller.
Again, my Lord, farewell; with her you wed
May you clasp close domestic happiness
And out-door honor! 'tis my prayer: farewell. [*Exit.*

Duke. Come hither, Gualtier.

Re-enter BIANCA.

Ha, return'd! What's this?

Bian. (*kneeling*) My Lord, I crave some parting sign of peace:
But if to be a beggar in such sort
Be rudeness, pray you the petition hold
As if ne'er made.

Duke. Forbid it, gallantry! (*kisses her*)
Go, then, Bianca: you depart with honor,
Spotless in fame;—stain-free.

Bian. Happy! it lives
Warm on my brow: there stamp it, Memory! [*Exit.*

Duke (*aside*). She's firm—she's proof—unchanging diamond, all!

'Tis me, and not my dukedom, that she loves.
My purpose faints—No tears? A miracle!
1st Noble. Bethink your highness—is 't not cruelty?
2nd Noble. O! call her back, my lord!
Duke. Now, death of grace!
Must we be babe, and take to leading-strings?
Is power to have no will?—We have the will;
Ay—and the power o'eradded to the will:
And since we have the power, 'thout which the will
Stands cypher-like—we will do that we will!
Faith! I am roused—I lack'd this grinding-stone,
To sharp my blunted resolution.
Gualtier, at distance, follow her that's gone:
Deem her the only daughter of your age;
Unto the fancy raise your pitch of love;
Then let your care e'en overtop that love,
And guard her from the shadow of mishap.
But, be not known her escort: Lurk! man—lurk!
Ay—and be secret!
Gual. Ever were she shielded
As I will shield her—were it wrought of wax,
And underneath the fiery tropic sun—
Her beauty should not blench for 't.
Duke. Sir, you 're prudence.
Gual. (*aside*) I know not what this means: nor can I strain
My uninstructed wit, unto the heights
Cloud-capt of his intent. Time will show all. [*Exit.*
Duke. Men muse upon 't. Why, how now? Lucio—
That, there, your head, hangs idle as a bell

Without its clapper. What's the matter, Sir?

Luc. Your highness treats me as I were your fool,
And not your late ambassador.

Duke. Good! now:
That's a wide start from the point blank of truth:
But you are practised—since you saw the Pope.
You 've named your own addition; therefore, wear it!
My lords! part actors and part audience here—
We thank you for your pains; and nothing doubt,
That when your wisdoms do revolve upon 't,
You will perceive the fitness of this business.
Our play is done—Your Lordships are dismiss'd.

As the Nobles, &c. are going, enter AURELIO.

Stay! stay! my lords: another scene 's to act,
Which, to say truth, had given our brain the slip.
Take breath, great actor! speak! we give the cue.

Aur. Where is my sister? thou pernicious Duke!
Or thro' rain, thunder, and the pitch-black night,
Say, have I ridden in vain? The raven Rumour
Croak'd my disgrace where'er I passed along;
And every day-break laborer, loud speaking
Of some divorce, did rudely cast my soul
Beneath his feet—and trample on 't. I see,
I see: the mock is done!—and she, twin life
Of mine! hath gone dishonor'd forth.—Is't not
As I have said? Speak, thou Mahometan!

Duke. Thou art a very foolish, light young man,
Whose humor we can whistle on and off,
E'en falcon-like, to prey on what we will.

Sir! you know nothing of our bosom councils:
And wiser 'twere, by holding of your peace,
To put a garment (albeit 'tis but slight)
O'er ignorance; than by pie-chattering thus,
To strip it starkly naked. Sir; your humors
First broke the chain that bound our heart to you—
And 'tis not to be mended by the like.

Aur. There is no need: my thoughts shall all break out!
Where is the child that should be solace now
To her that bore 't?—a bud upon the stem
Of that kill'd flower—her honor? Answer! Duke.
Ay—pinch your brows! there is a spot of earth
Could borrow from innocent blood a lavish tongue,
Whose accusations from your name should pluck
All reputation, and your crown beat off
With more than Titan's arm—scatter your state
With typhon breath:—hear!—hear! Infanticide!

[*The Lords draw their swords.*

Ha! scabbards empty? So be mine condition'd! (*Draws.*)

Duke. Put up your swords! my lords: let sleep strong steel!
If that which is, were that which ought to be,
This were too good a world. Where's the mad dog
That will not bite his master? Ha! Ha! Ha!

Aur. Laugh you? great Sir: you sham high spirits well.

Duke. They're genuine spirits, Sir—and keep the bead.
We somewhat did predict this visitation;
And, tickled with our goodly augury,
Are fain to laugh.

Aur. Sure, there 's another cause?
The vision of a second bridal-bed,
Wherein to sport, in close perspective lies;
And downward from the region of the brain
Chasing the blood, makes frolic in your heart,
That vents itself in laughter.

Duke. In faith, Sir, you speak well: for in our youth
We have not, by the surfeit of strong drink,
So lethargied and apoplex'd our blood,
As to bring on the soul's paralysis;
And be insensible to what hath charm'd,
If poets lie not (but, be sure!—they lie)
The sense of gods—the excellence of woman!
We have not raked and revell'd life away;
Disgraced our kindred—from our fortunes stript
Anticipation's halo; none of this!
But, we disdain such parleying with a subject:
Our condescension stoops too near the earth.
Go, mend thy life! If you Bianca seek—
The lady late divorced—and so we guess—
You 'll find her at a fitting residence—
The cottage of her sire. Come with me! Lords.
Aurelio (that's your name?) we leave you here
Another grumbler, for good company:
Cherish him, Sir: men call him—Lucio;
But he, but now, hath dubb'd himself—*court-fool!*

[*Exit* DUKE, *with all but* LUCIO *and* AURELIO.

Aur. Gods! there is something awes me in this man:
He wears a majesty that strikes men dumb.
But, Vengeance! write me in thy book—and cry,
This marriage shall not be!

Luc. Aurelio!

Aur. Lord Lucio?—or my memory else is a sieve.

Luc. The Duke reminded you of my name, Sir, when, bethinking him of his privilege, he was pleased to call me *grumbler*.

Aur. You appear not overburthened with estimation of the Duke, my lord.

Luc. In fidelity, Sir—I have no cause: for not only hath he displaced me for a two-legged jack in the late embassy to Bologna—

Aur. A scurvy employment and a villanous errand! In missing that, your lordship suffered no derogation from honor.

Luc. Sir! though the errand be ill, the supersedence is not good. And, moreover—he hath of late molested me by a certain rude superfluity of raillery; he took offence at my shadow and demurred to my dress—and when I would have saluted his hand, he proffered me his glove. Yea! but now—instant now—hath he called me, *tub*, *rattle*, *court-crier*, *bell-without-clapper*, and *court-fool!*—Is this respect?

Aur. Ha!—How doth your fair wife, my lord?

Luc. Pshaw! If a man have a sore place, it is sure to be rubbed. There again is my honor stinted—she is what she should not be—and my Lord Duke knows it.

Aur. Well! well! my lord: both our injuries cry aloud—your's with a cuckow voice.

Luc. Sir, I could never abide the cuckow. I cannot hear the creature's duplex vociferation, but I put my hand to my forehead. Sir—farewell! Remember me for your

friend — we have bitter wrongs. — Court-fool! — Court-fool!

Aur. I will think upon it: your Lordship's servant!

[*Exit* LUCIO.

Now, but I much despise this simple lord,
I do believe, that on his jealousy
(Since, 'tis received abroad, Duke Andrea's foot
Treads in his private garden) I could work
So strongly, as to goad him into treason;
Or to some sneaking vengeance — No! I'll try
What prayer may do, to force this ducal Sir,
This half-way madman, all made up of lunes —
To take th' arrest from off Bianca's honor: —
If nothing — and he seek a second bride —
Myself may at the altar play the priest,
And marry him to death!

Enter several Servants.

1st Serv. By your leave, Sir: His Highness hath much blamed us for admitting you so freely; and he now begs you will command his approbation, by ensuring your absence.

2nd Serv. Will you go, Sir?

Aur. You curs! Have you forgotten whom I am? Am I not he who, next the Duke, was your chief and liberal patron? You lifted the hat to me; you cringed to me; you fed on me: you hailed my faintest smile as a sun that gave warmth and light to your fortunes — And, now: you fac me with bravery; and with glib tongues, bid me — *go!* — as if respect in inferiors had no longer any grace. Sirrahs! I go at my leisure. Hence with you! or I will flatter those

calves' heads of yours to the shape of apes' sconces. Begone! — Dogs!

[*Exeunt Servants.*

I taste the world. Now, haste swift-wing my feet!
Till I a sire and dearest sister greet. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

MANSO'S *residence in the Country. A garden.*
Enter several Domestics.

1*st Dom.* Is our master, say you, gone to meet his daughter, the Duchess?

2*nd Dom.* Must you have repetition? dull fellow! I say to you, he is—and will return before the hour-glass shall have done dribbling. But you may call her Duchess no longer, since she is now no Duke's wife — and by reason, moreover, that Manso has expressly forbidden this great word,.

Duchess. They say the Duke is crack-witted, and has turned her out-door. [*Shouts without.*

3*rd Dom.* Ha, by St. Mark! and here they are. The whole village abroad to welcome her!— Stand aside! Stand aside!

Enter MANSO, *leading in* BIANCA.

Man. That's my brave daughter! This is Roman bearing.
Now are you loftier in your old sire's eyes,
Than did you reign an emperor's emperor —
First star of state's high constellation.
My most dear child! my heroine—Bianca!

Bian. Had my soul been the merest reed in strength,
These kindly greetings and heart-reckonings

Of honest and school-fellow country folk,
Had put a strain of oak in 't. I 'm content:
But this I know — Duke Andrea well may tempt
A greater to his throne: but let him peer
Into the world's wide casket — he will find
No gem of love like mine. That jewel most precious,
His reason, guard, O Heaven! for I do fear
Some mystic passion, lurking like a thief
In his great mind, is fain to pilfer it.

Man. It is the current credence — Ah! dear daughter,
He shall not find thy mate — But cheer thee — cheer!
Your mistress, fellows: tender her commands
Nearer than mine! — Come hither, Anthony.

[*Whispers one, who goes out.*

Bian. These are old faces.

Man. All: I love to keep
Such near me — they are memory's nourishers.

Re-enter Servant, with a Box.

Guess you what's here? (*opens the chest.*)

Bian. Some treasure is 't?

Man. A mine!
Wherein I have been wont to dig most deep
For the rich ore of fond reflection:
Look! 'Tis the rustic scarf which you let drop
Even on the threshold, when your foot first sprang
Into the ducal chariot. Even then,
Did my prophetic heart hold argument:
The wheel of my child's fortunes now runs up
A heaven-tending hill: but when at height,
It will recoil, and down the vale again!

With more—much more. I've treasured it for need—
For love—Why, there! upon your shoulders, girl.—
Now, as before, you lend its plainness beauty—
Would you had ne'er worn richer!

Bian. What a cloud
Of memories hang around this little scarf!
O! it would make a world of solitude,
And people it with thoughts! 'Twas this I wore
When Andrea knelt: as I do gaze upon it,
This, my apparel ere my state was gain'd,
Recalls it, lost—with far more eloquence,
Than could the mantle of my sovereignty
He proffered, to be my remembrancer.

Man. Come! come! it is a time for merriment:
Once more my attributes of sire blush full!
Call in the villagers! Now, song and foot-mirth
Welcome our village queen, who now puts on
Her crown again!

The Villagers enter.

Bian. Welcome! kind friends—All welcome!

AURELIO *appears in the back ground.*

1*st Villager*, (*sings*)

The stork resumes her ancient tower;
The nightingale her thicket's boss:
The swallow her worn-window bower;
The red-breast her old oak-trunk's moss:
Alas! for rain and wind and cold,
That made them quit their mansions old.

Wreath! wreath a coronet of roses!
Blooms summer-fair as earth discloses
To the sun's lavish eye:
With roses crown our rose-sweet queen!
A bird that to her home serene
Returns, no more to fly!
Crown with fair flowers a fairer one!
See!—'tis done.

[*They crown* BIANCA *with a wreath of roses. Then a dance—during which* AURELIO *mingles with the villagers.*

Man. Thanks, my good friends! My heart is all so full
Of surfeiting content, it could contain
No more.

Bian. No more?

Man. No more! You 'd name Aurelio?
I feel a rising nausea even here.
No more! I would not have that outcast by:
He 's wild; he 's lewd—and from my age half plucks
The evergreen of honor. No! no! no!
Being here, his sight, upstirring memory,
Would blight the bloom o' the hour.

Aur. *(Advancing, as the Villagers, &c. exeunt.)*
He 's here to do 't!—

[BIANCA *throws herself into* AURELIO'S *arms.*

Closer, dear sister!—press my inmost heart!—
Sir, he is here: but, oh! another man
Than that Aurelio who hath been so long

A recreant to grace. Of Dissipation's cup
I 've drunk unto the lees—and find each dreg
So bitter, that my pleasure-palled lip
Shall touch the brim no more. Turn not away!

Bian. You must not, Sir: he never made false vows.
Let your heart take the character he quits,
And play the prodigal!—I 'm now most happy.

Man. Sir, there 's a father's hand: seal your resolve
Of words, with action's firm impression,
And take his heart along with 't.

Aur. Both are mine, then.
But still there 's cause for all our cheeks to burn
With shame's deep sense of grief: What song was this?
What ill-timed cunning of time-beating feet?
Is not the honour of our lifted house
Cast into dust? Stand we not here disgraced?
Has not that lady, your proud daughter, Sir—
My royal sister—been dishonor-steep'd?
Divorced! degraded! sent an outcast forth—
The victim of a light-wit fantasy!—
Alone, unescorted—without attendance,
Save that of her own soul's great fortitude?
Is 't not all so?—By Heaven! I'm all amaze,
To see you thus unmoved by that which shakes
My else strong-seated heart.

Bian. Fair now! my brother—
Leave the fond theme: I do not find dishonour,
Having a palace and a kingdom here.

Man. Discretion hath no part in you, Aurelio:
As father and as brother, we may feel;

(Tho' I draw nought of sorrow from this chance)
But we must bear as subjects.

Aur. Ay!—As asses—
Who have no power to fling their burthen off:
But even Sir Balaam kicks. We will not bear
Shame's panniers, laden with a madman's freaks!

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Lives there a gentleman, named Manso, here?

Man. Yes, Sir.

Mess. *(shewing a letter.)* This from the Duke; 'tis for his daughter.

Aur. Sirrah! your knee: your knee! — Unmannerly!
There stands the lady—you must know her well.
Your knee! I say.

[*The Messenger kneels, and delivers the letter to* BIANCA.

Man. Be gentler, good Aurelio.

Bian. 'Tis well: say to his highness, these commands
Shall have no letter, howsoe'er exact,
On which obedience waits not. *(Exit Mess.)* His great presence
Will fill our house with honour.

Aur. Presence!—his?

Bian. Please you, Sire—read.

Manso *(reading the letter).*

To the lady Bianca,

Know, lady, it will shortly be our pleasure to visit you in your retirement, being fain to prove that we wear not the shackles of overweening pride; and that, although we have deemed it fitting to divorce you from the gauds of state, you still retain some place in our affections. Receive us in

your humblest garb: and remember that we come a beggar to your condescension. Let Manso know of this—and (if you will) Aurelio: but be mindful, that we desire no society but yours.

ANDREA.

Be 't so; my daughter is too near to honor,
To make this visitation dangerous.
Whatever be the cause (and sure 'tis strange,
And of a piece with 's former waywardness)
I will give orders for strict secrecy.
And, hear me, son: you are Duke Andrea's subject,
So, tender your allegiance narrowly,
Or lose my love. Bianca, come with me:
Leave him to tune his thoughts to loyalty.

Bian. Nay, nay; come in with us; you're pale and weary.

Aur. In faith I am: I 'll see you presently.

Bian. We have a world to talk of; be not long.

[*Exeunt* MANSO *and* BIANCA.

Aur. I could believe I walked upon my head;
That this is not my hand; and this broad light
Nothing but darkness. Andrea coming hither!
Affections — beggar — condescension,
And if you will, Aurelio. None but hers?
Faith, madness is a catching malady!—
Mine too, mine too! Duke Andrea, if you please;
There should be three to make society.
But what to think? O, for a prey-bird's eye,
To pierce the distance of this mystery!
Let 's see, let 's see; I think not healthfully;

My mind lies in the sickness of fatigue,
And sleep must physic it. Let be what may,
Unless my soul grow dotard to disgrace,
There yet shall come no other in her place. [*Exit.*

ACT THE FOURTH.

SCENE I.

Saluzzo.—A room in the Palace.

Enter the DUKE *(reading a letter) attended; and a Messenger.*

Duke. Sir, the contents are welcome. By this hour,
Bologna and our sister, with their charge,
Are far upon their journey. Sir, we thank you.
[*Exit Messenger.*
Sirrahs, attend the prince's messenger. [*Exeunt Attend.*
Well, Lady Rosamond, whom I so oft,
Unknown, have seen; we shall exalt thee now
To the high level of thy noble birthright.
And here is matter of Aurelio too,—
"Murder," "caprice," *damnation*-qualified?
Good now, good now! by troth, I like the man:
There 's virtue in him I will yet pluck out,
And plant i' the state. Heaven bless thee! good old lord.

Enter GUALTIER.

How sped the downfall'n lady on her journey?

Gual. Sir, 't was a sight to turn the heart to tears,
And drain it all through eyes. As on she past,

The silent populace attended her;
And some threw flowers and vestments in her path,
As if they deem'd the hard earth all too rough
To meet the fairy pressure of her feet;
Some bless'd her with such prayers as fly to heaven;
Others knelt low, and kiss'd her small white hand;
And one, her garment's hem: whilst she on all
Smiled benediction, paying coin for coin,
Of the heart's stamp. Old Manso by the way
Met her—and there, my lord, 's an end to words:
Such meetings must find painters in deep thoughts—
The tongue's too poor a dauber.

Duke. Say you so?
Now, by my dignities! each soul who paid
This homage, be he ne'er so base-derived,
Reigns in my dear heart's-blood.

Gual. What says your highness?

Duke. We say, my Lord, that you do paint this well.
Pray you, Sir—tell: where strays that nobleman
Who lards his rhetoric with shrugs and starts
He takes for action?

Gual. Mean you Lucio, Sir,
I know not.

Duke. You have hit the nail—he! he!
The mopsey gentleman is wrath, forsooth!
Farewell, my lord: and should you see his grace,
Bid him keep owls—for better company. [*Exit* GUAL.

Enter a Messenger.

Another Mercury! Your Godship's news?

Mes. The lady bows unto your highness' will.

Duke. What will? sweet Sir!

Mes. Your highness only knows.

Duke. Look'd she in grief?

Mes. In grief's true opposite.

Duke. In anger?

Mes. If within her heart dwelt wrath,
Its banner nought advanced in her face.

Duke. Words—and not sentences! Saw you Manso too?

Mes. I do believe so.

Duke. Was Aurelio there?
Him you should know—since he was once o' the court.

Mes. My lord—he was: and forced me to kneel down
I' the very dust; and so deliver up
Your letter to my lady.

Duke. That was brave! (*aside.*)
Friend! had it been i' the mire, you had done well
To kneel: it adds not to your honor's page,
That you did need the teaching—Sir! a king,
To whom the knees of all his subjects drop,
May to a beauteous woman bend his own—
And rise up, twice a king!—Hence!—and be wiser.

[*Exit Messenger.*

Oh!—how thick melancholy's misty sea
Beats round this flowerless island of my thought!
Sure I 'm a wanton spendthrift with my bliss,
Wasting it all for nought? And yet—not so:
There 's still a test that must be undergone,
Ere I can clasp her beauty to my heart—
And in the fulness of extreme content
Cry—*It is mine, and not my sovereignty's!*

Doth she not bury pride in solitude,
And curse me there?—She must abroad again:
Ay! in my palace, on her rival tend—
And trim the bride, and at the marriage-feast
Be as a handmaid: upon which design
I, in the spirit of my letter, go
A suitor to Bianca. If she yield,
And in this ending trial, her love's flower
Shed not a leaf of its enduring bloom—
Such bliss comes on her, that her each day's life
Shall be high paradise! I've lived too long
In love's mere dream—I would have love itself.
Visions, avaunt! Reality for me! [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Manso's Residence in the Country.—A Garden.

Enter AURELIO.

Aur. Bisaccio — for thy timely counsel now!
The sudden sickness that did lay thee down,
Struck at my dear'st of health. What's to be thought?
Andrea comes here to-day — but wherefore comes,
I may as little dream, as why the wind
Blows here, or there; now on the lofty pine tops,
And now on the shrub o' the vale: for all his doings
Are, like the wind, mad-wild. So, let him come;
And be the event the guide of my designs.
He hath fill'd full our cup of injury;
His lustful lunacy hath done its worst —
And degradation on my sister's head
Hath pour'd its seventh vial. Patience! patience!

Enter MANSO, *hastily.*

Man. Begone, Aurelio: for his highness comes —
A sun shorn of his beams; in plain-life garb,
On foot — poorly attended. Sir, begone!
Lest your imprudence play allegiance false —
And what is bad, make worst.

Aur. Shorn of his beams?
Stript of his plumes, good father, you would say:
And, gods! had he one gaudy feather on,
I 'm in a cue to pluck it.

Man. Chain thy tongue,
Aurelio; or my disapprovement's weight
Lights heavy on thee.

Aur. Therefore am I dumb:
Yet would I seek the purport of this visit,
Did I not know your knowledge is in that
As blank as mine.

Man. 'Tis shrewdly in my guess:
And though I grieve, for my dear daughter's sake,
His highness is so wayward, should he bid
Her presence at his nuptials, I, poor subject!
Might not cry — *Nay.*

Aur. Her presence? Shame of shames!
He will not — cannot — shall not — dare not do't!
O! I would rather beg by the road side,
And stand with cap in hand to country louts,
Than have a sister so dishonoured.
Her presence — at his nuptials? — thought I that —

Man. Silence! away! for yonder comes the Duke.

Aur. No! I'll not stir; not were he thrice a Duke!
My wrongs upon my heart, a giant fallen,
Lie like an Etna, which its thousand throes
Cannot shake off; but their commotion shall
Throw dust upon this Duke. I will not stir!

Man. Then, rest a mule! Sir Wilful: be the assassin
For ever of your fortunes! I will go
And bid Bianca put on readiness:
But, ere I hence, this in your thought install—
'Tis by the Duke that you must rise, or fall. [*Exit.*

Aur. My dear, my very dear—my sweet Bianca!
My childhood's fellow bud! my youth's twin flower!
My manhood's pride! whose rise to sovereignty
Did make me almost deem myself a king,
In one so loved being crown'd: now must she fall
Beneath whate'er she was—and from a queen,
Turn humble follower. Men point and cry—
There goes the man, whose sister was the Duchess!
Now shall it be—*whose sister, Duchess once,*
Is now a Duchess' menial! O—this wounds:
The thought's a dagger, that doth stab my life!
No more of thought: but to its sickness, let
Action be remedy!

Enter DUKE ANDREA.

Duke. This way went Manso—
How now! who thus on our desired privacy
Thrusts trespass?

Aur. One who thinks of honour, as
The jewel of man's soul; and him who steals

That precious ornament of each day's life,
As vilest of all robbers. Sir, you know me.

Duke. Fair Signor! — your allowance. Yet, forsooth,
We might have prophesied your presence here:
Like-feather'd birds will flock — and nearly by,
Met we one lord — one Lucio — O! a man
Who feasts upon his discontent; and swears
His wife was once the chastest icicle —
Until ourself — an over-fiery sun —
Did thaw the frost-work of her chastity.
How are wise men deceived! Sir, you and he,
For all we know, are the sole malcontents
Of our poor court: 'tis fit ye herd together.

Aur. Duke of Saluzzo! I have yet to learn
What 's in me, or about me, that you thus
Would void contempt upon me: is he coward?
Knave? idiot? dolt? block? fool? that thus you use
Aurelio for a jest. To me, what 's Lucio?
I have a sister — a dear sister, Duke!
To whom you have done wrong — flint-hearted wrong;
Whose child men pity, when they talk of murder —

Duke. By our crown'd head! hint but the thought again,
And murder pitiless shall fright the hour,
Even on the ground we tread — Thus ring great bells.

Aur. A sister whom you found most lowly happy,
And chose her virtue for an ornament
Wherewith to deck your greatness; whom you late
Have banish'd from your throne — made her a by-word

For all dishonour; and whose low-fallen heart
You seek to gall afresh.

Duke. A conjuror!
Good Sir, begin: cast magic at the sun!
And to the moon, be as another Hecate,
Until she grow bewitch'd! What necromancy
Gives you such insight into this close heart,
That from its deep recess you 'd pluck intent,
And throw it in our ears?

Aur. Then, if I err—
Why comes Duke Andrea hither?—to what end—

Duke. Duke Andrea keeps his counsel, and were dumb
Unto a far more cunning catechist
Than thou canst prove: Bianca's will 's her own,
And she will use it—'tis a woman's way.—
Manso, what—ho!—Signor Aurelio,
Have we your leave to move? it is but fit
A sovereign bend his knee, and to a subject
Cry—*Sir, permission!*—Manso!—Why not speak?
Is your tongue's quiver empty? Faith! that's sad.—
Manso! I say.

Enter MANSO.

You 're welcome, good old friend:
This gentleman's not best of company—
His wit lacks words, and his few words lack wit:
He is not pleasured, Sir: You see—he frowns.

Manso. My son, great duke, is rash and choleric:
I pray you, pardon him. My humble roof
Doth from your presence draw a dignity,

That should write *palace* o'er its lowliness.
Will 't please you see Bianca?

Duke. Even so:
But first, we'll read gay nature in yon flowers:
Survey the garden growth—we have, indeed,
A love for flowers. Ha! Manso, 'tis well thought:
There is to be a marriage-rite to-morrow,
And we require your presence at the same:
What say you?

Aur. (*aside*). He'll not go: my kindred heart
Cries that.

Manso. My lord, I have long been
In the wide world an unseen eremite,
And would continue hermit. May it please you,
Therefore, to pardon me?

Aur. (*aside*). My life, he would not!

Duke. We must command, then: as you'd have your prince
Hold you of clear allegiance—Sir, be there!

Manso. Entreaty and command, in nothing like,
Claim unlike answer; at your Highness' bidding,
Old Manso shall forego his solitude,
And for awhile play courtier.

Aur. Doing that,
The father smiles upon his daughter's shame;
And age sets seal unto the contumely,
That stabs the fame of youth—You 're mad to go!

Duke. Would you be madman too, Aurelio,
For an odd guest we shall have room enough:

Meanwhile, rail as you will. Come, Sir—the flowers!
And after them, the lady of these bowers!

[*Exeunt* DUKE *and* MANSO.

Aur. Shall it be steel, or poison? shall it—Fool!
I live in words which, like the thoughts that breed them,
Are all disjoint; and tho' to one goal tending,
Start from no fixed point: My meditations
Hang all upon the tip-top branch of doubt,
And by conjecture's wind blown to and fro,
Cling to no order. I'll observe this meeting;
And as it bodes my sister good, or ill,
So shape my deeds—her peace my motive still. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

The same.—Another part of the Garden.

Enter BIANCA.

Bian. There hangs a heavy weight upon my heart,
And, faith! I think, 't will break. On what new harshness
Is the Duke bent, that to my humble home
He comes, with such a still, mysterious air?
Whate'er his will, hold constancy! my soul;
And tho' divorced, still let obedience be
The unmoving load-star of my storm-beat heart!
I do believe his mind 's delusion-warp'd;
And the blank credence, for these many wrongs,
Pleads my soul's pardon passing mournfully.
It is the very day of all the year
On which my mother died, and my dear child
Fell prey to ruffian hands—Hush! hush! what footsteps?
The theme is treason. You sweet souls in heaven!

Look down and bless me: I am as a lark
That long hath flown too high, singing of joy,
And light at last upon deceiving waves,
That drown me — song and all. I will endure
Even as I love; and if my heart should break —
Be pity a mute mourner at my grave,
And tears my transient, only chronicles!

Enter DUKE ANDREA, *behind.*

Duke. To the Nymph president of these retreats,
Health and perennial beauty! Note, Bianca,
That we do sort our garments with the scene —
With time and circumstance. Who now, fair soul!
Would take us for the things of state we are?

Bian. I seem but as I am, my dreaded liege —

And. Say you? — What were we now — Ay! what, Bianca —
Did we not in ourselves — within, within —
Close nobleness? No more than what we seem.
The outward 's nothing, be it ne'er so rich;
For if the gem which in the gold is set
Be flawed, the encircling furnishment but draws
Men's eyes to note the fenced worthlessness
Of that which should be precious. — Well! Bianca:
Think you our presence here a miracle?

Bian. Indeed, my lord, you do your servant honor,
Whose rich possession came not in her dreams;
And much I marvel, what in one so poor
You can be beggar for.

Duke. Had thy child lived,
Would she not, even in this passing hour,

Have been the opening flower of seventeen summers?

Bian. My lord, be merciful: nor touch a string
Whose trembling shakes my heart.

Duke. Another, then:—
But prithee, Lady, if you love us still,
Turn not accuser—such that tear proclaims you:
'Tis a false witness—strangle it!—Is not
This ground, the very earth whereon you stood,
When, to your beauty heart-sick suppliant,
Your unwise sovereign knelt?

Bian. Indeed, unwise—
As the sad after proved, to my heart's sorrow:
But yet, to me it stands for hallow'd ground!
And here I kneel, and on the blessed sod
Print true-love's kiss!

Duke. Rise! lovely lady!—rise—
By heaven! it wants but little, my resolve
Here down breaks all at once, unperfected
Leaving the cloud-break of my jealous doubts—
Peace, Heart! (*Aside*) Bianca, on this ill-starr'd spot,
Stand we again your suitor.

Bian. And I swear,
Even by that kiss which sealed my banishment,
To be in all your servant, my great lord!

Duke. For the state's exigence, you wot, we 've chosen
A noble lady for our royal bride:
To-morrow sees the espousals; and whereas,
Your taste, industrious, to our festivals
Hath given a name for a most matchless order,

Where splendor lives in regularity —
And plenty, in arrangement right displayed,
Shows not o'erfull profusion: such fair fame,
By giddy deference to stranger hands,
We would not on such great occasion peril —
And so, we come your suitor: so it please you
To be high mistress of these ceremonies,
Your condescension shall for ever bind us,
And in our heart reap thanks.

Bian. Oh! — willingly!
And much my pride, that my poor excellence
Lives in your memory: 't will be my joy
To rule a festival wherein my feast
Shall be the richest; where my eyes may take
Their sweet repast upon my sovereign's face,
And never surfeit.

Duke. Still so diamond-constant? (*Aside*)
Yet further, Lady: if you 'd not disdain
To wear this same apparel you have on,
Tho' haply it may lack of ceremony,
You will enhance twofold our gratitude:
For the dress likes us; and tho' plain, perchance,
Suits well your state: and what is fit, is fair;
So, wear it at the festival.

Bian. In what garb
Pleases my lord, I am content to come.

Duke. Pride-proof? O, Heavens! you 've made her heart the soil,
Where only grows that flower, humility. (*Aside.*)

You have our thanks, Bianca: we had thought
Y' had been too proud.

Bian. I, proud? Bianca, proud?
When was I proud? Never, but in your favor,
With which complying, I am still most proud.
It is not else than fitting, that I, who
In high-born presences have sat so oft
In garb pre-eminent, should now stand clothed
In vesture more my birthright, and give place
To self-entitled splendors: it shall be
As my lord wills.

Duke. And now, my soul! end all. (*Aside.*)
Yet one entreaty—and we beg no more;
The bride is a young stranger to our home;
And if 't will please you grant her such kind tendance
As to yourself 'mid strangers would be welcome,
The height of our free gratitude shall pass
Whate'er men deem of thankfulness.

Bian. So much
Will I perform; and in the doing find
Pleasure, to constitute reward enough
For greater service.

Duke. Why, then—'tis past!
And glibly speed, ye onward-coming hours!
To throne my joy i' the skies. (*Aside*). Farewell! Bianca—
You 've bound us wholly: o'ertrip all delay!
To-morrow shall be twice a wedding day. [*Exit.*

Bian. Now, from your fount, gush tears! He tries me keenly:
But I will prove what deep devotedness

Lives in a woman's heart—Aurelio? then,
Weak evidence! unto your source again;
Eyes, be not seen to weep!

Enter AURELIO.

Aur. Sister, I come
To learn what dire offence Bianca finds
In her Aurelio, that by this submission
To petty tyranny (for certain words
Have in his ears been traitors to your greatness)
She bids Derision's finger wag against him,
As one who, unavenging, suffers wrong
And winks upon dishonor—Why thus be
Slave of a mad caprice?

Bian. I 've but one answer:
Duke Andrea is the lord of all my soul,
And what he wills, I do. Why, grant he 's mad—
(And I do fear wild dreams feed on his brain)
I by refusals should but make ill worse—
And wound, where I should heal.

Aur. Then was I mad,
When I did think disgrace upon our house
Had wreak'd her worst: the last woe is not spent!
Heaven help us! then: I 'll dig a cave i' the earth,
And buried there, leave shame unto the sun
And seek my peace in darkness.

Enter MANSO.

Man. Haste! my daughter:
The Duke would see us by to-morrow's dawn.
Aurelio, you will not fail the feast,
If you have either loyalty, or love
or sire, or sister.

Bian. Prithee come, Aurelio:
And if you 'd be the comforter of wrongs,
'Twere treason 'gainst the Duke and death to me
E'er to revenge, you 'll come — I know you 'll come.
Man. Leave him at once: the time a bankrupt grows,
Whilst we stand loitering.
Bian. Say you 'll come, Aurelio.
Aur. I will — I will.
Bian. Now, father, I will haste
As I were speeding to my throne again.
[*Exeunt* MANSO *and* BIANCA.
Aur. I 'm pledg'd, then, to this scene — and e'en will trick
Myself in gay apparel, and put on
A bright face on the darkness of the matter.
By violence, I wound Bianca's heart
Far more than heal her honor. Should he load her
With new indignities, i' the midst of the court
Will I stand up, and make a brother's love
Her shield and panoply. Come weal, come woe,
Her honor is my life — to that I grow!

ACT THE FIFTH.

SCENE I.

The Way leading to the Palace of Saluzzo.
Enter Two Gentlemen.

1*st Gent.* Is Bianca, then, at court?
2*nd Gent.* So cries report; and, moreover, puts on a

semblance of credibility in the utterance. But rumours, indeed, fill the air like gossamers, that whilst we stay catching at one, we are overflown by a hundred others.

1st Gent. I have heard it stoutly maintained, that both Manso and Aurelio will be guests at the festival: but this I consider to be without the compass of belief.

2nd Gent. Well, Sir; matters go in the cloak of mystery — and we that are mere out-door observers, must be content to pin our credence to its skirts. The great ones from Bologna journey warily: the populace have attended them these two hours, and fare well nigh mad to behold their new duchess. 'Tis strange they are not come.

1st Gent. They reposed last night at his highness' country-house, and, I doubt not, will be here, ere time shall have told the minutes of another hour. Hark! (*Guns without and shouts at a distance.*) The guns on the heights even now proclaim their approach. Let us be gazers. [*They retire.*

March. On one side enter PEGANUS, VALERIO, PETRONIO, FERDINAND, LIVIA, ROSAMOND *and Attendants, followed by several Spectators. On the other,* GUALTIER *and Servants.*

Gual. Great Sir!—right noble dames! and you, fair prince!—

My sovereign greets with the *All hail!* of welcome
Your graces to his honor-gaining court,
By me, unworthy — and commands me say,
That at the portal he awaits your coming,
With heart that is athirst, until it drink
The salutation of your several loves.

Peg. Our brother shows kind favor: so thirst we—
Even with a longing mated to his own—
Until we greet his highness. Sir, we follow.

[*Exeunt all but the Two Gentlemen.*

Enter LUCIO.

1st Gent. What, ho! my lord Lucio! make you a race with time?

Luc. Sir, I haste to the court. If you would question, urge prolixity aside.

2nd Gent. To the court? my lord! Methought that you and his highness were at variance.

Luc. Sir, he hath made amends—he hath made amends: I go by especial requisition—Would you further?

1st Gent. My lord, we would know if report speaks truly, when she numbers the lady Bianca among his highness' guests.

Luc. Sir; his highness is definitely scrupulous in the precise enjoinment of the matter of secrecy; my finger on my lip—and, farewell! [*Exit.*

2nd Gent. His ignorance is his secrecy. Come! Sir—will you home? [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

An Anti-room in the Palace of Saluzzo.

Enter several Courtiers: to them, another Courtier.

1st Cour. Well? You have seen Bologna's royalty?

2nd Cour. I have: and to note the manner of their reception by the Duke, was a very feast for eyes: methought the young princess Rosamond would have grown to his heart, so closely did he hold her there. She has withdrawn

to the state tiring-room — and (would sense believe it?) tended by the lady Bianca!

3rd Cour. Was ever humility like to this of Bianca? Its marvel —

1st Cour. Hush! the sovereigns: away! let 's to the festal chamber! [*Exeunt Courtiers.*

Enter DUKE, PEGANUS, VALERIO *and* LIVIA.

Duke. Welcome! most worthy brother: honour'd Livia!
Our heart is now thrice rich. Valerio,
Thou art a noble copy of thy sire
In thy fair outward; be the inward so,
And thou go'st nigh perfection, Sir.

Peg. In him,
You see a rock, to which our heart should cling,
Were its best fortunes shipwreck'd.

Duke. Gallant prince!
Will 't please you join the festive company?
And, Sir, there is a lady i' the court
Whose beauty we commend—and whose alliance
Would rightly fit your greatness: you must woo her.

Val. My lord, in that — I speak in deference —
My choice must be my own: tho' eyes admire,
It nothing follows that the heart should love.
I go as you command. [*Exit.*

Duke. He pays already
Fond worship to the idol we set up
For his idolatry: how soon this love
Turns self-betrayer! Livia, you say

You have instructed Rosamond in all
These mysteries?

Liv. She is in all made perfect:
And first she stared in wonder; then she fell
To weeping on my shoulder — sobb'd, and cried —
Instinctively — *Valerio!* — with which word,
Did I turn conjuror, and in my mind,
Unlink'd the thick-set chain of all her thought —
Taking it ring from ring.

Duke. How receives she
The tendance of Bianca?

Liv. Tremblingly:
As one who bears a heart o'erfull of feelings
It may not utter.

Duke. Prithee, haste! my Livia,
And do as I have said: my gratitude
Goes before service.

Liv. Do not doubt observance.

Peg. I will lead you.

[*Exeunt* PEGANUS *and* LIVIA.

Duke. My foot treads on the threshold of delight;
And o'er me hangs a golden cloud of joy,
Ready to burst in dews of ecstasy.
What gentleness attends on all she does!
Love and obedience do divide her being —
No ill-tuned thoughts hold share: but — will she keep
Thus stedfast to the last? — misgiving fool!
My doubts would cling unto a spider-thread!
Why — Andrea is beloved for Andrea's sake,
And so is Andrea happy — No more doubts!

Re-enter PEGANUS.

Peg. Your Rosamond is dight: the presence-chamber
O'erflows with company, and one and all
Covet their sovereign's sight.

Duke. But, more the feast:
Right loyal hearts! — but they must wait for that:
There's that to act, which shall delay their revel
An hour, or twain. Well! at your service, brother:
The riddler goes to make his riddles clear —
Such brave solutions come not twice a year! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Presence-chamber in the palace of Saluzzo. — A banquet arranged on either side. Thrones, &c. in order. — Guests discovered: among them, VALERIO, MANSO, PETRONIO *and* LUCIO. — *Flourish.*

Enter the DUKE *and* PEGANUS, *followed by* GAULTIER, FERDINAND *and attendants. The* DUKE *and* PEGANUS *ascend their thrones.*

Duke. A right good welcome! unto each and all,
Who by their presence lend a grace to that
Which else could boast no charm — our honor'd banquet —
Its honour, you. Petronio, we rejoice
To see you with our kingdom's chosen, again;
And thank you for past service, which, be sure!
Is on the tablet of our memory, text —
Its comment, a premeditate reward,
Equal to your deserving. Good old Manso!
The presence of your honorable age,

We deem a dignity; and much shall err,
If happiness cast not upon your brow
More sunshine ere you leave us — worthiest Sir!
You are most welcome.

Man. My dread sovereign!
To your poor servant you show too much honor:
Your words do make him object of all eyes,
Which most he 'd shun.

Duke. You are our valued friend!
But — see; the royal bride! Sweet music, ho!

Music. Enter several attendant ladies, strewing flowers before ROSAMOND, *who is led in by* BIANCA (*in her country vest*) *and* LIVIA. *The guests rise. The* DUKE *and* PEGANUS *descend from their thrones.*

Once more, dear welcome to fair Rosamond!
Here on our throne we plant the prettiest flower
That nature ever painted!

[*He places* ROSAMOND *on his throne — and* PEGANUS LIVIA, *on his — leaving* BIANCA *standing.*

Now, all knees
Pay homage due unto Saluzzo's Duchess!

[*Flourish. The guests kneel and rise.* BIANCA *continues standing.*

Will not Bianca kneel?

Bian. My noble lord!
I am the mistress of these ceremonies,
By your allowance; and 'tis therefore just
I do assume a ruler's privilege:

But, so it please you, I will show submission
Such as becomes a subject.

Duke. No — I say:
Be mistress still — and to our noble guests
Speak a heart-welcome!

Bian. Nobles of Saluzzo!
Let not my mean apparel do you shame:
Nor hold the feast less worthy, for that one
So humble lent it order: if it please you,
Your pleasure is my honor; and what value
Lies in a welcome from Bianca's heart,
Entirely yours.

Duke. They thank you with their looks.
And now, Bianca, please you to peruse
That lady's face: what think you of our choice?
Is she not fair? — How say you? — Is she not
A jewel in our crown? — Pass sentence! Speak!

Bian. Indeed, my lord, she doth become her state;
And nor a juster form, nor fairer face
Have I e'er gazed on: be her mind like perfect—
As sure it is (for honey needs must dwell
Within the enfoldings of so rich a blossom)
She shall, indeed, show worthy of her place,
And to call Andrea, lord.

Duke. You praise what is your own:
For such in years, in feature, form and mind,
Should our sweet daughter be.

Bian. Alas!—she 's dead.

Duke. She is not dead.

Bian. I know she is not dead:
She lives in heaven.

Duke. Ay, when she dies, she shall!
She is not dead;—for there—for there, she sits—
In life's most living beauty!—O, no more!
Ladies and lords! you have misplaced your homage:
We bade ye kneel unto Saluzzo's Duchess;
But unto her ye knelt not—this is she!
Bianca, she!—My true, my great Bianca!
I have been slave to doubt; and of your love
Made cold-heart trials: I the ruffian—I!
That tore your child away—there's no divorce—
'Twas a forged instrument we went upon!
My village princess! royal villager!
You are my bride, my wife, my queen, my soul,
My heaven!—and were the Alps one diamond,
I would not barter thee for all the gem!

[*He clasps* BIANCA *in his arms, who gazes at him and* ROSAMOND *alternately—and faints.*

Ros. (*taking her hand*) Loved lady, wake! behold your daughter here,
Beggar for blessing! and submissive vows
Hear from her love-tuned lip! Ah, me! how cold.—

Man. Great Sir! What have you done? A tide of joy
Drowns my child's life: if so, and there it end,
Old Manso's in his grave.

Duke. Stand off!—let the air fan
Her senses back!—I 'll kiss her into life!
Bianca, wake! why, queen! why, lady!—love!
Awake to rapture!—Sweet!—O, gracious heaven!

If thou art dead, I am sole murderer
Of all the world; and henceforth bear a brand
More curst than Cain's—See! see!—she lives! she wakes!
All lips be mute!

Bian. (*recovering, and gazing on Rosamond*) If this be dreaming, let
The slumber last for ever; for such visions
Have nought so blest in all reality.
My child! my lord! O, I am now in heaven,
Or if upon the earth—then earth is heaven!
Dear daughter! in your bosom thus, I shed
A mother's love in tears.

Duke. O, my vast soul
Is as a sea of joy! Hereafter, shall the tale
Of all my doubts—how my distrustful heart
Gave to my state the entire attribute
Of your great love; and how my jealousy
Was my life's poison, till it wrought out proofs
That I, who loved Bianca for herself,
Was for myself beloved—all this, and more,
Hereafter shall be matter for grave talk—
Or, if you will, for merriment. My lords!
The cloud that hung upon your sovereign sun
Is broken; and the doubts must now stand cleared
With which you dogged our actions. For this maid,
For our procedure we had other reasons:
We knew our sister's skill in forming youth
To her own honor's model, and preferred
Our daughter to her government. Approves she not
Our trust? Is she not well named Rosamond?

O! is she not the rose of all the world?

Bian. Unto Bologna's princess am I bound,
As much a mother to my child in care,
As I in nature.

Liv. So my work hath prosper'd,
My praise and my reward went with the doing.

Duke. And now, what says Valerio to our counsel?
This, Sir, 's the lady whom we spake about:
Is she your choice?

Peg. Come, Sirrah, be not dumb.

Val. My Lord, had I to choose from out the world,
It should be none but Rosamond.

Duke. Take her,
And wear her in your heart so tenderly,
That, should she die, that bosom-fire,—remorse,
May not companion you beside her grave.
Come, my Bianca! to my heart again:
You are now i' the bloom of life, and all our days
Hereafter shall contend which most shall swell
Our second date of joy. All you that love
Your sovereign, your homage right direct:
Health! and all hail! unto his peerless queen!

All. (*kneeling*) Health to Bianca! hail!

Bian. Arise, my Lords.
O, could I coin my heart out in rich words,
I'd stamp a million of pure golden thanks,
And make them current with you.

Enter Attendants.

Attend. Please your highness,

He whom you named 's arrived, and, as you bade,
Our fellows stop his entrance.

Duke. They do well.
It is your brother, dearest,—mad Aurelio.

[*Whispers to Bianca aside.*

Bian. O! with delight, my Lord. Quick! Rosamond.

[*Exeunt* BIANCA *and* ROSAMOND.

Duke. Go, Sirs, and bid Aurelio seek our presence.

[*Exeunt Attendants.*

What think you, Manso, of these freaks of ours?
Will not Aurelio turn to very statue,
With mute surprise, to see his sister shine
Our Duchess still?

Man. My gracious sovereign,
'Twill serve him as a lesson, not to judge
Of men, or things—by semblance.

Enter AURELIO.

Duke. Welcome! Sir:
You 're a late guest—Yet, welcome; and we hold
Your presence as a feast.—See! your Sire's eyes
Make you their banquet.

Aur. This is nought, my lord.

Peg. Good Sir,
There are accounts between us: you refused
Our proffer'd service—was it kindly done?

Aur. A certain purse
Sent by the hand of yonder messenger, (*Pointing to* FER.)
Your highness means—Oh, good my lord, your pardon!
Alms are for beggars.

Luc. As are they for alms.

Duke. Voice full of music unto Andrea's ear!
Oh, my lord Lucio, we are wondrous glad
To see you here again; and, worthy Sir,
Grow wise betimes—take lessons from the hour:
And, prithee, in the grave of better thoughts
Bury sour jealousy. Think on 't, my lord.

Aur. (*aside*) Not here, amongst her equals! Can she be
Match'd with his menials? No—that scarce may hold:
My Sire's brow is too clear.

Duke. Why roams Aurelio's eye so restlessly?
What is the best you seek?

Aur. What is the best?
That which Duke Andrea's deeds to all the world
Would proclaim worst—O, had we here a best
Equal to such a worst! My lord, I crave
My sister's presence: she whose greatness made
My sum of bliss; whose downfall wiped all mirth
Clean from my soul—for what poor joys still linger
Are nought but wrecks; dim shadows of dead substance—
Mere grains left in the crucible of life,
From whence the golden stream hath long been pour'd!

Duke. The fair Bianca?—is 't of her you speak?
Sure she was here but now?—and will, no doubt,
Be visible straight—Be patient! Sir—Meanwhile,
We'll glad your eyes with a strange-natured star,
That lights the world by day—our bride, we mean:
It is impossible you are not fain
To gaze upon her?

Aur. As you will, my Lord.

I have no mind to see this fair usurper—
Hold, heart! (*Aside*).

Duke. Now, music!—fill the temple of the soul,
Thro' the ear's gate!

Music. The DUKE *goes out, and returns with* BIANCA, *in her robes and crown—leading* ROSAMOND.

Behold! Behold!

Aur. 'Tis she! 'tis she herself!—I do not dream!
O! be this hour an immortality,
And my life in it an eternal sprite,
To live in bliss for ever!—or if 'tis
Delusion, let me hug the shadow thus,
And ne'er clasp substance more!

(*Catches* BIANCA *in his arms.*

Bian. Beloved Aurelio!
Delight is now a sovereign's sovereign,
And bids her hold her peace.

Aur. Pardon, great Duke,
If even now my reason remain traitor
And hold you still, unjust.

Duke. The gold untried
Is not so precious as the metal dipt
Seven times i'the furnace: our Bianca's love
Is now thrice dear: of this hereafter, brother
And friend, Aurelio. Now leave gazing there,
And look upon this maid:—is she not gentle?
Is she not fair?

Aur. Most like a royal lady!

Duke. Ay! she is royal—for Duke Andrea's blood

Flows in her veins: look up, joy of our joys!—
It is our daughter you do gaze upon!

Aur. Daughter?—the lovely Rosamond.

Duke. My daughter!—
Do you not note rich beauty's full descent?
Is not her mother pictured on her face?
There gaze — and read, "Bianca"!—Lo! the child
Men said I murder'd—I—Duke Andrea, murder'd!
I murder thee, thou dear one?—I had rather
Have given my frame to racks—my soul to fire!—
I murder thee!

Aur. Upon my knees, for pardon!
My future service bid obliterate
The unwilling wrong I've done my sovereign.

Duke Arise! brave Sir. In this young prince, you see
The royal bridegroom of this beauteous bride:
Heaven make their lives all sunshine! dimm'd at most
By rainbow showers. Aurelio, we shall place you
In office of high trust. To your retirement, Manso,
Since that you will be hermit, we shall oft
Bring graceless mirth. And now, the banquet! lords:
This marriage, after. From our history,
Draw this: *Unhonour'd birth and plain array*
Are oft the veils of beauty and of virtue —
Goodness is best gentility — and worth
Is ever worth, from whencesoe'er it springs,
From humble cottage, or the seat of kings!

[*The curtain falls.*

THE END.

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Miller's

MODERN ACTING DRAMA,

CONSISTING OF

THE MOST POPULAR PIECES

PRODUCED AT THE

LONDON THEATRES,

SUBJECT TO THE

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LONDON:

JOHN MILLER, HENRIETTA STREET,
COVENT GARDEN.

1834.

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THE

SON OF THE SUN;

OR, THE

FATE OF PHAETON.

THE

SON OF THE SUN;

OR, THE

FATE OF PHAETON:

A CLASSICAL BURLESQUE BURLETTA,

IN ONE ACT.

BY

GILBERT ABBOTT A BECKETT,

AUTHOR OF "THE KING INCOG.," "THE REVOLT OF THE WORKHOUSE," ETC.

FIRST PERFORMED

AT THE FITZROY THEATRE,

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 13*th*, 1834.

LONDON:

JOHN MILLER, HENRIETTA STREET,

COVENT GARDEN.

1834.

Harjette and Savill, 107, St. Martin's Lane, Charing Cross.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Jupiter, *(holding the thunder, lightning, winds, and the reins of the celestial government)* - -	MR. PERRY.
Apollo, *(the Sun, and Father of Phaeton)* - -	MISS CRISP.
Phaeton, *(a young spark, setting every thing on fire)*	MISS CHAPLIN
Epaphus, *(son of a cow, and a bit of a bully)* -	MR. MANDERS.
Cyclops, *(a singular illustration of "eye by itself, eye")*	MR. GOUGH
Vulcan, *(one of the numerous family of* Smiths) -	MR. ROGERS.
Pan, *(hir-sute in his suit)* - - - - -	MR. UPSDELL.
Boreas, Eurus, *(two hail-y gale-y characters* - -	MR. NORTON. MR. WILSON.
The Earth, *(a revolutionary character)* - - -	MR. JONES.
Bacchus, *(accustomed to wine, but never out of spirits)*	MR. CROWTHER.
The Rain, *(one of the powers that be)* - -	MR. EDWARDS.
Lightning, *(the original* Flare-up) - - -	MR. RICHARDS.
And the Role *(as the French say)* of the Thunder	MR. THOMPSON.
Cupid, *(a little boy, attached to High-men, Hymen)*	MAST. THOMAS.
Venus, *(a beauty, giving her countenance to the Fancy Fair)*	MRS. MANDERS.
Juno, *(a yellow stocking, patronizing the blue stockings)*	MISS J. COOKE.
Minerva, *(conceived by Jupiter, all out of his own head)*	MISS ORME.
Hebe, *(who should a she be)* - - - -	MISS HOLMES.
Clymene, *(having committed a faux pa', and ma of Phaeton)*	MRS. PEARCE.
Thalia, Melpomene, Clio, Euterpe, Terpsichore, Polyhymnia, Erato, Urania, Calliope — *The Nine Muses, reviving under the benign influence of the Fancy Fair*	MRS. HOLMES. MISS ELDRIGE. MISS NASH. MRS. GOUGH. MDLLE. MARIE. MISS PEACE. MRS. ROGERS. MISS BARTON. MRS. LOCK.

THE

SON OF THE SUN;

OR, THE

FATE OF PHAETON.

SCENE I.

A Fancy Fair, for the benefit of the distressed Muses, under the immediate patronage of her most Gracious Majesty JUNO. *The Stage fitted up with stalls, having the names of* VENUS, MINERVA, *and others of the Goddesses who are stationed behind them.* PHAETON, VULCAN, PAN, *one of the* CYCLOPS, EPAPHUS, *&c., &c., promenading.*

MARKET CHORUS.—(*Masaniello.*)

COME hither, all who wish to buy,
And patronize our Fancy Fair;
We've quizzing glasses for the eye,
And rich Macassar for the hair!
Come, buy my bear's-grease, none so fine—
Here's patent brandy, sparkling wine;
'Tis I that sell the best, 'tis I,
Come hither all who wish to buy!

JUNO. Come all and purchase,—none can sure refuse
To yield, while here, a little to a-Muse.
'Tis a hard thing, indeed, I must confess,
To find the sacred Nine in such distress.

PHAET. Those royal lips can never plead in vain;
Be good enough to put me up that chain.
But what has fair Minerva brought to sell?

MINER. The Penny Mag.; and I'll a secret tell—
'Tis edited—let it no farther go—
By Minos, the Lord Chancellor below!

PHAET. Indeed! and what has lovely Venus brought?

VENUS. Oh! I have charms to sell of every sort—
Here is a wash to mollify the skin.

VUL. Let's have a little for my grizzly chin.

VENUS. This powder will remove superfluous hair.

PAN. I'll have six-penn'orth, for my legs, I swear!

VENUS. I've everything—false teeth, false hair, false nose,
Splendid false eyes!

CYCL. Eyes! I'll have one of those,
So that no more the little boys shall cry out,
"*See there he goes, poor fellow, with his eye out!*"

PHAET. Upon my honour, Venus, I declare,
I never saw you looking half so fair!
To deal in charms, you are adapted well,
Having yourself so large a stock to sell!

VENUS. Indeed you flatter.

PHAET. 'Pon my soul, not I!
I do but speak the truth.

EPAP. (*Aside.*) Now, that's a lie!
That puppy Phaeton is always talking
Soft stuff to Venus; I'm resolved on balking
The fellow's coxcombry—his only trade is,
To play the fool with the celestial ladies!

PHAET. (*to* VENUS.) I'll take this pot of bear's-grease.

VENUS. Thank you—there,
'Twill give a rich luxuriance to your hair.

EPAP. (*advancing to* PHAET.) I think, young man, you did not
want that stuff,
You give yourself already *airs* enough.
PHAET. Indeed! you think so? Have a care, sir, do;
My *airs* don't end in giving *blows* to you!
EPAP. Your blows would pass me like the idle breeze;
Yourself I scorn, and at your threats I sneeze.
VENUS. How's this? Pray, gentlemen, don't make a row!
PHAET. Daring to talk to me—son of a cow!
EPAP. A cow, sir, did you say?
PHAET. Yes, sir; for Io,
Your mother, was one,—that you can't deny O;
And if we knew it not (excuse my laugh),
Her son would shew it, being such a calf!
EPAP. This is too bad! and now, sir, I'm inclined
To let you know a little of my mind.
PHAET. He's going to speak his mind!—his *mind*, oh! lord,
Poor calf, of course, he will not say a word.
EPAP. Won't I though? Of my mother you've made fun,
Apollo—
PHAET. Is my father—and the sun.
EPAP. Your father? nonsense! so you have been taught;
But take my word, he's nothing of the sort.
He's no relation; there is not a link
Between you; so he's farther than you think!
PHAET. That I'm Apollo's son, then, you deny?
(EPAPHUS *nods assent.*)
For this you'll make me an *Apollo-gy!*
EPAP. Think'st thou that I will e'er, presumptuous youth,
Apologize for having said the truth?
PHAET. I'll make you eat your words, whate'er may follow.

EPAP. You make me eat them?—that I cannot swallow.
PHAET. *You've set my brains on fire*, and do not doubt
That you shall meet me!
EPAP. What! to blow 'em out?

AIR.—PHAETON.—("*Meet me by Moonlight.*")

Meet me to-morrow at one,
And then we a duel will fight;
Remember to come quite alone,
To the cloud that's just round by the right.
You must promise to come, for I've said
From no one no nonsense I'd take,—
Bring bullets—though in that thick head
You've the stuff half-a-hundred to make.

(*Exit*, L. H.)

VENUS. Pray, Mr. Epaphus, let me entreat
You will not go that hasty youth to meet.
EPAPH. Madame, I'm sorry; but the fellow must
Pay for his prank by laying down his dust.
VENUS. Oh, post him!—get the little boys to hoot him;
In fact, dear sir, do any thing but shoot him.
Write him a letter, do not run him through—
Epistolary measures sure will do.
EPAPH. They will, perhaps; but not the sort you choose—
Pistols, and not *E—pistles*, we must use.

CHORUS.

"*Away, away, to the mountain's brow.*"

Away! away! to Olympus now,
Where the nectar's brightly flowing;
Away! away! to Olympus now,
Where the Winds their clouds are blowing.

Of articles now we've no more to sell—
We've had such a prosperous day;
How the cash the lank purse of the Muses will swell—
Their debts they'll be able to pay.
Away! away! &c. (*Exeunt omnes.*)

SCENE II.

Apartment in the House of CLYMENE.

Enter CLYMENE *and* PHAETON, L. H.

PHAET. I'm in a fury,—tell me now, by Gemini,
Am I Appollo's son? Speak, Mrs. Clymene.
CLYM. What means my boy?
PHAET. Speak, Madam,—who begot me?
CLYM. Well here's a nice kick up indeed—od rot me!
Apollo is your father.
PHAET. Say you so?
CLYM. Yes; and, indeed, I think I ought to know.
But what has, with these doubts, your head been filling?—
Has Phœbus cut you off without a shilling?
Has he your pocket money lately stopp'd?
Tell me, my son, is your allowance lopp'd?
Or what has made you thus distracted run,
Thinking yourself no farther Phœbus' son?
PHAET. 'Tis none of these! I've had my weekly pittance—
Uncheck'd has been my usual remittance;
But Epaphus has just now dared to hint
That which I fear—I hope there's nothing in't.

CLYM. My son, these cruel doubts of yours distress me.
Think's tthou that I don't know your father?—bless me!
That slanderer, Epaphus, I will indict him.

PHAET. Pooh! that is useless,—I intend to fight him.
If I do prove him false, I'll let his soul
Out of his body by a bullet hole.

CLYM. I fear you doubt me still—perhaps you'd rather,
For satisfaction, go and see your father.
Go seek his palace, then, incredulous youth,
He'll let you know whether I speak the truth.
He can inform you every thing about it;—
Go! for you'll not be satisfied without it.

PHAET. I will;—but be not angry that I seek
Corroboration of the words you speak—
I'll knock that Epaphus into next week.

AIR—PHAETON.

"*Are you angry, mother?*"

Are you angry, mother, mother?
Oh! no, no! no, no!
Should I undecided go?
No, no, no! no, no!
Of your fame, when they make light,
Am I wrong to learn the right?
Mother, I feel the charge he brings
Is the most serious of things.
You may, perhaps, have been too gay—
(*She threatens him.*)
Well forgive me, mother, pray.
Be not angry, mother, mother, with your son—
One cross look would spoil his fun;
Be not angry, mother, with your son.
(*Exeunt*, L. H.)

SCENE III.

Olympus.

APOLLO *discovered, surrounded by the Muses.*

CHORUS OF MUSES.

" *Glorious Apollo.*"

Glorious Apollo! from on high beheld us
Wandering to find a temple for his praise;
But, when below, there was nobody upheld us—
We could get nought to clothe us but our bays.
All were combining,
Heart and purse joining,
Us to degrade in all sorts of ways.

(*Pas seul by* TERPSICHORE.)

APOL. I'm glad to see you back again, dear ladies.
The worst of specs below I fear your trade is.
You've been in London, and your faded looks
Shew me you were not in the folk's good books.

THALIA. *Good books!* I saw none; and 'tis very true
We Muses with their books have nought to do.

APOL. Grub-street, I hear, you made your favorite seat.

THA. " *Lucus a non lucendo*" *Grub* from *nought to eat.*

APOL. Well, but you've staid a precious time below;
Something of your adventures I would know.
Clio, how came you on? What was your fate,
Whose province 'tis great deeds to celebrate?

CLIO. Oh! I was out of work, because I vow
Great deeds to celebrate there are none now.

APOL. Euterpe, Music's Muse, I understand
That you had lodgings somewhere in the Strand.
EUT. Oh! the Lyceum! yes; I had a bout of it
For a short time, until they burnt me out of it.
APOL. Melpomene, Thalia,—still remain
Your temples, I suppose, near Drury-lane?
THAL. Our temples! Yes; as usual they stand,
Extensively superb, and coldly grand.
But, oh! the worship's wholly chang'd! Ah me! it is
A cruel thing—they've turn'd out us poor deities.
My friend Melpomene's dagger, and her bowl,
Are in the clutches of a noisy soul,
With Madame Melodrama for her name.
APOL. That's downright usurpation.
ALL. Shame! oh, shame!
THAL. And as for me, my place—a pretty pass!—
Is taken by a vulgar thing, called Farce.
APOL. But where is Shakspeare?
THAL. Bless me, don't you know?
Shakspeare is trampled on.
APOL. By whom?
THAL. Ducrow.
APOL. Too bad, upon my honour. Muse of Dance—
Terpsichore—I hear you've been in France.
THAL. Yes; and she's even there by proxy yet.
You've heard that Taglioni is her pet.
APOL. And Polyhymnia, sweet Muse of Song,
Have they on earth, dear maid, done thee, too, wrong?
THAL. Yes; she encountered many a sad disaster;
And so resigned.
APOL. To whom?
THAL. To Madame Pasta!

APOL. Well, never mind; bright days may yet await
You all; and I am very glad to state—
The fancy fair has realized a sum
Which will amount to nearly half a plum.

THAL. So much as that? you please and quite astound one.
A plum is a large sum indeed—a *round* one.

APOL. Yes; and I hope 'twill give you handsome dowers.
Muses, you know, like love, can't live on flowers.

Enter PHAETON.

PHAET. Ladies—your servant. Phœbus, how d'ye do?

APOL. I'm pretty well, I thank ye. How are you?

PHAET. Rather so-so (*looking towards the Muses*).

APOL. What is it that you drive at?

PHAET. I want to have a little talk in private.

APOL. Ye Nine! get out; there's nought to be polite about.
So take up each your pens; and now face right about.

THAL. Whose face are we to write about?

APOL. Why mine,
Your own or any,—but, abscond, ye Nine.
(*Exeunt* MUSES.)

PHAET. Father, I'm brought here by a horrid *tale*.

APOL. Methinks your legs had been of more avail.
But to your errand! What d'ye want with me?

PHAET. Merely to tell me who the deuce I be.

APOL. You surely do forget yourself, my son;
Or of your father come to make vile fun.

PHAET. Oh, say the word again! Are you my father?

APOL. Upon my honour, I believe so rather,

Unless your worthy mother, Mrs. Clym.,
Was guilty of the *Con.* below called *Crim.*;
But I believe she really was above it;
They say you are my son; and don't this prove it?
(*Gives* PHAETON *a paper.*)

PHAET. Indeed this document doth volumes speak—
"Affiliation"—"half-a-crown a week."
I wonder that they did'nt thicker lay it on:
So cheaply now one couldn't keep his Phaeton.
Such evidence as this there's no gainsaying—
None but a father would his son be paying.

APOL. And now, to further prove that you're my son,
Ask favours, and I'll yield them.

PHAET. Grant but one!

APOL. With pleasure; any thing, my boy, to prove
The full extent of my paternal love.

PHAET. Lend me then, Sire, your curricle and pair,
Through the ethereal blue to take the air.

APOL. My blazing curricle! oh, mad desire!
To take the *air*, my son;—you will take *fire*!
Ask something else, though this I e'en must grant
Unless you change your mind.

PHAET. Papa, I sha'nt!

APOL. Consider well; there's not a soul but I
Can guide that chariot along the sky!
E'en Jove, who holds the reins of heaven, dreads
To take in hand my pair of thorough breds.
No omnibus that rolls down Holborn Hill
Requires equal strength or equal skill!
I tell you, not the finest whip in town
Would dare to drive my prads two stages down.

PHAET. Father, I am resolved!—taken my course is!

APOL. Well, if it must be so, it must. (*To persons without.*) Put to the horses.

DUO.—APOLLO AND PHAETON.—(*La Sonnambula.*)

"*Oh! I cannot give expression.*"

APOLLO. Oh! I cannot give expression
To my most sincere impression,
That you'd better have discretion,
And leave my coach alone.

PHAET. Oh, no, no,
'Tis no use appealing,
For I'm resolved on feeling
The ecstacy of wheeling
Through endless space alone.
Yes, that is the only measure
To prove I'm my father's treasure
Since he lets me drive alone.
Yes, it is the only measure.
No! 'tis no use appealing, &c.

APOLLO. Ah, to destruction be not prone.
Oh! I cannot give expression, &c. (*Exeunt.*)

SCENE IV.

A Valley.

Enter EPAPHUS, R. H.

EPAPH. This is the place;—the hour is very near
For meeting Phaeton. Oh! I feel queer.
Fighting 's a very pretty thing to talk about,
But not to do! I've not the strength to walk about.
Each moment that I wait my fears increase:
There is one hope still left me—the Police!

AIR.—EPAPHUS.—HOFER. *(Rossini.)*

"Beautiful War."

To their seconds the duellists bluster,
Each thinking his foe is coy,
And at length they courage muster
To meet though it both annoy.
Lira la la lira la lor!
See the seconds pace the ground,
Lira la la lira la lor!
Both the foes, in thought profound,
Lira la la lira la lor!
Gaze on the kerchief wav'd before,
Lira la la lira la lor!
Horrible bore!
Horrible bore!
Go and boast of duels fought—
Lira la la lira la lor!
Ye who of them do know nought;
Those who do will only roar—
Terrible bore!
Terrible bore!

Enter PHAETON, L. H.

PHAET. Well, Mr. Epaphus, how do you feel,—
Bolus of lead *(shewing pistols)* or lo[illegible]

PHAET. Then, Sir, apologize! Am I the son
Of great Apollo? (*Presents pistol.*)
EPAPH. Yes!—of any one.
PHAET. Then pray, Sir, say not one word more about it;
I won't be shot. I'm satisfied without it!
EPAPH. And so am I; but, lest our courage should
Be doubted by the world, just be so good
To perforate my vestment with your foil. (*Phaeton does so.*)
Thank you! and thus your garment do I spoil.
PHAET. Now, then, I go my father's steeds to drive,
On which account I'm glad I kept alive.

DUET.—PHAETON AND EPAPHUS.

AIR—"*Green Hills of Tyrol.*"

PHAET. You chose to-day, at the Bazaar,
Rude things to say about my Pa;
But, as it is, you see
You have explained to me,
Or you would never be
Where now, Sir, you are.
EPAPH. Well, let's be still, nor talk of war,
For me to kill would be a bore.
I'm very glad you see
I have explained to thee;
For there's no wish in me
T'other world to explore!

(*Exeunt, R. H.*)

SCENE V.

Olympus.

JUPITER *seated on his throne, surrounded by the* WINDS, RAIN, LIGHTNING, GODS, GODDESSES, *&c.*

CHORUS.—(AUBER.)

"Hail to Masaniello."

Jove is a nice old fellow!
Awful, indeed, is his frown;
His voice, if he choose to bellow,
Could knock all his subjects down.

JUPIT. You're right, it could. Now listen while I say,
What you've respectively to do to-day.
Rain, you'll be wanted down on earth an hour,
To give the Londoners a gentle shower.
And you must to St. James's Park, my Thunder,—
There's an old tree or two to knock asunder.
My worthy Boreas to the Thames may go
And give the cockney mariners a blow:
In wherries, where the sails are loose, just tighten 'em;
Now mind you don't upset them; only frighten 'em:
Attend to my commands. I'll tell you what,
We feel our throne is getting deuced hot,—
What can it be? Has the Sun brought too near
His fiery chariot?—Send Apollo here.

(*Enter* APOLLO.)

Oh, here you are! Pray can you me inform
What is it makes the skies so very warm?

APOL. Dread Jove! my son has got my car to-day with him,
And I'm afraid the steeds have run away with him.
JUPIT. Why did you let him have it?
APOL. He would take it.
JUPIT. If he comes near Olympus, zounds! he'll bake it.
APOL. Spite of remonstrance, and repeated warning,
Off he would start at six o'clock this morning.

AIR—APOLLO.—HOYER. (*Rossini.*)

"*Sweetly on the wings of Morning.*"

Fleetly off at six this morning
Phaeton did sally.
Hi, hi, hi, hi!
Though I gave him ample warning,
That he did not *val-le.*
Hi, hi, hi, hi!
Flame, the horses' nostrils breathing,
On they gallop pretty well;
He through clouds and æther wreathing,
Thinks he's cutting quite a swell;
But, ere long, the steeds get wrong,
In furious gallop raging,
And he plies the vigorous thong,
Without their pace assuaging,—
Horses galloping—he still walloping—
Steeds, with fire hot reeking,
Turnpikes clearing—tolls not fearing—
Man for money shrieking;
Till the gate of heaven clearing,
Through the skies he bolts away,—
He will soon, I fear, be veering
Up about this very way.
Yes, yes, off at six this morning,
Phaeton did sally, &c.!

JUPIT. What's to be done? Apollo, you're his sire!
Can I permit him thus to set on fire
These realms above? for in that case, what hinders
Our *ashes* being settled—burnt *to cinders?*
We have no engines on the flames to spout,
With ingenuity to put them out.
What's to be done for my abode to save it?
Oh, ho! come hither, Mercury, I have it,—
Run and tell Vulcan straight a bolt to forge;

(*Exit* MERCURY.)

Or send one ready by him; for, by George!
This Phaeton will be on us with his car
Before we know precisely where we are.

(PHAETON *passes rapidly along the back of the stage—the chariot all in flames, &c.*)

We shall be burnt. Is their no shower at hand?
No, I forgot,—I sent one to the Strand!
This youth does into such a fever throw me.
Come hither, Boreas, where are you? Blow me!

VENUS. You said the Thames his presence would require.

JUPIT. Why, surely, no one's set the Thames on fire;
But never mind,—Venus, supply his place,
Give me a blow—a good one—in the face!

(VENUS *comes up, and puffs in* JUPITER'S *face.* EARTH *raises up his head at the back of the stage.*)

JUPIT. Well, Earth, how are you? Welcome,—let me toast thee!

EARTH. Upon my word, I think you want to roast me.

If you'd destroy me, with your thunder pelt me!
But soften, Jove, yourself, and do not melt me!
Don't let me perish thus, my Father trusty.

JUPIT. I see you're *baking*, for you're getting *crusty*,—
Should you catch fire, I'll put you out.

EARTH. What said he?
Zounds! 'tis enough to put me out already.

JUPIT. Where's Neptune? Can't he cool you, noisy elf?

EARTH. Neptune's been on the boil this hour himself.
Well, I must go at once, before I choke,
I'm nearly suffocating—curse the smoke!

(EARTH *descends.*)

Enter MERCURY.

MER. Here is the bolt, great Jupiter; it weighs
Just half a hundred weight, old Vulcan says.

(*Gives bolt to* JUPITER.)

JUPIT. Pardon me, Phœbus, that I kill your son—
I hope you're satisfied it must be done.

APOL. Your Majesty would not be safe without it;
Therefore don't say another word about it.

JUPIT. Now all ye rains, expend each watery spout;
Ye thunders, roar; ye lightnings, too, fork out.

(*He discharges the thunderbolt, amid a general noise of wind, rain, &c., and the sobbing of the characters.*)

AIR & CHORUS.—(*Laughing Chorus, Der Freischutz.*)

APOLLO AND CHORUS.

Why, good people, are you crying?
In the river some one's lying?
'Tis my poor drown'd son I know—
Jove has killed him—oh, oh, oh!

(*Crying Chorus.*) Ho, ho, ho!

APOL. Alas! I told him what would be his fate,
But he would drive my car at any rate.
But, Jove, relent—although my son took fire,
Oh, let his ducking also cool your ire.

JUPIT. Well, let him come to life; 'tis true we drench'd him,
But we are satisfied if we have quench'd him;
Our royal clemency, sure, none can doubt—
He may come in, as he has been put out.

Enter PHAETON.

PHAET. (*Rushing to* APOLLO). Receive me safe from water and from fire.
Be cheerful now, and sigh no more, my sire.

APOL. My son, how feel you?

PHAET. Why, the fall was such,
I'm giddy.

JUPIT. Oh, you've had a drop too much.

PHAET. But here are friends to give a helping hand,—
If they will but support me, I shall stand.

APOL. And let me hope the horses of the Sun,
Like horses elsewhere, long may have a run.
Their steeds and cars let others idly brag on,
We wish our chariot to have no *drag-on*;
And though an overflow is our desire,
Throw not cold water on our Phaeton's fire.
You won't!—those smiles possess such influence o'er us,
Our crying's changed into the laughing chorus.

AIR—APOLLO—AND CHORUS.

Since our gambols do delight you,
Come to-morrow—we invite you,
Smiling as e'en now you are,
While we join with ha, ha, ha!
(*Laughing Chorus.*) Ha, ha, ha:

FINIS.

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A BURLESQUE BALLET OPERA,

IN ONE ACT.

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A BURLESQUE BALLET OPERA,

IN ONE ACT.

BY

GILBERT ABBOTT À BECKETT,

AUTHOR OF "THE KING INCOG.," "THE SON OF THE SUN," ETC.

FIRST PERFORMED

AT THE FITZROY THEATRE,

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 24*th*, 1834.

LONDON:

JOHN MILLER, HENRIETTA STREET,

COVENT GARDEN.

1834.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Mahomet Muggins, *(Master of the Workhouse)*	Mr. MANDERS.
Ismael Skullcrack, *(Beadle in Chief)*	Mr. PERRY.
Myssouf Sheepshanks, *(Clerk to the Establishment)* .	Mr. HUGHES.
Araminta, *(betrothed to Skullcrack)*	Miss CRISP.
Amelia, *(her companion)*	Miss CHAPLIN.
Judy, *(a bankrupt Basket Woman)*	Mrs. BRINDALL.
Sally Slack, *(a pauper Negress)*.....	Mr. OXBERRY.
Moll Chubb, *a done-up Spratswoman, and Commander-in-Chief of the Female Revolters*	Mr. MITCHELL.

Parish Officers, Lords of the Workhouse, Muggins's Body Guard, Policemen, Privates of the Female Army, &c. &c.

THE

REVOLT OF THE WORKHOUSE.

SCENE I.

The interior of the Workhouse; through an open arch behind is the Court-yard; on the P. S. *is a door which leads to the female ward.* MAHOMET MUGGINS *is seated on a platform,* O.P., *surrounded by the workhouse officers.*

GRAND CHORUS. (*Fra Diavolo.*)

AIR—(" *On yonder rock reclining.*")

On yonder chair reposing,
Behold our Workhouse King in state:
Full of wisdom is his pate;
Yes, and his power is great.
Where'er he pokes his nose in,
Vice flies before his angry brow;
And there's none so well knows how
To settle a workhouse row.
Tremble!
When with his cane he's beating,
You'll hear their squalls repeating,
Oh, Gemini! oh, Gemini! oh, Gemini!

MUG. That's right, good folks,—I love to hear you sing
Songs of affection to your workhouse king;
Since king I am; though my parental sway
Is only over paupers, let me say,
I'm not the only sovereign, I fear,
That rules o'er pauper subjects.

OMNES. Hear!

SHEEPS. Ah! hear!

(*A violent ring is heard at the bell.*)

MUG. That ring proclaims there's some one at the gate.
Ah! 'tis our beadle with a broken pate.

(*Enter* ISMAEL SKULLCRACK *with a patch of blood on his temple.*)

My worthy Skullcrack, how I grieve to see
That broken pate. Why, Lord a mercy me!
Where did you get it?—have you had a squabble
With any of the filthy vulgar rabble?

SKULL. As I was walking with my staff in hand
Down the most crowded quarter of the Strand,
Giving at intervals official whacks
To sundry little urchins, on their backs,
I saw a sight which didn't ought to be—

MUG. Speak quickly; what the devil did you see?

SKULL. A fruit woman exposing her effects
For sale; and so, Sir, as the act directs,
I took her into custody.

MUG. 'Twas well.
Without a license 'tis a crime to sell;
For, says the law, none shall have chance to live,
Unless they first a sum in tax can give.

But if they can't, I see no reason why
They ought to wish to live.

SHEEPS. No more don't I.

MUG. But, Skullcrack, you are from your story led.
Come, let your tale explain your broken head.

SKULL. Well, as I said before, I seized a dame
Selling of apples, when a cry of "shame!"
Burst from the populace, and all there present
Began to pelt me.

SHEEPS. Bless me, how unpleasant!

SKULL. It was; and then there came a dreadful volley
Of hot baked taturs.

SHEEPS. Lord, how melancholy!

SKULL. "Rescue the 'oman!" then became the cry;
And cabbage leaves came thick into my eye.
The mob at this began to kick and shin me;
Then all at once the beadle rose within me.
My staff I brandished thus—both right and left,
On every side a skull or two was cleft—
The people fell around—my foes were floored;
And in the end my prisoner secured. (*Music Bas.*)

MUG. Thy deeds are valiant; well your tale you've spoken;
Your honour's whole, although your head is broken.
Tarry with us a while; because to-day
The female ward a visit have to pay.

SKULL. The female ward! does it? Egad! I'll stay.

MUG. Go, Sheepshanks, and the women paupers bring
Into the presence of the workhouse king.

(*Exit* SHEEPSHANKS, U.E. L.H.)

I can assure you, Skullcrack, they possess
Among them a good share of loveliness.
But here they come; look, be yourself assured,
For hither comes the female pauper ward. (*Music.*)

Enter the whole of the FEMALE WARD *from a door on the left hand.*

SKULL. (*Aside.*) Methinks I know that form; is it my love?
But by one question I the fact can prove.
(*Aside to* ARAMINTA.) Sold you not apples in the
Strand last winter?

ARAM. I did.

SKULL. Enough; it is my Araminta!
How can I get to have a little talk?
Oh, I'll beg for ye all to have a walk.

MUG. Well, valiant Skullcrack, don't the paupers' charms
Make one disposed to seek their precious arms?

SKULL. They are, indeed, dear creatures; but, by goles,
They are too much confined—the pretty souls—
So let me beg, by all my triumphs past,
By checks on omnibuses going too fast,
By informations laid against late hours
At public-houses—by—in fact, the powers,
I wish to ask a favour.

MUG. Cut along,—
I'll grant it, Mr. Skullcrack, right or wrong.
We like a beadle knowing what he's after,—
Quelling, in church, the little urchin's laughter.
A man, in fact, who walks the streets in doubt,
And breaks a head to find a mystery out;

Who, in a crowd, belabours right and left,
So making sure the proper head is cleft.

SKULL. I'm glad you think I do my duty right,
For cracking skulls was always my delight.
But my request—a holiday I seek
For the whole female ward.

MUG. Mind what you speak.

SKULL. Grant me the boon if any how you're able.

MUG. Let your petition lie upon the table—
But who are these approach our Workhouse board?

Enter SHEEPSHANKS, U. E. L. H.

SHEEPS. The new additions to the female ward.

Enter AMELIA, MOLLY CHUB, JUDY, *and* SALLY SLACK.

SKULL. Come forth!—who are you all?—But the first thing,
You'll make your court'sies to the Workhouse king.—(*they do so.*)
That's right! now, what comes next? stop, let me see—
Ah! now down on your marrow-bones to me.
(*they do so.*)
That public justice may be well protected,
'Tis right her officers should be respected.
Down to the lowest! So, you paupers, hark!
Pay your obeisances to yonder Clerk.
(*They commence doing so with great humility.*)
Stop—not so much as that; there are degrees
In rank; to me you fell upon your knees—

A gentle bow for him—there is a *leedle*
Difference, I think, 'twixt workhouse clerk and beadle.

(*They bow slightly to* SHEEPSHANKS.)

Ah! that will do. The governor will now
Ask you some questions,—don't forget to bow.

MUG. Approach! your names inform me in a crack.

MOLLY. Moll Chubb!

AMEL. Amelia!

JUDY. Judy!

SALLY. Sally Slack!

MUG. How come you here to lay your lazy heads
In luxury upon the parish beds?
Moll Chubb, speak first—What were you out of doors?

MOLLY. What was I? why a woman, sir, in course.

SKULL. No insolence! the master wants to know
What was your calling.

MOLLY. Calling! why *sprats, ho!*

MUG. Now then, Amelia, tell me—what were you?

AMEL. Your worship, I've been in the fish line, too—
I was an oyster girl, and had a stall
At a street corner, very near St. Paul.

MUG. Your bus'ness did not thrive, I fear.

AMEL. Oh Lord!
Indeed it did; for, daily round my board
Both great and little, rich and poor, did throng,
Demolishing the natives all day long.

MOLLY. Poor things, I wonder no one e'er admonished 'em.
Eating the natives must have so astonished 'em.

MUG. Keep silence, can't you, woman! Now, my dear,
Tell me what sad reverses brought you here.
AMEL. 'Gainst an attorney's door my stall, sir, stood,
And so they drove me off.
MUG. Ah! very good;
You know, my child, it was against the law.
MOLLY. No, that it wasn't—'twas against the door.
OMNES. Ha, ha, ha!
MUG. Now, Judy, as you call yourself, by name,
Tell me the reason why you hither came.
What was your bus'ness?
JUDY. Bus'ness, did you say?
Nothing, at last;—with corresponding pay,
When times was good, I had been used to stand
At market, with my basket in my hand,
To carry fruits and flowers from Covent Garden;
But, Lord! the season has been such a hard un,
There ar'nt no vegetables now to fill
A basket for my head.
MOLLY. About you still
You have some vegetables.
JUDY. What are those?
MOLLY. Why, ma'am, a little reddish is your nose;
And though you've got no basket on the top,
Your head of carrots bears a precious crop.
JUDY. With your vile insolence my blood you churn up,
If my nose is a reddish, your's, ma'am, is a *turn-up*.
MUG. Silence, you women! stop your noisy clack!
Let's have a word with Mrs. Sally Slack.
How came you to the workhouse?—what were you?
SALLY. I was a lady,

MOLLY. Come, that wont do.

SALLY. Indeed I was; I bellowed "sprats" all night,
And called out "hareskins" by the morning light,
My time dividing 'twixt my evening *bawls*,
Like other ladies, and my morning calls.

MUG. But of your coming here, explain the reason.

SALLY. Your honour, hares and sprats is out of season.
In March, you get no hares, but when you go out,
And find old Boreas giving of a blow out,
Then I get airs enough, but not the kind
Of hares that I must have to raise the wind.

MUG. Enough! you're members of the workhouse now,
And mind you never kick up any row.

SKULL. But my petition—may the women go
To take a little walk?—now don't say no.

MUG. Well, as I'm in good humour, sir, they may.

SKULL. Long live the workhouse king! hurra!

OMNES. Hurra!

(*Dance.—Scene closes.*)

SCENE II.

An Apartment in the Workhouse.

Enter ARAMINTA.

ARAM. 'Tis Ismael Skullcrack fills alone my breast;
He takes it all, and love has got the rest.
In vain does Mahomet Muggins urge his suit—
Compared with Ismael, Mahomet is a brute.
About the latter, there's I don't know what,—
'Tis not the lace that glitters on his hat—

'Tis not the staff he carries in his hand,
(His salary is good, I understand.)
But, hence with worldly thoughts! none are above him:
Good gracious me! I love—oh, how I love him!

SONG.

AIR—(*From* GUSTAVUS)—"*I love him—how I love him!*"

I love him—how I love him!
Oh, mine I hope he soon will be!
Muggins, who is above him,
Is smaller far to me.
He stands five feet, by measure:
I want no greater treasure:
To see him is a pleasure,
And ask him out to tea.

Deep, deep in my breast I conceal
The fierce flame that heats me;
Ne'er, ne'er e'en to him shall my lips reveal
All the love that I feel.
The voice of prudence I obey—
It bids me hide his name,
And only by myself I say—
I love him—how I love him! &c.

(*Exeunt.*)

SCENE III.

A Washing Room in the Workhouse, with an enormous pump in the centre. On the P. S. *side is a door leading to the* FEMALE WARD; *on the* O. P., *a door leading to the Apartments of the Governor. The female paupers are discovered washing, and throwing about the soap-suds.*

CHORUS OF PAUPERS.

What's equal, on earth, to a lark in the wash-tub,
When the stream from the pump does so shiningly flow;

To pelt one another with towels and brushes,
Or backwards and forwards the soap-suds to throw!
Oh! this is a pleasure so novel to paupers,
For health in our gambols is sure to be found—
Whilst sporting about in the depths of the wash-tub,
We have some fine fun, and a washing all round.
A lark! for a lark! &c.

MOLLY. Ladies and paupers! we have all been splashing
About in this here sink, to have a washing—
It is too bad we e'er should be reduced to it.
Wash us, indeed! for my part, I'm not used to it.

SALLY. Nor I! 'tis hard that into water chilly
We should be plunged, good ladies, *willy nilly*.
Why should these people wish the plan to spoil,
For the allotment of the barren soil?
Because, if dirt but constituted lands—

JUDY. You'd have a whole estate upon your hands!

MOLL. I only know—I will not stand this sort o'
Subjection to a drench of soap and water!
They soap us first; and when they closer gather us,
Who knows but they may also want to lather us?

JUDY. 'Tis not the washing that displeases me,
But 'tis the food—look at our last night's tea!
'Twas half-an-ounce, ladies, as I'm assured,
Four-shilling black, for the whole female ward!

SALLY. The very thought's enough to make one shiver—
Tea, did you say? zounds, it was pure new river!

MOLL. Ah! that, indeed, I'd say, without compunction,
'Twas nothing but a cup of neat Grand Junction.

JUDY. I cannot drink such rubbish; for my part,
Their tea seems just one sloe leaf to a quart.

MOLLY. Come, let's away, our private chamber seek,
I've got a word in all your ears to speak.
(*Exeunt all but* ARAMINTA *and* AMELIA.)

ARAM. I'm glad you've staid behind, for I have seen
Something superior about your mien,
And wish to make a *confidante* of you.

AMEL. Do you?—then pray don't hesitate, but do!

ARAM. You've seen the beadle?

AMEL. Yes—I think his name
Is Ismael Skullcrack.

ARAM. Ah! the very same.
That gallant being loves me, and he'll try
To cause that from the Workhouse I should fly.
Will you assist me?

AMEL. Yes—there is a talk
That the whole female ward's to have a walk;
If so, you can to Ismael Skullcrack flee.

ARAM. Then, if I do, you'll come and lodge with me?

SONG.—AIR—"*Come, dwell with me.*"

Come, lodge with me,—come, lodge with me,
And our home shall be, our home shall be
A nice two-pair in some open square,
Perhaps at No. 2 or 3.
My taste would be a second floor,
Above the people's din and roar;
The people, as they walk below,
Would not disturb us with their row.
Come, lodge with me, &c.

Enter the Female Paupers and SHEEPSHANKS.

SHEEPS. I've got official news; so, silence! hark!

MOLLY. Yes, let's have order for the Workhouse clerk?

JUDY. But what's his news? Is it the promised walk?
SHEEPS. How can I tell you, women, if you talk?
'Tis thus—great Mr. Muggins says you may
Go all to take a little walk to-day,
Excepting Araminta—she's to stay.
OMNES. She sha'n't!
JUDY. We do not stir one step without her.
SALLY. And we're prepared to play the deuce about her.
JUDY. Go without Araminta?—what a whim!
Why, what can Araminta be to him?
SHEEPS. Those are my orders; you've but to obey.
MOLLY. Then march your body off!
SHEEPS. I'm gone.
MOLLY. Away!
(*Exit* SHEEPSHANKS.)
ARAM. What's to be done?—go, take your walk alone.
JUDY. We do not stir without you!
OMNES. No, not one!
ARAM. Then I'll go too—

SONG.—ARAMINTA.

INVITATION SONG.—(*From Gustavus.*)

Fair dames, to you I bring a pretty invitation to a thing
You'll like—the promised walk we are to take to-day;
At least, the beadle told me so to say.
So let us come at once away;
In the streets of first-rate reputation,
We shall go out soon our pranks to play—
Delighted all I am sure you'll be.
Oh! what a treat to use our feet
Along the Strand or Regent-street;
Through the Squares, where, in pairs,
Dandies and coquettes we meet;

To pace the Quadrant round and round,
Or wander by St. Giles's pound,
Or, with our sparks, through the parks,
To walk about and have our larks!
Oh! what a treat, &c.

Where, in this dreadful hour,
Shall we find means to deal with Workhouse power?

(*The Stage is instantly covered with beadles' staves, and each pauper seizes one; they throw them about in a martial way, and go through a war dance. Enter* SHEEPSHANKS, *who, seeing the staves, exits, and returns with Police—as he comes in, the staves turn to brooms, and they all begin sweeping.*)

SHEEPS. Hollo, here! what's the row? What are ye at?
MOLLY. Cleaning the court-yard.
SHEEPS. Is it only that?
But don't about the yard so wildly rush,
But use your brooms—
MOLLY. I think you'd better brush!

(MOLL CHUBB *seizes him, takes him up in her arms, and puts him into the tub. Paupers form a phalanx round him with beadles' staves.*)

SCENE IV.

Street in London.

Enter ISMAEL SKULLCRACK.

SKULL. As I was just now walking down the street,
A little dirty boy I chanced to meet;

And as he looked at me with searching eye,
"*Flare-up!*" he shouted with stentorian cry!
The circumstance, though trifling, did annoy;
But soon I met another little boy,
Who, with an air that still my senses bothers,
Cried "*flare-up!*" too—and then there came two others;
And these, as I'd just raised my cane to *lare-up*,
Slipped from me with a louder cry of "flare up!"
In fact, from every one I chanced to meet,
"Flare up" was still the cry along the street!
What can such omens mean?—horrors like these
Announc'd the cackling of the Roman geese.
I'm sure there's something awful in the wind:
I cannot see before—I dare not look behind;
I'm sharp for action—sharper than a needle;
Down, boisterous bosom—cool, blood of the beadle.
These words, "flare up!" still ring in both my ears,
And gives mysterious strength to all my fears;
They bid me do't, and though my heart it tear up,
I'll go—I must—I will—I ought to "flare up!"
(*Exit.*)

Enter MUGGINS.

MUG. Surely I heard some noise—where shall I go?
My brain's on fire—my pulse beats fast, then slow!
Am I, the master of the workhouse, Lord?
Or am I vanquished by the female ward?
With calling out police, I'm now quite hoarse.
Police! police! my salary for the force!
Last night I dreamt a dream—could it be true?

(*Enter* SHEEPSHANKS *unperceived.*)

Stop!—who the devil's that? O, is it you?
O, Sheepshanks, how you startled me. But now,
Say, Caitiff, quickly, what has been the row!

SHEEPS. Great Sir, as I was sitting in a sort o'
Dog sleep over my half-pint of porter,
And blowing of returns a gentle cloud,
I heard some voices talking very loud.

MUG. Loud voices?—how I tremble!—but proceed.

SHEEPS. I went and saw—

MUG. What was it that you seed?

SHEEPS. The paupers all with each a beadle's staff!

MUG. I droop!—fetch me a pint of half-and-half!

SHEEPS. For half-and-half proceedings 'tis no season;
We must be prompt—the females plot vile treason!

MUG. Explain!—what saw ye afterwards?

SHEEPS. O, then,
I went and fetched two of our ablest men,
Expecting from the staves to get a drubbing;
But, lo! we found them with their birch-brooms scrubbing!
Then, seizing me, they soused me in the tub!

MUG. And scrubb'd you with their brooms?

SHEEPS. Aye, there's the rub.
But waste no time,—the ward is in revolt,
And, I believe, it is their plan to bolt.

MUG. Then let's be after them—my soul is fired!
Quick, to pursuit!—Here, Cab! are you unhired?

(*Exeunt.*)

SCENE V.

*St. Paul's by Moonlight—Female Paupers discovered in Groups asleep — Three Boys with baked Potatoes in tin stands—*SKULLCRACK *enters to music, "Slumber my Darling."*

SKULL. Ah! here my lovely Araminta lies,—
Sleep has unclosed her mouth, and shut her eyes.
I'll snatch a kiss before she wakes; yet, lo!
Love whispers yes, and honour answers no—
Between them both, I don't know what to do.
She wakes! let honour then my love subdue.

ARAM. (*Waking and coming forward.*) What are you at? I hope you've not been rash.

SKULL. I would not, for the world, my love abash!
But hark!

ARAM. Begone!

SKULL. One kiss before we sever.
You won't!—I'm off!—adieu, perhaps for ever!
The time will come, when you may need me; *then*—

ARAM. Then what?

SKULL. Why, perhaps I may look in again!
(*Exit.*)

(*The Female Paupers go through evolutions—Dance—Then enter Police with* MUGGINS *and* SHEEPSHANKS *at their head.*—MUGGINS *advances to address Female Paupers.*)

MUG. Ye female paupers, is it any use
Of me to ask a temporary truce?
MOLLY. We cannot answer that until we knows
What measures you are ready to propose.
MUG. What do you want?
MOLLY. Bread less than four days old.
MUG. Woman, your proposition's very bold!
But speak,—what are your other wishes?—say.
JUDY. I want, old chap, lump sugar in my *tay!*
MUG. *Lump* sugar! monstrous!—moist you ought to jump at;
If you don't like it, you yourselves may *lump* it!
MOLLY. We cannot hear these insults to the ward.
Ladies, to arms!—let the police be floored!

(*An engagement takes place between the Police and Paupers, in which the latter are triumphant.*)

Enter SKULLCRACK.

SKULL. Come, let these shocking civil conflicts cease.
(*To the audience.*) Have I the power to preserve the peace?
MUG. Well, be it so; let workhouse struggles end,
And let the beadle be the paupers' friend;
Conciliation now is all the go,
Therefore I'll promise, if you don't say no,
Lump sugar,—bread the second day,—and cheese
In any quantity the ladies please.
And though their rising of revolt may savour,
Still let them rise, each night—in public favour.

FINALE.

GRAND CHORUS.

AIR—"*Finale to the First Act of Gustavus.*"

Hail! all hail! to our workhouse king!
With shouts we'll make the court-yard ring!
All you female paupers, sing—
Long live the king!
Hail to Mr. Muggins,
The workhouse joy and glory;
His name we'll shout for ever,
Rever'd in paupers' story!
Blessings on old Mr. Muggins,
May the place be his for ever!
Long live the king!

(MUGGINS *is lifted upon the shoulders of two men; the rest surround him, and shout till scene closes.*)

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ESMERALDA;

OR,

THE DEFORMED OF NOTRE DAME:

A DRAMA,

IN THREE ACTS.

Miller's

MODERN ACTING DRAMA,

CONSISTING OF

THE MOST POPULAR PIECES

PRODUCED AT THE

LONDON THEATRES,

SUBJECT TO THE

PROVISIONS OF THE DRAMATIC COPYRIGHT ACT.

LONDON:

JOHN MILLER, HENRIETTA STREET,
COVENT GARDEN,
(Agent to the Dramatic Authors' Society.)

1834.

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ESMERALDA;

OR,

THE DEFORMED OF NOTRE DAME.

A DRAMA, IN THREE ACTS,

Founded on VICTOR HUGO'S *Popular Novel of "Notre Dame."*

BY Edward Ball

EDWARD FITZ-BALL,

AUTHOR OF "JONATHAN BRADFORD,"

"THE SLEEPLESS WOMAN," "THE DEVOTED MILL," "THE WOOD DEVIL," "MARY GLASTONBURY," "MARGARET'S GHOST," "WALTER BRAND," ETC.

FIRST PERFORMED

AT THE SURREY THEATRE,

MONDAY, APRIL 14*th*, 1834.

LONDON:

JOHN MILLER, HENRIETTA STREET,

COVENT GARDEN,

(Agent to the Dramatic Authors' Society.)

1834.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Claude Frollo, (*Archdeacon of Notre Dame*)	Mr. O. Smith.
Captain Phœbus, (*of the King's Archers*)	Mr. Osbaldiston.
Captain Ernest, (*his Friend*)	Mr. Brayne.
Pierre Gringoire, (*Poet and Puppet-show-Man*) ..	Mr. Vale.
Quasimodo, (*the Deformed*)	Mr. Yates.
Clopin, (*King of the Beggars*)	Mr. Rogers.
Audrey the Red, Chanteprune, and Belvigne, (*three Gipsy Brothers*).....	Messrs. Brown, King, & Gibson.
Guillaume	Mr. Brand.
Executioner of Paris	Mr. Thompson.
Herald	Mr. Morris,
Vagabon and Sangour, (*Sons of Clopin*)	Mess. Wild & Rend.
Eustache, (*Mahiette's Son*).....	Miss Rogers.

Monks, Archers, Gipsies, Citizens of Paris, Gossips, Nuns, Dancers, French and Bohemian Mob, &c. &c.

Esmeralda, (*the Gipsy Girl*)	Mrs. Yates.
Sister Gudule, (*a Recluse*)	Mrs. W. West.
Mahiette, (*a Citizen's Wife*)	Mrs. Wilkinson.
Madame Gondelaurier	Mrs. Vale.
Fleur de Lys.....	Miss Cross.
Oudarde and Gervaise, (*two Gossips*).....	Miss Young and Mrs. White.
Coucou, *a Bohemian Widow*, alias *Demoiselle* ..	Mrs. Blake.

Scene—*Paris, in* 1482.

ESMERALDA;

OR,

THE DEFORMED OF NOTRE DAME.

ACT I.—SCENE I.

The Place before Notre Dame, with Belfry Window, through which QUASIMODO *appears ringing the chimes; retiring as* GRINGOIRE *begins to speak—On* O. P. *is a grated Cell—*P. S., *a Stone Fountain—Centre, a Puppet-show, representing a mystery, around which people are assembled—*MAHIETTE, EUSTACHE, OUDARDE, *and* GERVAISE *are sitting on the edge of the fountain—*GRINGOIRE, *dressed as a buffoon, with a long staff, directs the mystery, &c.*

CHORUS *and* GRINGOIRE *(Harmonizing with the chimes.)*

See! see! the wonderful mystery!
Just so the Saracen giant roar'd, (*puppet squeaks.*)
As the Christian knight, in armour bright,
Did cut off his head with a charmed sword.

CHORUS.

See! see! the wonderful mystery! &c.

(*The curtain of the show falls.*

GRIN. (*Pompously.*) Yes, my intellectual and enlightened friends—just as I, Monsieur Gringoire, puppet-show man, poet, and principal tragic writer to the crowned heads and cardinals of all Europe, Asia, and Africa, have described the overthrow of the terribly-renowned Saracen Giant, Hurlohomosanguinardo de Phospherioriosto, by that valorous knight of France, Jamais of the Glass Sword, so it actually befell in Holy Land. Now, ladies and gentlemen, you shall have the honour of seeing how the knight made the grand coup; and how the ponderous head of the giant actually rolled forty leagues into the ocean, which, being stained with his blood, has ever since that day been called the *Red Sea!*

CHORUS.

Behold the wonderful mystery
Recorded in ancient history.

GRIN. Now silence, ladies and gentlemen—not a breath! —the curtain is about to rise again—hush!

ALL. Hush! hush!

(*The sound of a distant tambourine heard.*)

AIR.—ESMER.—(*Outside.*)

Merry lads and lasses, hear me;
Good people all, come near me.

PEOPLE. Esmeralda! Esmeralda!

(*All except* MAHIETTE, EUSTACHE, OUDARDE, GERVAISE, *&c., hurry out: and they appear so lost in gossiping as to be unconscious of the passing scene.* EUSTACHE *munching a cake*—GRINGOIRE, *as the people retire, throws himself, in an attitude of despair, against the show.*)

GRIN. Gone!—fled!—all! to gaze at a prancing gipsy girl. Are her *little* feet to be more appreciated than my *great* head?—the head of the Giant Hurlohomosanguinardo! Oh, infamy!—oh, insult to the tragic muse! and the exquisite poetry of the unrivalled Gringoire. I shall run mad! I could tear my hair!—beat out my brains with vexation!—but I wont do it! If they have no brains, is that any reason why I should dash out mine? Besides, here, I see, are three intellectual ladies, who still. possess discrimination enough to remain, and encourage the refinement of my splendid mystery. (*Approaching and bowing.*) Sensible and illustrious gentlewomen—you, I perceive, flowers of the fine arts, and princesses of true taste, for so I must compliment you—

MAH. Ugh! What's that, Monsieur Mountebank?

GRIN. Mounte—but it's to prove my philosophy! (*To* MAHIETTE.) You, madam, I say, and you, exquisite ladies, (*bowing*) with a perfect consciousness of the truly sublime—with my erudite and inexplicable mystery performing before your ravished eyes—you, I say, are not like unto the rest of the fools, running off to look at a poor pitiful, capering Egyptian—this Esmeralda—who— (*Tambourine again.*)

MAH. (*Starting up.*) Esmeralda! listen!—so it is, I declare. Come along, Cousin Gervaise, you must see Esmeralda!—come along, Eustache. Thank'e for telling us, kind Gringoire, or we should have never heard the tambourine. Come—come.

(*They hurry out at back; while* GRINGOIRE, *nearly fainting, supports himself against the fountain.*)

GRIN. The world's at an end! The candles of human nature are all going out. There go the last three, and a

little one. *(Looking after them. Tambourine.)* That infernal tambourine again!—the sound of it drives me wild; but I'll have my revenge. The conclusion of the terrible mystery shall be buried in eternal chaos. *(Approaching the show.)* Come to my arms, renowned knight of France—immeasurable head of the Giant Hurlohomosanguinardo, into my pocket. Deluded and ignorant people of Paris, I blush for,—I pity,—but I desert, you—bah!

*(Takes up the show,—is rushing out at back, as the cry "*ESMERALDA*" is renewed, and the people begin to return, with a throng of gipsies dancing.* ESMERALDA *appears amongst them; at sight of her* GRINGOIRE *hurries out* P. S. *&c. The gipsies spread a carpet, on which* ESMERALDA *performs her dance, &c.)*

SONG.—*(Almost Recitative.)*

ESMERALDA.—*(Tambourine Accompaniment.)*

MERRY as the birds at morning,
Warbling sweet on bower and tree,
Esmeralda loves to waken
Music's tuneful melodie;
Where her footstep light advanceth
Sorrow flies the golden scene,—
Pleasure in her glad smile danceth
To the joyful tambourine.
Tri, ra, la, la. *(Dancing.)*

CHORUS OF GIPSIES.

Happy, lovely Esmeralda,
Though not clad in costly sheen;
Joy accords its crown and sceptre—
She is pleasure's fairy queen.

ESMER.

In the city—on the mountain,
Where the waves of sunshine pour,
Esmeralda's heart rejoiceth
Like the bee within the flow'r.
Where her footstep, &c.

CHORUS.

Happy, lovely, &c.

(*During the song,* QUASIMODO *appears gazing over the turrets of the church; and* CLAUDE, *in a black mantle and hood, enters, &c.* ESMERALDA *hands round the tambourine — money is given her—she offers her tambourine towards* CLAUDE *the last.*)

CLAUDE. (*Giving money.*) Were it my soul, I'd give it thee, beautiful Egyptian.

ESMER. (*Starting, and dropping the money.*) He again!—ever thus, upon my steps—this secret dread! (*To* CLAUDE.) What would you with me?—you that wear the outward form of piety? Is it in mockery, or—yet speak not—leave me—nay, then I, at least, will hence. (*Going.*)

MAH. (*Seizing her arm.*) Stay, Esmeralda! My cousin, here, (*pointing to* GERVAISE,) who has come all the way from Rheims to see every thing that is rare and curious in Paris, would fain that you should point out to her the first letter of her lover's name. Do it, Esmeralda. Here is silver for thee.

ESMER. (*Whispering.*) Not here—not here; there are eyes gazing upon me that I love not,—looks that annihilate joy, as ill stars are said to blight the young flowers of the mountains.

MAH. Ah, I see! It's that ugly Hunchback, the bell-ringer of Notre Dame. The idiot, he has left off ringing the chimes; and there he is, on the battlements, staring at you, and fixed as one of the stone monsters in the fret-work.

ESMER. Quasimodo, I meant not him. I——!

MAH. Oh! then, it's sister Gudule, the mad recluse, who lives in yonder cell. *(GUDULE appears at grate only for a moment.)* You are afraid of her, I think.

ESMER. *(Recoiling at sight of* GUDULE.) Yes—yes, I am. Her child, as you know, was stolen by gipsies some years ago; and I never pass the grated window of her solitary abode, that she does not call after and denounce me, as though I were the author of her misery. I, so humble, so defenceless; but it is not of her I speak.

(Looking fearfully towards CLAUDE.)

MAH. No! Of whom then?

ESMER. Of that hooded man. See, he follows me about like a dark shadow. Keep between us, Mahiette—screen me from him. I know not why, but the serpents, which sometimes cross my path, in my wild wanderings among the hills, are less terrible to me, than yonder glaring monk. I, that have such a fearless heart! — feel how my hand trembles!

MAH. *(Looking at* CLAUDE, *who draws his cowl over his face.)* 'Tis—I really suspect — I'm not certain — Claude Frollo, the monk, the alchymist, who shuts himself up at midnight in yonder dark tower of Notre Dame, to practise, as some think, *(whispering,)* necromancy. The devil, 'tis believed in Paris, helps him to make gold there; and Quasimodo is his familiar, no doubt. *(Whispering.)*

ESMER. Necromancer!—Ah! there he comes again!—

I'll not here remain: where he is, there is no sun-light,—he spreads himself, as it were, an interposing cloud 'twixt me and happiness. Let go my hand,—he is nearer still,—Ugh!—

(*She hurries out, with evident disgust, as* CLAUDE *advances.* P.S., *People follow.* CLAUDE *makes a sign to* QUASIMODO, *who retires;* MAHIETTE, EUSTACHE, *and* GERVAISE, *remain;* CLAUDE *looks after* ESMERALDA, *then enters the church.*)

MAH. Esmeralda—gone! Well, we shall meet again near the Pont Neuf. But, by the bye, cousin, you have not yet seen the interior of Notre Dame,—let us enter.

GER. Stay; you forget the cake which you said you brought for that poor recluse, of whom the young gipsy spoke,—Sister Gudule.

MAH. Ah, ah!—the cake—yes, where is it? I—I gave it to Eustache to carry, and—and see—the naughty boy—the little gourmand—he has just eaten it—thoughtless child!

GER. (*Laughing.*) Thoughtless mother!

MAH. Eustache, I'm very angry with you.—Now he's going to cry—(*kisses him*)—you shall have two cakes presently, Eustache—three cakes—four! (*Child cries as she caresses him.*)

(MUSIC. GUDULE, *pale, and her hair dishevelled, returns to the grating.*)

GUD. I hear thee, pretty one—where art thou?

MAH. (*Softly.*) 'Tis the maniac, Gudule.

GUD. Give me my child, I say, accursed gipsies—my poor, poor child—I heard it cry—yes, yes, my child!

MAH. Ah! she mistakes my Eustache for her lost child. Hush, Eustache, hush! (*Clinging to child.*)

GUD. Give it me—I am its mother—its heart-broken mother! Oh, how my brain burns—how my heart aches! Pray—pray, give me my child!—Help—murder! (*Wildly rushing from cell, and searching about.*)

MAH. Poor soul! Come softly away—(*Organ in church*)—Hark! the solemn organ of the cathedral!—Unfortunate Gudule!—let us go in, and supplicate that she may one day recover her child.

GUD. Cursed gipsies!—my child!—Ah—her voice—(*listening to organ*)—she is there, on high—she speaks to me from heaven—my child!—I'm praying—praying!

(ORGAN MUSIC. *They steal into the church.* GUDULE *is suddenly subdued by the tones of the organ, and is seen to sink, in devotion, on her knees, audibly weeping as the scene closes.*)

SCENE II.

The Steeple of the Belfry.

Enter QUASIMODO *from behind a bell.*

QUAS. Outcast from my birth,—of no race,—no kin,—deformity that I am—*I love!*—I that am loved of no earthly creature—that never knew the sweet endearment of one parental, one approving smile—that am run from, for my hideousness—I *love!* Mothers do hide their children from my approach, as from an ogre! Maidens, at the sight

of me—*me*, Quasimodo, the monstrously compounded hunch-back of Notre Dame—fly in terror;—yet, I,—madly, despairingly, I *love!*—and such a damsel, that silver-winged spirits, which, so saintly tongues proclaim, hover over these battlements, might proudly deck themselves in her surpassing beauty. Oh, Esmeralda—Esmeralda!—why did these gushing eyes ever behold thee?—close them, merciful Death, in thine eternal sleep!—Earth, bury me from the world!—from misery—from her—*myself!* (*Throws himself down.*)

Enter CLAUDE (*cautiously.*)

CLAU. (*Gazing at him.*) Quasimodo!

QUAS. (*Not regarding.*) Esmeralda!

CLAU. (*Harshly.*) What says the fool? Quasimodo!

QUAS. (*Springing up.*) My benefactor!

CLAU. That word becomes thee well. (*Approaching.*) Quasimodo, thou hast, at least, a grateful memory.

QUAS. I hope, a grateful *heart.*

CLAU. We shall see presently, when I shew thee that I require thy service.

QUAS. Service!—speak—command!

CLAU. Dare I trust thee?

QUAS. When, by an unnatural mother, I was disclaimed,—left, a worse than defenceless infant—a hideous one!—exposed on the cold steps of Notre Dame,—when the spectators,—who mistook me, the foundling, for a monster,—would have cast me into the Seine,—your pity saved me from their fury. You reared me—protected me—made me here, what most I wished to be, bell-ringer of Notre Dame:—Life, and more than life, I to you owe; yet you ask, Quasimodo, "*dare I trust thee?*"

CLAU. Well, well: thou art the only being that shall know my secret. I should be reviled, mocked,—but I can no longer struggle with my passion.

QUAS. Passion?

CLAU. Yes. I *love!*

QUAS. (*Devoutly.*) I am glad of it,—'tis a bless'd emotion!

CLAU. Amazement! Canst *thou* love, Quasimodo?

QUAS. Can I?—(*mournfully*)—Oh—yes—yes. Is it because that I am deformed, my heart should not be like unto other men's? The diamonds which deck our shrine, often, I've heard you say, had once, like Quasimodo, a rude exterior: bethink thee, sir, man's eye looked coldly on them then, and dreamed little of that hidden radiance which hath since burst forth, and burns, even when the altar-lamp expires.

CLAU. (*Looking at him.*) Poor wretch! What sentiments are these?—he understands my feelings,—'tis well! Thou hast strength and cunning,—and when, as I shall ordain, the maiden whom I adore, comes, in the dusk this evening, to the shrine of the Virgin, thou, like a hidden tiger, must rush forth, seize her in thine arms, and hurry her to the cell in the black turret.

QUAS. Know I this maiden?

CLAU. Oh, she is well famed; all Paris knows her for her grace—her beauty.

QUAS. And her name?

CLAU. (*Whispering in his ear.*) Esmeralda.

QUAS. (*Staggering from him.*) No!—not *that* name!—No!

CLAU. What ails thee?—am I a viper—to sting thee—thou startest so?

QUAS. O—h!

CLAU. (*Harshly.*) Wilt do my bidding?

QUAS. I must.

CLAU. (*Fiercely.*) Thou shalt!

QUAS. I will—and pay thee more than life!

CLAU. Swear to guard my secret!—You hesitate.

QUAS. (*After a pause.*) No—I swear!

CLAU. Follow me then. The moon is up already,—all is arranged. In thy herculean grasp, she will not have the power to struggle,—thy hideous look will stifle her screams. Follow me, or we shall be too late,—haste. (*Exit.*)

QUAS. And I am to fold *her* in these desolate arms,—press *her* to this despairing, aching breast,—ecstacy of worlds! —though but for a moment! The deed is crime,—but the requital,—the requital! It is something in the desert to gaze upon the well,—it is a dream that refresheth the soul, though we drink not of the fountain.

CLAU. (*Without.*) Quasimodo!

QUAS. Master, I come. (*Exit.*)

SCENE III.

A splendid Apartment in the House of MADAME DE GONDELAURIER, *with an open window, and balcony, discovering a bird's-eye View of Paris.*

FLEUR DE LYS *is painting at a table;* ERNEST *is turning over the leaves of a book; while* DIANE *and* ALOISE *are embroidering tapestry.*

DUETTO.—FLEUR DE LYS AND ERNEST.

Hark! the bells of Notre Dame,
Weary hearts with joy to greet,
Shed their cadence on the gale,
Like fairy music, soft and sweet.

So elfin notes on lover's ear,
As wrapt, through moonlit groves they stray,
Burst into music wild and clear,
And slowly melt away.
Ring, ding, ding, &c.

QUARTETTO.—ERNEST, FLEUR DE LYS, DIANE, AND ALOISE.

Hark! the bells, &c.

(*Enter* MAD. DE GONDELAURIER.)

MAD. Heyday! love—music! Eh, young people! Well, children, your's is the age of tenderness! but, (*looking around*) where's the lover?

FLEUR. (*Confusedly.*) The lover, Madame?

MAD. Where's my nephew, Captain Phœbus? If he be not thy lover, I know not who is. What says Captain Ernest?

ERN. (*Stammering.*) Really, Madam—I—that is—

MAD. You, Captain Ernest, the most intimate friend of Phœbus, during his abode in Paris, must have heard,

from himself, of the marriage decided upon by the family, at least six years since, to take place between Phœbus and his cousin, Demoiselle Fleur de Lys, here?

ERN. (*Sighing.*) Oh, Madame, I plead not ignorance of that affair.

MAD. But where is your friend? I left him with you in this apartment?

ERN. He must have stolen away, or—

FLEUR. I heard him yawn while we were singing.

ERN. He doth not love music, I believe.

MAD. There I think you are mistaken, for I observe that, although apparently indifferent to the music in this chamber, he is now in the balcony listening with profound attention (*pointing*) to the music of a tambourine. Why, Phœbus! (*Calling.*)

PHŒB. (*Entering.*) Madame, I am here, obedient to the word of command.

MAD. Methinks, Captain Phœbus, thou displayest strange apathy towards thy intended bride. She and I have now been in Paris a whole month, and, in all that time, scarcely hast thou passed one day in her society. Strangers would suppose you married already!

PHŒB. On my honour, I crave pardon.

MAD. Well, well; if Fleur de Lys can overlook such neglect—But, in my time, let me tell you—

FLEUR. Nay, nay, dear mamma! Soldiers, you should remember, have a license for forgetfulness in affairs of the heart: their various duties—

PHŒB. Thank you, sweet cousin! By my gorget, but you waive the flag of truce nobly, and make the prettiest minister of peace I ever beheld! But, to be candid with you, I have no taste for melody; tuneful notes ever drive me drowsy. If

I must have music, I'm for something martial—something startling—drum-like.

MAD. (*With sarcasm.*) Aye, I'll warrant me, if it be only a tambourine!

PHŒB. A tambourine? (*Tambourine.*) Again!

MAD. Hark! (*Looking out.*) I pray, who is that young female, surrounded by a throng? She wields the tambourine with much grace and agility.

ERN. It is the young Egyptian, Esmeralda.

FLEUR. Oh, I have heard of her: she is the talk of all Paris. 'Tis told me that she can glance into a maiden's palm, and repeat to her the first letter of her lover's name!

DIANE & ALOISE. It is true! it is true!

MAD. Upon my word, it is a wonderful faculty, of which, I perceive, these young ladies have been *close* observers. Simpletons! The girl seems pretty. (*Looking out at balcony.*)

PHŒB. (*With enthusiasm.*) Beautiful as Hebe!

MAD. (*Looking at him with suspicion.*) Indeed! And her eyes are very brilliant, *are* they *not*, Phœbus?

PHŒB. Twin stars, Madame, I assure you!

MAD. Truly, nephew, thou canst be both enthusiastic and poetical when the impulse moves thee! And this young sybil hath spells and love-charms for gentlemen as well as for ladies! Eh, Phœbus?

PHŒB. Indeed, Madame, they do report as much in our regiment.

MAD. (*With sarcasm to* PHŒBUS.) Hath she skill enough, thinkst thou, on the report of thy regiment, to reveal to Fleur de Lys, the first letter of the name of *her* future husband?

PHŒB. (*Confused.*) Perhaps—I cannot tell! (*Aside.*) What the deuce doth she mean?

(ESMERALDA *appears somewhat below the window, holding up her tambourine, and singing as in Scene* 1*st.*)

FLEUR. Oh, I should like much to know.

MAD. Thou shalt be gratified, child; her eyes are turned on this balcony. (*Waving her hankerchief.*) Ho! Fortune-teller! Gipsy-girl! (*To Servant, ringing a bell.*) Jervayse, admit the Egyptian.

PHŒB. Nay, Madame; the young girl, in our presence, might be frightened. (*Confused.*)

MAD. Frightened! It is not the nature of gipsies. (*Aside.*) I wish thou mayst not prove more confused than she! I perceive, Phœbus, that her timidity is easily overcome; she is here.

(*Enter* ESMERALDA.)

ESMER. (*Curtseying.*) Ladies, I am summoned. Am I to sing or dance? I know the song of the mountain—the lightest footstep of the Egyptian! (*Touching the tambourine.*)

MAD. (*Haughtily.*) You tell fortunes, I believe?

ESMER. (*Proudly.*) No!

MAD. What, then, is thine art?

ESMER. If, by fortune-telling, you mean natural anticipation, I guess shrewdly at the first letters of lovers' names, by reading—

MAD. The planets?

ESMER. (*Ingenuously.*) Yes, if lovers' eyes be planets; and at least they are so, lady, of the *heart*.

MAD. (*Aside.*) Indeed but she is subtle! this is no ordinary mind—may be, one most dangerous. (*To* ESMER.) Is it in thy power to inform me which of these two gentlemen is the lover of that lady?

(FLEUR *and* ERNEST *confused;* PHŒBUS *turns aside.*)

FLEUR & ERN. Dear Madame, this is too—

MAD. Hush! Now, Egyptian, make trial of thy skill.

ESMER. Which of these two gentlemen is the lover of that lady? which of—(*seeing* PHŒBUS)—Oh! Phœbus!

(*Suppressing emotion, as* PHŒBUS *presses his finger on his lips.*)

MAD. Ah, she repeats his name—Phœbus! At least, in this respect thou art correct. (*To* ESMER.)

ESMER. Correct! (*Agitated.*) Phœ—(*checking herself.*)

MAD. Yes, and see, the pleasing confirmation overcomes my daughter.

FLEUR. Indeed—I faint! Support me! Diane—Aloise!

ERNEST. Permit me, dear Fleur—

MAD. *Dear!* Monsieur!—Phœbus, art thou transformed to a statue? Thy intended bride fainting, and thou immovable!

ESMER. Bride! Lady, I—

(PHŒBUS *awkwardly assists* FLEUR, *still glancing at* ESMER. ERNEST *troubled and confused.*)

MAD. No thanks—there is gold for thee. (*Aside*) Thou knowest but too well the name of my nephew Phœbus. Go! I hope thou'rt innocent as thy looks portray thee—go!

ESMER. (*Throwing the purse at her feet*) Innocent!—Gold requites not degradation, lady. The poor gipsy, Esmeralda, would reject gold, piled to the lofty summit of these domes, were it proffered, even by a queen, as a warrant for unmerited insult!

MAD. (*Proudly*) Audacious!—My child!

(*She turns to* FLEUR, *who is supported by* DIANE, ALOISE, *and* ERNEST. *Exeunt.* O.P.)

PHŒ. Esmeralda!

ESMER. Oh! do not detain me, Phœbus. If what I have heard be true, the wretched Esmeralda has only one consolation left her—to die!

PHŒ. Hear me swear it, Esmeralda! 'tis thee alone I love! I!—

MAD. (*Outside.*) Phœbus!

ESMER. (*Mournfully.*) Go! I'll not detain thee; an hour hence, as we did appoint, I'll meet thee at the Virgin's statue —then, perhaps—and never more—Oh! Phœbus, it was at the feet of that pure image you first told me that you loved— me,—a poor gipsy girl; and, in return, I gave you all I possessed in the world—my heart. Perhaps it was too much to expect sincerity in one so high, so very high, above me; but—let me go, Phœbus; I cannot help weeping, and there are tears which my pride would conceal, even from you.

PHŒ. Esmeralda, Esmeralda! hence with these trembling drops! The love that I shall ever feel for thee only, I have sworn to; and what I have sworn to, I will die for.

ESMER. Noble Phœbus, pardon! I know, I feel that I have wronged thee; but for a moment—the haughty looks of—my doubts—I was so *very* wretched—but hither comes the menial—perhaps to repel me from the door. (*going.*)

PHŒ. (*Detaining her*) Esmeralda.

(*Enter Servant—bowing to* PHŒBUS *as from* MADAME; *he then crosses behind and makes an insolent menace to* ESMERALDA, *which* PHŒBUS *perceives.*)

PHŒ. (*To Servant.*) Stay, Sirrah! (*pointing to* O.P.) yonder lies your duty; be it mine to attend this young Bohemian;

and learn in future, to repress insult to the humble, which officious servants are too apt to inflict at the expense of their masters.

(*Exit, leading out* ESMERALDA P.S.; *Servant bowing* O.P.)

SCENE IV.

The Virgin's Statue.

Enter a party of GIPSIES *of all descriptions, and* GRINGOIRE *amongst them.*

CHORUS.

The sun is setting! gipsies all,
We must to our lair again,
Like the Bat in ruin'd hall,
There no fears our mirth restrain.
Stilly night is our delight!
Then our forms we dare renew,
And joke and quaff, and sing, and laugh,
And bid old care adieu.

(*Exeunt.*)

Enter CLAUDE *and* QUASIMODO, *disguised, cautiously*—(*Night thickens.*)

CLAUDE. It is already dusk (*Chimes.*)

QUAS. Notre Dame strikes the hour.

CLAUDE. Hark! She comes! (*Tambourine heard.*) She is alone!

QUAS. Defenceless!

CLAUDE. Slave! whence that tone of pity? No one at hand! Here is the key of the turret; while I unlock the door, spring thou forward, and, stifling her shrieks with thy cloak —silence!

Enter ESMERALDA, O.P.

(Mechanically touching her Tambourine.) Will he be here? Oh, yes! my heart fully assures me of that. He does love me—I am convinced he loves me—falsehood never veiled itself under looks like his; deception never spoke in such sweet tones. Ah! the clock of Notre Dame tolls nine! Phœbus!—I—thou here again! *(trembling.)*

CLAUDE. Esmeralda! why tremble, why recoil at the sight of him that loves thee? Hear me, one moment, in mercy—my passion is boundless—chainless as the sea!—If thou wouldst not drive me to a deed of madness, hear me!

ESMER. Have I not told thee—have I not said to thee, another has my heart! Thine, mysterious being!—Oh, never, never! Be thou mendicant, or monk, disguise befits not innocence to wear. If monk,—and such I deem thee,—back to thy cloister; for holy men, there are beads, and books, and prayers: their office 'tis to *save* the soul, not *sink* it to perdition. If open guilt, which rushes like the tiger on, be criminal, what is that which wears the mask of sanctity for most unholy purposes?—Avoid thee!—Avoid thee! *(going; he detains her.)*

CLAUDE. Nay! we part not.—*(To Quasimodo, who appears immovable,)* now—let no cry escape her—fixed! immovable!—Cowardly idiot! Thus then—*(seizing her in his arms.)*

ESMER. Help! Phœbus, where art thou? Ah! *(seeing* PHŒBUS.) Ha! ha! ha! *(wildly joyful.)*

(Struggling.) PHŒBUS *re-enters with his sword drawn.*

PHŒ. Esmeralda! Ruffian, down! *(striking him off with his sword.*

CLAUDE. (*Drawing a dagger.*) A blow, from—ah! She! —If not mine, not thine.

(*He is rushing towards* ESMERALDA, *who, retreating with a shriek, throws herself into the arms of* PHŒBUS—*at that moment Quasimodo, springing forward, arrests* CLAUDE'S *arm.—Picture!*)

PHŒ. Maniac! who else could raise his arm against a woman?—begone, or meet thy death! Esmeralda, calm thee!—calm thee, loved one, calm thee!

ESMER. (*Shuddering.*) Away! Away!

(*He supports her out,* P.S.)

CLAUDE. Am I a maniac?—and thou my sentinel, so to disarm me? I could turn my rage on thee, (*checking himself,*) yet, my faithful Quasimodo, it *was* kind to stay my frantic arm.—One crimson spot on her fair bosom, wrought by this jealous, distracted hand, had plunged my soul into a sea of blood. Thank thee, Quasimodo: thy master is not angry; thank thee. Speak, Quasimodo, why gazest thou that way?

QUAS. *She* is there, with him, alone!

CLAUDE. What devil art thou, to fan again my heart into a flame?

QUAS. (*Looking after* PHŒBUS L.) They approach the house of the gipsy king.

CLAUDE. Clopin, the gipsy king—his house. In this disguise, I also have entrance there; this golden key (*shews a purse*) if it were but to mar his happiness,—to preserve her for *another*.

QUAS. For *another!* but oh—that can never be! that other, so well nigh distraught! (*Mournfully.*)

CLAUDE. Distraught—thou deemest me so—but I'll be calm in this?

QUAS. Thou?

CLAUDE. Aye! doubt me not! Get into yonder boat upon the Seine—the gipsey king's house looks towards the water—should I need thine aid. Now, I know not why—I'll summon thee, by a lamp placed at the wicket—dost hear me?

QUAS. (*Starting.*) Master, I do—I—yes.

CLAUDE. A lamp placed i'the window! Be vigilant—cautious. (*Exit* P.S.)

QUAS. (*After a pause.*) I dream! (*Rubbing his eyes.*) She is *not* of this earth! And he—Phœbus—he is of a brighter region than I. I—Ugh! There hangs my hateful shadow on the wall! How appalling must be the image whose outline is that of a fiend! A fiend! Why, then, have I eyes, to be sensible to the charms of innocence and beauty? a heart open to love—exquisite love! how much purer than that of yonder monk? He would crumble, in his enraged grasp, the flower his hand is not permitted to gather; while I!—No, no! she never can be mine! Never, never! (*Weeps.*) Yet would I not despoil her of her joy; why should I? If she love Phœbus, he is worthy of her love, for she is incapable of loving what is worthless! I think I could be happy to see *her* happy, even with this Phœbus! But the *Monk*—I've sworn to guard his secret—it is my *duty!* Yet from him I would preserve thee, Esmeralda. (*Firmly.*) I *will* preserve thee, though it be in death! and oh, to die—to die for Esmeralda! is the only certain hope of the wretched Quasimodo. (*Exit* O. P.)

SCENE V.

Interior of an ancient House frequented by the Gipsies. A window, in back, looks towards the Seine, and Notre Dame by Moonlight, &c.

CLOPIN, *King of the Gipsies, seated on an elevated chair, near a fire. Other Gipsies, male and female, at a table. Some sing, some dance, &c. &c.*

CHORUS.

Merry beggars, dance and sing,
Sing! while the glasses ring,
Sing! sing!
Laugh and sport, and quaff and play,
'Tis the beggar's holiday,
Sing! sing!
Laugh, dance, quaff, sing,
While the sparkling glasses ring,
Sing! sing!

CLOP. Enough, enough. Bring forth the offender who hath had the audacity, without our royal leave or license, to thrust himself into our respectable community! Where is the knave? Place him before us!

ALL. He is here! (GRINGOIRE *led on, somewhat perturbed.*)

CLOP. Now, scoundrel, what is your name, title, or condition?

GRIN. My name, so please your majestic majesty, is Pierre Gringoire; title I have none better than poverty; and, as for my condition, it implies starvation, on which I humbly ground my claim to belong to your very benevolent and ancient fraternity.

CLOP. No compliments; they offend our dignity. Re-

member I am thy judge. You have intruded on our territories, and must abide the consequences.

GRIN. What consequences can reduce a man to a worse state than hunger?

CLOP. Art thou a thief, a beggar, or a vagrant?

GRIN. I have not that honour, great king! I—I am an author!

CLOP. An author! Thine is a hopeless calling. Hang him at once! The sentence is pronounced. We dismiss the court.

GRIN. Oh, most puissant king! you cannot mean what you say. I am the poet Gringoire, whose puppets so majestically perform their master's tragedies, that your real actors of flesh and blood hang themselves in despair. Here are two of my stars. (*Pulling out two puppets.*)

CLOP. Stars! Ha! ha! ha! Give them to their native element. (*Throws them into the fire.*)

GRIN. Murder! By the devil's hoofs, if he has not thrown the chivalrous Knight of France and the Giant Hurlohomosanguinardo alike into the flames! Well, so to perish was worthy two such heroes! Admit me into your society, great king of pickpockets, though I am a poet. Recollect, Æsop was a vagabond; Homer, a beggar; Mercury, a thief! Don't hang me, sweet king! (*Beseechingly.*)

CLOP. There is only one way to save thee.

GRIN. Name it, Illustrious!

CLOP. If any of our *ladies* would accept thee for a husband.

GRIN. (*Looking about.*) Must I marry, mighty king of vagabonds?

CLOP. Or be hanged!

GRIN. (*Looking about.*) Lovely ladies, which of you will

be the fortunate woman? Speak first—How! all silent! What! not one of you fly into these extending arms?

(*Women laugh, and retire.*)

CLOP. You must be hanged!

GRIN. Oh, the insensible sex! Where's Esmeralda, the gipsy Thalia? her comedy and my tragedy might form a pretty couplet, and dissolve the rivalship existing between us. Gringoire and Esmeralda married! the sun and moon would shake hands.

CLOP. Esmeralda! Bah! I have one for thee more worthy thy deserts.

GRIN. Say you so? Worthy my deserts! then she must needs be Venus herself, enamoured of this goodly person, and descended to earth for the purpose of snatching me to her fair arms. (*Sniffing.*) I sniff ambrosia! The goddess is not far off.

CLOP. No; just at hand. Ho! Demoiselle Coucou! She has a most sympathizing heart, and will, I am sure, marry this unfortunate devil, to save his life. She is poetical too! Call her hither.

GRIN. *Demoiselle* Coucou! How romantic! Poetical too! Sympathetic! Kind gods! Her voice is *music*, no doubt.

COU. (*Without, hoarsely.*) Where is the varlet?

CLOP. That's Coucou.

GRIN. Voice! Music! The bellows of the organ of Notre Dame are more harmonious: and as for her beauty—(*she enters*)—A female Cyclops! Gods, you have deserted your poet. (*Falls senseless.*)

COU. What's the matter with the fool? Is he overpowered at the sight of my agreeable looks? (*Lifts him up.*) Come, come, you are not so very ugly—I've had seven uglier husbands in my time, though I am so youthful as to be still called Demoiselle. (*Hugging him.*)

GRIN. A perfect she bear! I shall expire!

COU. Give him something to drink.

GRIN. (*Aside.*) She has humanity.

CLOP. Now, kneel, and swear never to divulge the secrets of this august society.

ALL. (*Lifting up different weapons.*) Swear!

GRIN. (*Kneeling.*) Oh, most willingly! I'll swear any thing, at such *kind* entreaties.

CLOP. Enough—do not rise; Demoiselle is about to complete the rite of marriage.

GRIN. The rite of marriage! What is it?

COU. A mere simple form—this earthen jug to be broken by *her* gentle hand upon thy soft head. (*Lifts up a jug.*)

GRIN. Murder!

COU. There! (*Dashes jug.*) 'Tis done! (*He falls.*) See us, with all ceremony, to our lodging across the court, for I have business of importance. Come, dear husband.

GRIN. *Dear!* A plaster for my unfortunate—(*She looks angrily at him.*) Coming, *sweet* bride! How happy I *ought* to be!

CLOP. With regal sway I lead the way! But, first, the nuptial dance of the Egyptians.

(*They elevate* GRIN. *and* COUCOU *in a chair. A dance, &c. is performed.*)

CHORUS.

All hail! the bridegroom and the bride!
Behold the charming pair!
May they never swing on fatal string,
And long life's blessing share.
All hail! &c.

(*As they go out in mock procession, the last person remains, and closes the door—it is* CLAUDE.)

CLAUDE. Did he, then, bear her to some other spot? If so, I am here in vain. (*Looks out at window.*) The dash of oars—it is Quasimodo! devoted fool—how faithful to his master! Ah! that sound!—(*Running to the door.*)—the voice!—it is hers.

(*He goes into a ruined closet, and is seen occasionally watching through the disjoined planks.*)

Enter PHŒBUS *and* ESMERALDA.

ESMER. And you will never forsake me?

PHŒB. Never!

(*They seat themselves by the fire, which beams on their faces.*)

ESMER. And shall I be really the wife of a Captain of the King's Archers? A Lady—*your* lady—beautifully dressed—seated in the lattice of a fine house, while you, on your foaming war steed, prance up and down the street, the horse tearing up the pavement with his hoofs!—your bright cuirass glittering in the sun? Oh! how proud it will render me—ha! ha! ha! ha! (*Jumping and clapping joyfully her hands; an amulet falls from her bosom—he attempts to pick it up.*)

ESMER. (*Interposing.*) Oh, touch not that amulet!

PHŒB. Is it, then, so sacred?

ESMER. Yes; it was given me by a kind nurse, now no more, who prophesied that its hidden virtues would one day enable me, here in France, to discover my real mother.

PHŒB. In France? art thou not a Bohemian?

ESMER. No, no; but we will not talk of that now—it always makes me melancholy. We will speak of something else—of yourself. Let me gaze at your sword—(*kissing the sword, which he gives her*)—dear sword! you belong to a valiant

man; it was with you he defended me from the monk! March, Phœbus, that I may admire your bright clothes, hear the clatter of your shining scabbard. (*He marches to and fro.*) Oh, how grand! So happy I am, I can't help laughing—he mine! I a lady! But I am to be your wife, Phœbus?

PHŒB. By every thing dear to honour, you shall.

CLAUDE. Liar!

ESMER. (*Starting up.*) Ugh! What was that?

PHŒB. (*Rising.*) I think it was an echo. (*Takes the lamp, and looks about.*) Ah! there are boats on the water—it was a voice from thence.

(*Leaves lamp on window, and reseats himself.*)

CLAUDE. He leaves the lamp in the window—Quasimodo will take it for the signal. If I could (*advancing with caution*) extinguish it.

ESMER. Your bride! Yes, I shall be too happy; for then, I shall see you every day, dear Phœbus—be always near you—hear the rattle of your gold spurs, constantly on the pavement; and the Demoiselles will no longer look so scornfully at me. I shall be yours—you mine! Ah! Phœbus, how brave and good you are! I ought to love you, and I do love you, Phœbus—very—very dearly. It is remarkable, but do you know, Phœbus, that I, who, scarcely an hour since, wept for sorrow, because I deemed thee lost, am weeping now for joy. (*Simply and tenderly.*) Don't be angry with me, Phœbus. (*Placing her head on his breast.*)

PHŒB. Angry! my own dear Esmeralda! (*Encircling her in his arms.*) Give me one kiss, Esmeralda!

ESMER. (*Rising, and affecting to go away.*) A kiss?—fie, Phœbus.

PHŒB. (*Detaining her.*) Only one, Esmeralda.

ESMER. (*Throwing herself into his arms.*) Well, take it. (*As he is about to kiss her, the stage becomes dark, in consequence of* CLAUDE'S *blowing out the lamp.* CLAUDE *conceals himself.*) What was that?

PHŒB. Nothing. I left the lamp near the crevice of the lattice—the wind hath blown it out. 'Tis a rough, dark night; the moon entirely withdraws herself; the waters of the Seine roll on, like a river of ink.

ESMER. Give me the lamp; I'll rekindle it, by the embers here.

PHŒB. Not till I've had the kiss.

(QUASIMODO *appears at window.*)

CLAUDE. Fool! down! (*To* QUAS.) You will betray me else.

ESMER. (*Trembling.*) That tone—it is the ruffian!—the same voice!

PHŒB. (*Feeling for his sword, grasps* CLAUDE'S *arm.*) Wretch! whoe'er thou be—my sword—ah!—quick, Esmeralda—the lamp!—rekindle the lamp!

CLAUDE. Detected—exposed! I—a monk—no way but this. Abhorred rival! vengeance! (*Stabs him.*)

PHŒB. Assassin!—Esmeralda, I am slain! Oh! (*Falls.*)

ESMER. (*Remaining torpid.*) Phœbus! Slain!

CLAUDE. Esmeralda! (*Kisses her.*)

ESMER. Ugh!

(*Sinks senseless into a chair, as if disgusted by his touch.* QUASIMODO *running in at window, and snatching a burning brand from the hearth.*)

QUAS. If thou hast murdered *her*—(*Looking at her with the torch.*) No; she lives. I had stricken thee dead else.

CLAUDE. Dog! this way the light. (*Looks at* PHŒBUS.) Not dead; but wounded and insensible—already he begins to recover. (*Noise.*) We shall be surprised—we must be gone.

QUAS. (*Regarding* ESMERALDA.) Cold! pale!—pale! Shall we not bear away Esmeralda?

CLAUDE. Yes—*no!* A thought—a glorious thought—rushes suddenly into my mind—*he*—*he*—must accompany us.

QUAS. He!—

CLAUDE. Silence!—and obey me, as you would repay the life you owe me. Assist me—Phœbus—to the boat.

(MUSIC. *They support* PHŒBUS, *who appears gradually coming to himself; they drag him hurriedly off, through the low window, which is on a level with the stage floor.*)

ESMER. (*Recovering.*) Phœbus—help—mercy—Phœbus!

Enter CLOPIN, GIPSIES, *and* STRANGERS. (*door.*)

CLOP. Esmeralda, what has happened?

ESMER. (*Wildly.*) My Phœbus!—they have murdered him!

CLOP. Phœbus—they murdered! What distraction is all this?

ESMER. (*Wringing her hands.*) Phœbus—Phœbus!

(MUSIC. *March of* ARCHERS.)

CLOP. Ah! what see I?—a body of the king's archers in the house of Clopin, the gipsy! Whom seek you?

Enter ERNEST *and* ARCHERS.

ERN. I come to command the immediate attendance of Captain Phœbus Chateaupers on his Majesty.

CLOP. Captain Phœbus is not here.

ERN. He was here: I—I saw him enter the house,—this is his sword—his cap.

ESMER. Yes—they have murdered him! Look at these terrible spots. (*Pointing to floor.*) O—h! (*Sinks on her knees, gazing on floor, and clasping her hands in anguish.*)

ERN. By heavens, these are evidences of foul work—violence—struggling. Which of you can explain this? (*Pointing to floor.*)

Enter CLAUDE *hastily, as a monk.*

CLAUDE. That can I.

ERN. You, Father Claude!

CLAU. Yes. On my passage, in my boat, across the Seine, to attend an invalid, I saw two men lift a body through that window, and bury it in the waters of the river. I pursued them, but in vain; the unusual darkness of the night aided them. I looked through yon lattice: that girl was alone in this apartment; she is a confederate of the assassins: let her be arraigned, and conducted to the Confessional for prisoners, at Notre Dame. It is your duty: this *murder* must be proved. (ESMERALDA *is arrested.*)

CLOP. Forbear!—we will defend our sister! (GIPSIES *advance.*)

ERN. In the King's name, stand back! or I will, at once, avenge the destruction of my friend.

ESMER. (*Who has remained as if torpid, her eyes fixed on the floor.*) Who is it grasps my arm? (*Seeing the Monk,*

who points her out.) Ah! fearful being!—that denouncing look!—does *he* accuse me? Yes—indistinctly I overheard. But you (*to* ERNEST) do not—cannot believe him. He is a monster—a—Ah! because he wears the outward show of devotion, you are deceived—you give no credit to *my* words. Pity—mercy! Alas! I am a poor friendless girl—an outcast—no father—no mother—no one, now *he* is murdered, to speak for me—to care for me! They do not understand me: whither would they drag me?—I have done no wrong—I am innocent—innocent! Save me—you—(*to* CLOPIN)—you—help a poor girl—no father—no mother! O—h!

(*She struggles violently, and appears convulsed with agony, as they drag her towards the door.*)

CLOPIN & GIPSIES. (*Assuming an attitude of defiance.*) To the rescue!—rescue!—by knife!—by fire!

(MUSIC. *As* ESMERALDA, *followed by* CLAUDE, *is borne off, the* GIPSIES *attack the* MILITARY; *they snatch firebrands from the embers, and hurl them frantically at their opponents; the house takes fire, as* ERNEST, CLAUDE, ESMERALDA, *&c., cross the Seine in a boat, tossed by the troubled waters. The* GIPSIES *crouch in one group in front; the* SOLDIERS *presenting swords at them from back of stage. Picture.*

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.—SCENE I.

The Ferry House of the Seine.

Enter CLAUDE, *wearing a cowl, and conducted by* GRINGOIRE, O.P., *the latter clad as a Beggar.*

CLAUDE. That for thee, good ferryman, to mend thy patches with. Is Demoiselle Coucou at home, thinkest?

GRIN. She that *was* Demoiselle Coucou, now Madame Gringoire, is at home, reverend father; pray walk in.

(*He opens the door;* CLAUDE *enters.*)

She's a pious wife that must needs have her confessor so early of a morning; and he's a worthy confessor that pays a tattered ferryman, like me, in shining silver. There's some mystery in all this. There's a prisoner in the Ferry-house, whom I am not permitted to see: is it to shrive him that the monk cometh? or to convert my wife? if the latter, and he succeed, let his next experiment be upon Belzebub, who is nearer allied to Christianity than Madame Gringoire. A precious honey-moon I'm enjoying! Every morning roused from my peaceful slumbers with a cudgel, wielded by the tender hand of my loving wife, with, "Go and ply the ferry-boat till sunset—it will give thee an appetite for supper,"—breakfast and dinner being obsolete. At supper-time it is "Go and disguise thyself, not in drink, but with one leg, one eye, one arm—the charitable, an' thou beg like a gentleman, will give thee food." Oh me! But this mysterious prisoner—who can he be? what can he be? does he wear an iron mask? sleep in an iron shroud? or live in an iron cage?

I'll be no longer curious about it; I shall only draw down some new trouble on this devoted head.

(*A cup of silver is thrown from the turret, which knocks him down.*)

Oh, murder! mercy, sweet wife! Indeed I'm not idling; I—Ah, her favourite silver goblet! (*Taking it up.*) How she must love me to throw this at my head! What's here? Writing! (*Looking at cup.*) They told me that she was poetical, and this is some little compliment, beautifully scratched. I know she leaves impressions that way. (*Reads.*) "Prisoner!" ah!—"A thousand crowns to whoever will disclose to Captain Ernest, of the king's archers, that his friend, Phœbus, is still living a close prisoner in the Ferry-house of the Seine." Phœbus, by every saint in the year! Why, that's the very man for whom the Bohemian, Esmeralda, is condemned to be executed. Poor girl; here's a discovery—This testimony of her innocence might yet save her; but how to deliver it—I that am watched like a mouse by a she cat. What a horrible conspiracy! I'll thwart it; but have I not sworn never to divulge the secrets of this diabolical fraternity? Ah, the confessor! I'll make him my confidant—the very man to accomplish a benevolent deed. Yes, Esmeralda, you—Ah, here is the monk. (*Re-enter* CLAUDE) So, venerated and pious father, hath my tender wife made confession?

CLAUDE. An honest one, good son.

GRIN. (*Looking timidly at the door.*) Honest! You know, then, of the prisoner?

CLAUDE. (*Starting.*) Prisoner! What prisoner?

GRIN. (*Aside.*) This is her honest confession! (*To* CLAUDE.) Not a word to my wife, as you compassionate my

bones. But, can you read, learned father? (*Shewing the cup.*) These turrets don't rain silver cups for nothing, as this slight bump on my head might testify.

CLAUDE. Ah, I understand. (*Aside.*) Had this stratagem succeeded, I had perished for my crime, and she had still been my rival's. (*To* GRIN.) Phœbus, whom all Paris imagines dead?

GRIN. The same—there, in—(*Pointing to turret.*)

CLAUDE. (*Thrusting the cup into his robe.*) Disclose not thou one syllable of this elsewhere. The innocent Bohemian is in *safe* hands—it will be her own fault if I effect not her deliverance.

GRIN. Oh, charitable father, there is yet another innocent whose deliverance thou wouldst do well to effect.

CLAUDE. (*Coldly.*) Speakst thou of Phœbus?

GRIN. No, blessed saint; of myself, Gringoire, the poet. I am a lost child of the Muses.

CLAUDE. How am I to save thee?

GRIN. By feelingly causing the head of my precious wife to be chopped off instead of that of Esmeralda—the law will be much better satisfied, and I a philosophic widower.

CLAUDE. Thy wife approacheth.

(*Enter* COUCOU.)

COU. Gringoire!

GRIN. (*Trembling.*) Here am I, sweetheart. Impose thy gentle commands on me, that, light as Cupid on the wings of morning, I may fly to—(*Throwing himself into a tiptoe attitude.*)

COU. (*Striking him.*) Stuff! Quick and bring me in a faggot, or—

GRIN. Don't exert yourself, dove—I'm going. (*Aside.*)

A faggot! Would it were to burn the witch with! I—(*seeing* COUCOU *angry*)—Sugar-sops, I'm gone. Oh, la!

(*Exit*, P.S., *looking beseechingly at* CLAUDE.)

COU. What mystery is that?

CLAUDE. He knows of our captive.

COU. How?

CLAUDE. (*Shewing cup.*) This device, from yon window. He must be more closely watched. Three days, and two thousand crowns are at your disposal.

COU. But Esmeralda may not perish; though for her beauty I love her not. No; harm must not reach her life—even for the gain of a million of crowns, every crown of gold.

CLAUDE. To that, by bead and book, have I not solemnly sworn? I will keep my oath.

COU. Or terrible will be the fury of our tribe, on Clopin and on me, for daring, unknown to them, to tamper with the girl's life.

CLAUDE. If nor prayers, nor suffering, can turn her heart unto me—to him who loves her beyond the quiet of his own soul—then, though the axe be raised o'er her head, then will I save her, even as I have vowed to thee and thy gipsy king.

COU. Enough. Gringoire returns.

CLAUDE. Benedicite! (*Exit*, O.P.)

(*Enter* GRINGOIRE, *with faggot*, P.S.)

COU. Laggard!

GRIN. Can I be laggard when I haste to thee? Oh! (*sighing affectedly.*)

COU. Thou shalt not be so when thou hastenest from me.

(*Snatches a stick and beats him.*)

GRIN. Oh, mercy, sweetheart! Sugar-posset! Oh!

(*She beats him into house.*)

SCENE II.

A solitary Dungeon, lit by a single lamp. A descent, P. S. *A secret door,* O.P.

ESMERALDA *discovered, in the garb of a penitent, seated on some straw.*

ESMER. How sadly slow the hours in darkness pass, when the heart aches, and sleep deserts the eyelids! and yet I slept; for, in my troubled dreams a flood of golden sunlight burst upon me, and, once again, I stood in the clear, beamy day, the joyous creature of a cloudless world. *He* was there—my brave, my noble Phœbus—all radiant as the sun whose name he bore. I saw him, distinctly, as even now, to my fancy he appears, (*rising,*) extending wide his arms, and, as I bounded to them, he vanished,— in his stead—ah—(*covering her eyes, and recoiling on her knees.*) Horror! Save me!

(*Enter* CLAUDE *through a secret door.*)

CLAUDE. (*Gazing at her.*) Esmeralda! Behold thy confessor. (*Throwing aside his dark mantle, he is richly clad in monkish robes.*)

ESMER. My destroyer! (*Shuddering.*)

CLAUDE. Say, rather, thy preserver. One word—one little word—uttered by thy lips, these gloomy walls shall fly, as by a talisman, asunder, and thou be free. Happy Esmeralda, —*mine.*

ESMER. Leave me, unholy tempter; leave me to the doom by thee inflicted.

CLAUDE. By me inflicted! Desperate is the resource of despairing love. I am here to avert every suffer-

ing, beautiful Esmeralda, *mine*. Look on me, Esmeralda. (*Grasping her hand.*)

ESMER. (*Shuddering and recoiling.*) Oh, unhand me! As I lay here in my dreary dungeon, alone, there came, gliding in the dark, across the chilling pavement, a viperous creature, that sought to nestle itself in my dishevelled hair. I seized it, shuddering with disgust, as its clammy folds encircled my fingers, and dash'd it *there;* yet, even that loathsome creature, horrible as it was, polluted monk, it were less revolting for me to call back again, and foster it, like a dove, in this despairing bosom, than to endure the pressure of thy hand, for a single moment.

CLAUDE. There is anguish for thee—there is death for thee: I will transform them to joy and life.

ESMER. No, no. Worse than anguish, worse than death, it were, to live for thee.

CLAUDE. Oh, Esmeralda! Esmeralda!—ere I saw thee, I was virtuous, pious, happy.

ESMER. (*Wringing her hands.*) And I—miserable I—

CLAUDE. Girl, interrupt me not. Yes, I was happy, innocent, till one day—one fatal day!—listen to me, Esmeralda, (*she rises*)—I was sitting, buried in meditation, at the grating of my cell,—I heard the sound of a tambourine. I cast my eyes below—unfortunate transgression! There, in the brilliant sunshine—less radiant than herself—I beheld a creature dancing; a creature so beautiful, so exquisite, that the sky might have chosen her for its fairest inmate. Esmeralda, it was thee! Surprised, charmed, intoxicated, I felt, from that moment, the hand of fate was on me.

ESMER. Fly, for ever, the wretched cause of thy misery.

CLAUDE. Impossible! Sorceress, I have struggled but too

long and vainly; my brain is turned; all that should have waked of virtue in my soul, the memory of thee had speedily lulled to sleep. Like men perishing in snow, I took pleasure in yielding to this slumber. I knew no ecstacy but to pronounce thy name. I have prayed that I might forget thee, but in vain. I have wept that I could not cease to remember thee. I have followed thee under every form—under every excitement—love, indignation, jealousy, despair; *revenge* may be the next, for, ardent as is my love, so terrible would be my hate. Save thyself from *that;* save me—pity me. Mercy, or I am lost eternally! (*Kneeling.*) Pity! pity!

ESMER. Pity! alas! you who know so well what love is, yet could murder all that I loved; for, oh, I still believe it was thy voice, thine, which I heard in the gipsy's chamber, when my poor Phœbus—God! why do I recollect what a noble creature he was? so brave—so generous! ah! how tenderly did he love me! how ardently did I worship him! The hours that I have watched for him! a smile of his—the sunny glitter of his armour—the joyous waving of his plume! —and all this hath ceased,—he is gone;—earth no longer holds him; and you, you would speak to me of, what? love! love, which, like the last star fading before the tempest, expired in this desolate heart with him. (*Wildly.*) Phœbus! Give him to me! Where, where is he?

CLAUDE. (*Morosely.*) Dead!

ESMER. Kill me also. It were a deed to redeem thy soul: it would seem a crime, but be a mercy.

CLAUDE. I would enable thee to escape; I will forsake my vows. Together, we will seek that land where most joy is to be found. I will be all to thee.

ESMER. Phœbus!

CLAUDE. Utter not that name; but save thyself. The scaffold awaits thee—the executioner hath whetted his axe—the footstep of the guard, coming to conduct thee to thy doom, is on the stairs—listen! What will sustain thee?

ESMER. (*Firmly.*) Innocence!

CLAUDE. Fearest thou not the grave?

ESMER. No; Phœbus is there: we shall meet.

CLAUDE. Is it easier to die for him, than to live for me?

ESMER. Leave me, cruel and perjured monk. Yet, one thing I would thank thee for: it is, that thou hast taught me to despise a life which thy subtlety compels me to relinquish. No more; no more. I am prepared! Nothing can render me thine—nothing—never!

CLAUDE. Inflexible Bohemian! Thou destroyest thyself. Behold the guard.

(*Enter* GUARDS *down the descent,* P.S.)

ESMER. Oh, welcome, death!

CLAUDE. Esmeralda! but one word.

ESMER. Phœbus!

(MUSIC. *She is guarded up the descent. He rushes out at secret door.*)

SCENE III.

Exterior of Notre Dame. A window of heavy Stone-work, and Painting, above a Scaffold.

QUASIMODO *enters hastily, and surveys the Scaffold.*

QUAS. Must I ring the knell which tolls in mockery of her miseries? I—no; I cannot. Accursed scaffold! How comes

it that avenging lightnings descend not, from offended heaven, to sink and bury thee in earth's dark centre? Why, why did I take that oath? *that* oath to assist the monk in this infernal enterprise,—and *she* the victim? What is gratitude for a worthless life, like mine, that it should kindle up a pile on which to sacrifice the innocent? Esmeralda! that dear Esmeralda, for whom I would gladly immolate this misshapen body, as though it were but a grain of dust unworthy of being trampled on by her feet, this monk would bring to the edge of the axe; he would then say to her, "Young Bohemian, Phœbus, whom thou lovest, lives no longer; he who loves thee as tenderly, awaits to rescue thee from an ignominious fate; wilt thou be mine?" Should she say aye—here at the foot of the scaffold—aye, even to *him*, it will be no more than natural; she is but a woman—a trembling, forlorn woman—and death is terrible even to the strong of heart. Should she say *no*, what then? Must she perish? It shall not be. Quasimodo, the hunchback, hath an arm of iron: Esmeralda, it should snatch thee from the scaffold, were the blood-thirsty axe raised, and thou on thy knees at the block!

(MUSIC. *Rushes out.*)

Enter GUDULE, *and* MAHIETTE, *who attempts to draw away the former.*

GUD. (*Struggling.*) I must—I will behold her. I heard them say it, through my grated cell, I heard it—"the Bohemian girl is to die." Lo! ye, in yon dismal and dreary vault, how long and vainly have I wept, and prayed of heaven to restore my child—my child stolen from me by those accursed Egyptians? And now, that a daughter of their cruel tribe is about to perish, thou wouldst drag me—me from

the scene. No, no; let me stay to witness whether *her mother*—hers—will not come hither to weep, and tear her dishevelled hair, as I tear mine. Should it be so, Mahiette, I shall laugh, and cry aloud, "Look! look! look! at the gipsy mother!—how bitterly she laments for her own! See, the tribe of Bohemians mourning all around her. Wretches! little cared they for a mother's anguish when they stole from me my only one—my *only* one. Curse them!"

MAHI. But this poor girl—so handsome, so friendless——

GUD. Friendless!—is she more friendless than I? Is she more handsome than was my child—my little Agnes? Hers was not mortal beauty. Methinks, I gaze upon her now, —there, where I left her under the rose-tree, smiling like a cherub in the sun-light: I quitted her but an instant; yet, ere I returned, the gipsy sorceress had been there—the ogress! I called in vain for my infant,—I heard the mockery of a loud laugh,—I saw, as it were, the faces of demons glaring at me through the foliage; I looked into the clear fountain for my lost treasure,—the countenance of an insulting fiend met mine. "She is gone—my child is gone!" I cried, franticly, to rocks and woods, and even Echo mocked my despair, by responding, "*She is gone!*" (*Weeps.*) Gone!

MAHI. Poor unfortunate!

GUD. Last night, when the chimes of Notre Dame pealed forth the midnight hour, the shade of my child came to the grating of my cell. "*To-morrow,*" she said, "at the scaffold, where the Bohemian girl is condemned to die, there will I be, '*Mother.*'" She called me mother—ha! ha! ha! My heart danced at the music of her voice—feel how it throbs now. They say music will tame a lion; but *mother* hath

a sweeter note than music. (*Looking about.*) Child, where art thou? I am here, yet I perceive not thee—thy mother.

MAHI. Hark! it is the gipsy, ill-fated Esmeralda.

GUD. (*Surprised.*) Esmeralda!—is it she? Their beauty, their May Queen, as they called her,—'tis she, is it? I've witnessed her antics, the glitter of her garments. (*Bitterly.*) The young sybil—she,—I'll speak to her—I'll——

(*Going,* P. S.)

MAHI. (*Detains her.*) For pity's sake, as thou art a Christian woman.

(MUSIC. *Enter Men-at-arms, Archers, Monks, Nuns, &c., conducting in* ESMERALDA, *a taper in her hand, a rope about her waist. The Executioner ascends the scaffold; a concourse of People and Gipsies follow in the procession.*)

CHORUS OF MONKS AND NUNS.

Spirits bright of endless light,
Bid those throbs of anguish cease;
Come, descend, her sorrows end,
And crown her heart with holy peace.
Spirits, &c.

HERALD. (*Advancing and reading.*) "Bohemian girl, calling yourself Esmeralda, whereas you are accused, on the evidence of the good monk, Claude, of Notre Dame, of being accessory to the death of Captain Phœbus de Chateaupers, and of obstinately refusing to reveal the names of your confederates, it is the will of his Most Sacred Majesty King Louis of France, that you do pay the forfeit of your crime with your life, on this public scaffold; and you are now asked, for the last time, will you, or will you not, full confession make?"

ESMER. (*Calmly.*) I am innocent.

HERALD. (*Taking the taper.*) Enough—my duty is performed. Take leave of your friends. (*He retires.*)

GIPSY WOMEN. (*Kissing her hands.*) Esmeralda! Esmeralda!

ESMER. Dear, dear friends.

GUD. (*Gazing at her.*) I would speak to her; I would mock her; but I am choaked. I have no utterance for scorn. The anger of mine eye is quenched in tears. I weep for the Bohemian's daughter. I,—poor pale thing—poor thing! (*Gazing intently.*)

ESMER. You, who know me best, know me incapable of this crime; but even you little imagine how tenderly I loved him, for whom I suffer. For his sake, death comes to me shorn of its terrors. 'Tis true I am young—there might have been for me, still, a few years of happiness—yet—no,—not without him. And—do not weep so, kind Alice. See, Lucelle faints. (*Consoling one, supporting another.*)

GUD. (*Aside.*) I came to curse—did I not?

ESMER. To you, Gertrude, I bequeath this ring. It is of small worth; but you, I feel, will remember that it was Esmeralda's. To you, Phiona, my tambourine. Its sound will sometimes remind you of how happy we have often been together, dancing. Bless you!—bless you! (*Embrace.*)

GUD. Lead me—lead me hence,—I will go pray for her—pray. (*Retiring.*)

ESMER. One favour I would ask. (GUDULE *listens.*) You are aware, all of you, that I am not a Bohemian; but that I was stolen from my mother—

GUD. Stolen from her mother!

ESMER. She, whom I recognised as a mother, in her dying moment, gave me this little embroidered glove.

GUD. (*Aside.*) An embroidered glove!

ESMER. It was on my hand, when she received me, an infant to her bosom. It was her belief, that it would, one day, enable me to find my *real* mother. Place it with me in my grave—there only, I and my mother can now meet.

GUD. (*Rushing forward.*) That glove,—speak, unhappy one, doth it resemble this?—nay, do not recoil from me. This glove—(*feeling in her bosom*)—it hath rested here—here, next my poor desolate heart, for fifteen long years,—it was all the cruel gipsies left me of my child. It is wrought in gold. I wrought it, to deck the hand of my pretty one. It was vanity; but her hands were so small, so exquisite, so beautiful. Here it is. (*Pulling a glove from her bosom.*) Let us compare them.

ESMER. Heavens! they are alike.

MAHI. Exactly.

GUD. Yes, exactly the same. I know—I—those features! Child, thine age—thine age?

ESMER. Nineteen to-morrow.

GUD. Aye, since the day I lost thee. I remember—I—(*Parting her hair, and examining her nearly.*) Yes! yes! yes! I have found her again. My Agnes!—my daughter!

ESMER. (*Rushing into her arms.*) *Mother!*

GUD. It is the same word,—the same voice that I heard last night. Thanks—thanks! I have found my *daughter!* Ha—ha—ha! (*Kissing* ESMERALDA *in joyful tenderness.*)

(CLAUDE *appears near the scaffold, wearing the habit of the Confessor.*)

CLAU. 'Tis fortunate—her mother—she will no longer despise life: one more bold step—she's mine.

(He makes a sign to a man at arms, who warns ESMERALDA *to ascend the scaffold.)*

GUD. What would he? Heed not him. How happy we shall be!

ESMER. Happy! Alas, mother, I am condemned to die!

GUD. Die—no—thou art innocent.

ESMER. Yes, mother, yes.

GUD. Let us be gone. In Languedoc, I have a fair name—kindred—affluence.

ESMER. Unhappy Esmeralda!

CLAU. *(Aside.)* She relents: the hour of triumph comes. *(Guard interposing.)*

ESMER. Since it must be—mother—farewell!

GUD. *(Clinging to her.)* No, no: did I find thee for this? They cannot, will not part us again; it is impossible. Men, fathers,—on our knees,—the mother,—the daughter,—imploring mercy! *(She forces* ESMERALDA *to kneel, and lifts up her hands in her own.)* Mercy! my child, they shall not have thee again—no—I'll cling around thee in icy death!—thy mother. I'll never quit thee more—no, no, no—never.

(She clings, screaming, to ESMERALDA, *who, as they force her towards scaffold, drags her half across the stage.* GUDULE *falls senseless.* ESMERALDA, *by a sudden effort, releases herself, runs, lifts up the head of her mother, and kisses her.)*

ESMER. One kiss—it is the last! *(Gazing at* GUDULE.*)* So pale, so still! If she be sleeping, do not disturb her; if

she be dead, seek not to call her back: there is nothing for her here,—not even her daughter,—nothing but misery—despair! (*Placing her on ground.*) My poor mother! mother,—it is a sweet word! Wake not, mother,—stir not, mother: wait where thou art,—in heaven, thy child will come to thee! (*Starting up.*) Yes, mother, to Phœbus, and to thee. Headsman, I am ready. (*Approaching scaffold.*)

CLAU. (*Approaching her, and speaking in a low voice.*) Esmeralda, 'tis not too late,—live but for me. (ESMERALDA *shudders, and glides past him.*)

ESMER. Phœbus calls me! Mother, we shall meet. (*Ascending scaffold.*)

CLAU. Wilt thou die?

ESMER. *He* is dead.

CLAU. I'll not survive thee! This dagger — Esmeralda, — one word! (*Aiming a secret dagger at his own breast.*)

ESMER. Mother—Phœbus—I come!

(*She throws herself on the block; the axe is raised; a general feeling of horror is displayed: at that moment the window is burst asunder, and the outstretched hand of* QUASIMODO *seizes the axe; he pushes aside the* EXECUTIONER, *and raising the fainting* ESMERALDA, *he bears her towards the window.*)

QUAS. (*Wielding the axe.*) Forbear this hellish rite! She is innocent, and shall not die. Men-at-arms, move one step towards me—the strength of worlds is in this determined hand; this uplifted axe shall strike him dead that follows Esmeralda to the shrine. Comfort, Esmeralda! To the

sanctuary, to the sanctuary—'tis the refuge of the guilty—shall be of the innocent—the sanctuary!

(*He bears her away. The windows close.*)

Cry of People. Quasimodo!

CLAUDE. (*On the scaffold, repelling the soldiers.*) Beware! She is rescued. Profane not the sanctuary.

(MUSIC. *A picture is formed—the people shouting,* "QUASIMODO!" *The soldiers advancing to the window, repelled by the Monk.* GUDULE *supported by* MAHIETTE *and other women,* O.P.)

ACT III.—SCENE I.

The Sanctuary.

Enter QUASIMODO, *with* ESMERALDA, *insensible, in his arms.*

QUAS. I have succeeded—she is in the sanctuary. They will not dare to follow. (*Looking at* ESMERALDA.) She breathes—her heart throbs and palpitates against mine—against mine—Oh, that these consecrated walls might shut out the world, from us, for ever! Us—she so beautiful, I so hideous! Ah, those eyes re-open! Esmeralda!

ESMER. Take away that axe. Mother! Phœbus! Where am I?

QUAS. In safety.

ESMER. In the grave? With Death? And then! (*Shuddering.*)

QUAS. Bohemian—appalling as I seem—I am he that

hath snatched thee from death, even while his cold arm encircled thee.

ESMER. It was kind—yet that blow administered—

QUAS. Maiden, thou hast much to live for.

ESMER. A mother—duty.

QUAS. Love!

ESMER. 'Tis a passion that lies frozen in my heart—its tomb is here. (*Pressing her bosom.*)

QUAS. Unlock that tomb, then, and bid thy love spring up, and be the golden crocus, bursting into sunlight, even through the snows of sorrow. He that loves thee, *lives!*

ESMER. My Phœbus?

QUAS. Aye—*thy* Phœbus.

ESMER. Do not mock my sufferings.

QUAS. If thou couldst look into my heart, I—(*checking himself*)—Behold this silver cup! I found it twenty seconds since, in the cell of Father Claude.

ESMER. (*With a burst of joy.*) 'Tis Phœbus' writing! Where is he? Doth he know what, for him, I have endured?

QUAS. He shall know all. He is a captive, as this cup declares; but at midnight, I, Quasimodo, will steal forth, and send those to aid him that shall bring him to thee. Here, in Notre Dame, then, when they seek thee in the morning, he will be with thee to attest thine innocence; he—happy, happy Phœbus!

ESMER. And thou, also, in the contemplation of that happiness which—

QUAS. (*Troubled.*) Come with me into the church. Though this sanctuary enshrine thee from others, it will not so from the Monk—methinks I hear his footstep. I remember, near the altar, is a curious tomb, which opens by a hidden spring—there I'll conceal thee.

ESMER. Horror! with the dead?

QUAS. The dead will accord thee life—the living kill thee.

ESMER. Shouldst thou fail to return, in that awful solitude, perhaps, to perish!

QUAS. Doubt not me; my mission is not of earth—a pure, and a bright spirit hovers o'er me, for thy sweet sake. Thou, in safety, ere yon bat, which screams the vesper hour, hath ceased her moonlit circlets round these cloisters, thou, Esmeralda, shalt be free—be blessed; 'tis all I ask to live for—all to *die* for! Fear not Quasimodo.

ESMER. No—Thou hast saved me. (*Exeunt.*)

SCENE II.

A Gloomy Chamber in the Ferry House.

PHŒBUS *discovered.*

PHŒB. Again the night descends, and I am here a captive. What am I to understand?—my mind racks itself with vain conjectures. Could Esmeralda have been sensible of the attempt to do me wrong? No; perish the thought! The dark figure which wielded the dagger—it was Claude, the Monk of Notre Dame. How had I moved a holy man to such resolved malice?—Conjecture—All is vain!

(*Sinks on a chair. Noise.*)

GRIN. (*Outside.*) Captain! Captain Phœbus!

PHŒB. My name! Who calls?

GRIN. Hush! Read that paper.

(*A paper thrust through door.*)

PHŒB. Paper! Ah! (*Takes paper.*) Here it is. (*Reads.*) "Be upon your guard.—If you are not at liberty, Esmeralda, who has been saved by Providence, this night, will be torn from the sanctuary of Notre Dame, and executed, in the morning, for your murder." Great Powers! My poor Esmeralda! (*Reads.*) "I am myself so narrowly watched as not to be able to quit this house. There is only one hope left me: While my wife, Coucou, sleeps, I'll blow up the house. Stand from the door, and in the confusion look to yourself.——GRINGOIRE."

PHŒB. Blow up the house! Look to myself in the confusion! What the deuce does he mean? Gringoire! Gringoire! (*Calling at door.*) Are you mad? You forget I'm a prisoner, and can't escape. Gringoire!

(*An explosion is heard. The door is blown down. Enter* GRINGOIRE, *through sparks of fire; his face black; his night-gown and cap on; a sword in his hand, running about and affecting terror.*)

GRIN. Help! help! Fireworks—crackers—explosions—(*Aside.*) Don't be alarmed—it was only a very little barrel: no other way of forcing open that door. If people will keep combustibles in their houses, combustibles it must be expected will explode. Murder! I only hope the damage may have reached Madame—see how she'll relish being blown up, herself—Mur—

CLOPEN, &c. (*Outside.*) The varlet! Strangle him!

GRIN. Oh, la! They've smoked the plot. Nothing kills the devil's pets—here they come. (*Bawling.*) Murder! Fire! Poor, dear Madame Gringoire! Should she be harmed or killed—(*Aside*) No such luck. (*To* PHŒBUS.) This villain of a prisoner—Don't think to pass—no, no. (*Aside.*) Here's

a sword—run the first man through the body that opposes your way. The door is open; now follow me, or—(*Recoiling.*) Oh, la! Madame is alive! (*Collaring* PHŒBUS.) You pass not—you pass not.

Enter COUCOU, CLOPIN, *and Gipsies, their faces black with the explosion.*

COU. Hound! (*To* GRINGOIRE.)

GRIN. Ah, then I am truly happy! My dear wife survives. (*Aside.*) Cruel Belzebub! not to seize her in his own element—I'm sure he might have mistaken the whole group for part of his own family.

CLOP. (*Threatening him.*) You are the author of this mischief, dog!

GRIN. Dog! Pretty compliments! You say truly, a watchful dog I am: 'twas I blew out the blowing up, or you had, ere now, all been spared the expense of warming pans. Why do you keep such combustibles in the house? A courageous dog I am, or where had your prisoner been?

(CLOPIN *picking up the paper which* PHŒBUS *has dropt.*)

CLOP. This is the certificate of your fidelity.

GRIN. Oh, murder! My head is in that piece of paper. (*Gets behind* PHŒBUS.)

COU. Seize the wretch!

CLOP. Hang him!

ALL. Hang him!

PHŒB. Dare to touch him at peril of your lives. The attempt, on his part, was generously made to rescue me from your clutches; and the first man that, in my presence, has the temerity to place a finger upon him, in the way of violence, shall pay the trespass with his life's blood. (*Presenting he sword.*)

CLOP. Captain, you are a bold man.

PHŒB. So bold, that I will no longer here remain a prisoner; and I question you, by what right you dare to restrain me—me, a captain in the King's service?

CLOP. Be satisfied; we seek not your life. Claude, the rich monk of Notre Dame, gives us a thousand crowns for your captivity, till Esmeralda shall have consented to become his.

PHŒB. His! Heard I not of an execution? That paper—

CLOP. Execution!—a mere piece of mummery, got up to frighten the girl, which he can stop, though the axe be raised—so hath he sworn to us; or, if he do not, she is none of our tribe.

PHŒB. And needs may perish for your accursed interests. Devils! for I will not think so meanly of humanity as believe it could give utterance to words of such cold depravity.

CLOP. Have a care; you are in the gipsies' haunt.

PHŒB. Were I in the haunt of fiends, my indignation could not check itself. Back! and let me pass, or look to your life.

CLOP. Seize upon them both; we are not to be outbraved. (*Seizing him.*)

PHŒB. Ruffian! off! or unto death I'll dash thee. (*Dashing him off.*)

ALL. Down with him!—our father bleeds!

(*They disarm and surround him, drawing forth knives.* GRINGOIRE *rushes out.*)

PHŒB. I see I am devoted. Strike, assassins—I can fall like a soldier. (*Throwing himself on his knee in the centre.*)

ALL. (*About to strike.*) Revenge our father's blood!

(*Crash. Enter* GRINGOIRE *hastily.*)

GRIN. I have opened the door—they are here.

ALL. Who?

GRIN. The King's Archers.

(*Enter* ERNEST *and Archers.*)

PHŒB. (*Sinking into* ERNEST'S *arms.*) My friend, you are just in time.

CLOP. Who has betrayed us?

ERN. This cup—Quasimodo—You are our prisoners all. Away! away!

PHŒB. Esmeralda!—

ERN. Is alive. We will seek her.

PHŒB. Where?

ERN. In the sanctuary of Notre Dame. (*Exeunt.*)

GRIN. Madame Gringoire, I divorce myself from you,—by the sacred pitcher, I do it. (*To* CLOPIN.) Mighty King of Rats! and you, august princes of the same trap—I most respectfully beg of you to—March! Hem!

(*Strutting out, shouldering the sword; they follow, guarded.*)

SCENE THE LAST.

The interior of Notre Dame by Moonlight; at the extremity of the aisle, a pair of heavy folding-doors, and a lofty stone gallery, with a descent, on the left, into another gallery, which conducts to the centre of the church. Near the front of the stage, O.P., *is an ancient tomb, in brass work, supporting the figure of a kneeling woman.*

MUSIC. QUASIMODO *appears in the moonlight, cautiously emerging from behind a pillar; he has, on his arm, a basket; he approaches the brass tomb, and after looking cautiously around, speaks.*

QUAS. *(In a low voice.)* Bohemian! Esmeralda!

(The door of the tomb slowly opens, and ESMERALDA *appears.)*

ESM. Quasimodo—generous preserver! I— *(hesitating)* I would speak of—

QUAS. Phœbus?

ESM. Oh, yes, yes. Assure me that he lives; and—

QUAS. That I cannot. The cup, I have taken it to Captain Ernest; he, with his archers, is gone to the Ferry House—there is hope; but thou—thou famishest: here is food for thee. Eat—eat. *(Giving her the baskets.)*

ESM. Hark! heard I not a footstep?

QUAS. If so, 'tis one of danger—the monk, perhaps, who mad, distracted, calls on thy name, and seeks thee every where. Conceal thyself, but, be careful thou close not, quite, those brazen doors—the spring which secures them, is a secret one, known, as I think, to me alone—once fastened, it can only be undone by a hand on the outside—ah! that glare of light. In—in—it is thine enemy.

(MUSIC. *She goes hastily into the tomb, which he closes softly, and glides behind a pillar.* CLAUDE *appears in the distance, pale and haggard, a torch in his hand; as he advances,* QUASIMODO *steals across the aisle, and appears to enter from an opposite side.)*

CLAUDE. Quasimodo—Quasimodo!

QUAS. (*Gloomily approaching.*) I am here; what would'st?

CLAUDE. The sanctuary is deserted—where is Esmeralda?

QUAS. In safety.

CLAUDE. Dog! why hast thou avoided me till this late hour? Tell me, where hast thou hidden the young Bohemian?

QUAS. Where Heaven knows to find her. Consider, a king's warrant might yet drag her to a midnight scaffold.

CLAUDE. Fool! what knowest thou of such matters? they cannot harm her. Let me whisper in thine ear—Phœbus lives.

QUAS. For Esmeralda?

CLAUDE. (*Wildly.*) No, no, no. I cannot support the thought; I have vowed to wed Esmeralda—in death united—mine—mine—this dagger is for her—for me; clasped in these expiring arms, I will leap with her into the grave—he will not tear her from me there. Ha! ha! ha! (*Wildly.*)

QUAS. Distracted monk! Fly and save thyself! lest the infuriated throng, convinced of thine iniquity, do tear thee presently asunder, and dye this marble pavement with thy blood.

CLAUDE. Esmeralda! whom unto the soul's perdition I do love.

QUAS. Love! thou mistaken one. I'll tell thee what love is—I, that am unread in books, as thou art, save Nature's book, will tell thee what love is. It is upon the altar of the heart, to fix the image most beloved, and worship it, with untold thoughts, like holy prayers—to yield it attributes, as to a saint, with joyfulness, e'en though those attributes destroy ourselves. In *true* love there can be no base desires, such as thine—no jealousy, no revenge: such passions are for demons—love disclaims them.

CLAUDE. Cold-hearted idiot! what is this thou speakest? thou that ne'er didst feel, but as these chill cloisters, which reject the sunshine, yet ring in mockery of heaven. No, I will not from my purpose be delayed. Esmeralda *his!*—never! I know she's not far off. Every tomb I'll search—nor coffin, nor winding sheet shall 'scape me.

QUAS. (*Abruptly snatching the torch.*) In darkness be it then; while I yon sullen doors, to the multitude, throw open.

CLAUDE. Those doors: heavily locked they are; the key is gone. None enter here till she and I lie dead.

QUAS. Tiger! since, for thee, even the shrine hath no sanctity 'neath which to shield the innocent; with this torch, flaming like a beacon to all Paris, from yonder gallery will I denounce thee—hypocrite! *murderer!*

(*Approaching the stairs*, P. S.)

CLAUDE. (*detaining him, and recovering the torch.*) Stay, imp, that flashest like an unnatural meteor before me—thus I extinguish thy soul. (*Stabs him.*)

QUAS. I owed thee life; thou hast paid thyself.

(*Tumult outside.*)

CLAUDE. Ah! that tumult!—here, with his blood upon my hands, I must not be detected.

(*Ascends stairs, bearing with him the torch.*)

QUAS. I die!—but still she will be saved. 'Tis he—the happy Phœbus comes. O—h!

Enter ESMERALDA, *&c.*

ESMER. That shout, Phœbus! Ah! Quasimodo slain.

CLAUDE. (*Pausing on first gallery.*) 'Tis Esmeralda! Hence!—I'll bear her with me!

QUAS. No, wretch! You descend not this way. With my last convulsion I oppose thee. I—fly, Esmeralda, lest in this struggle he——

(ESMERALDA *enters tomb, which closes with a crash.* QUASIMODO *ascends* P. S.)

CLAUDE. Fool! dying, he bays my path. Ah! to yonder gallery!—by that winding staircase, to avoid him, —to secure her.

(*He hurries up second gallery, and crosses to* O. P.)

QUAS. (*On first gallery at the same time that the Monk is on second.*) Stay, accursed Monk!—too well I read thy purpose; but you quit not yonder gallery alive. No, never! Thus I save Esmeralda.

(*He pursues the Monk up second gallery, drags him back, dashes him over the ballustrade; then, taking the torch from the side, looks after him a moment. A loud murmur is heard without.*)

QUAS. (*Looking after* CLAUDE.) All is over — he is no more. Dashed to death, he lies outstretched, on the chilled pavement of these dim cloisters, to disturb the gloom whereof, the midnight echoes of his solitary step were, once, the only music. How often have I, even I, in my dark loneliness, caught the welcome sound, and blessed myself that it was human? Ugh! what a stream of blood is there! Those still-expanding eyes, kindling in the red gleam of this o'erhanging torch, look up, reproachfully, at me! Those lips, scarce cold, seem quivering in my appalled ear. Quasimodo!—*murderer!* (*Recoiling in horror.*) No—(*listening.*)—all is quiet—silent as the grave. A corse is but a corse—powerless—speechless. And I—life ebbs swiftly from my breast. I faint—Esmeralda!

Ah! she hears me not, Great God! She is shut up in the tomb—the secret spring of which, is only known to me. I sink—she will be suffocated—perish of famine. (*Noise.*) They come too late—they will never find her. Es—— I die. (*Staggering down, he falls at the foot of the stairs,* P. S.)

(NOISE. *The doors are burst open—a group is seen supporting the body of* CLAUDE—*Enter* PHŒBUS, ERNEST, GUDULE, *Gipsies, Archers, and Citizens, with torches.*)

GUD. My child!—my daughter! thy mother calls thee—where art thou? Innocent one, he is alive!

PHŒB. Esmeralda! Esmeralda! hark!

(*A scream is heard from the tomb. The people, who are all searching about, pause on the instant.*)

GUD. It was her voice—a mother cannot forget it. Here it sounded.

PHŒB. Yes, here in this tomb—all silent. Esmeralda! No reply. Heard I not a feeble moan? She is perishing. Horror!—the sepulchre is of brass—it cannot be riven asunder. Who—who will rescue from a living grave the ill-starred Esmeralda?

QUAS. (*Feebly.*) Quasimodo.

PEOPLE. Quasimodo! (*They support him forward.*)

PHŒB. Esmeralda!

QUAS. In that tomb—the secret spring.

ALL. Secret spring.

GUD. Oh! speak.

QUAS. (*Losing his recollection.*) Yes. I—the blood forsakes my brain. Memory—memory;—the Monk!—who said I had killed him. He was good once—kind—I—

PHŒB. The secret spring,—or Esmeralda—

QUAS. (*Recovering and losing his recollection.*) Ah! yes, poor Esmeralda, there—dying. The spring—listen how the bells chime—the bells of Notre Dame—sweet, sweet.

PHŒB. Quasimodo, look at me—speak to me—save Esmeralda.

GUD. 'Tis her distracted mother imploring. Oh! Quasimodo, while thus, in agony, I press thy hand, cold as a statue—

QUAS. You are right—yes. Press the *hand* of the *statue*. Those bells again—(*Absorbed.*)

PHŒB. The hand of the statue!

(*He presses the hand of the statue, the doors of the tomb spring open, and* ESMERALDA *is lifted out insensible.*)

GUD. My child!

PHŒB. Dear Esmeralda! Ah! she lives—she knows me.

ESMER. Phœbus—mother! (*Embrace.*)

QUAS. It is her voice; but I no longer behold her.

ESMER. Quasimodo, thou bleedest.

QUAS. 'Tis for thee, Esmeralda—let me but once clasp thy hand, 'tis all I ask. (PHŒBUS *places the hand of* ESMERALDA *in that of* QUASIMODO, *who kisses it.*) It is enough that I am spared for this. Be happy, Esmeralda. One prayer—one tear of thine, will suffice for the poor Hunchback of Notre Dame. (*Falls.*) Those bells again—they summon me—sweet, sweet bells. Esme—ral— (*Dies.*)

A picture is formed by the various characters as the organ of the church, mingling with the chimes of the bells, peals forth the midnight mass.

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A FARCE, IN ONE ACT.

BY

JAMES KENNEY & ALFRED BUNN, Esqrs.

FIRST PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN,

THURSDAY, APRIL 17th, 1834.

LONDON:

JOHN MILLER, HENRIETTA STREET,
COVENT GARDEN,
(Agent to the Dramatic Authors' Society.)

1834.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Mr. Johnston, (*a wealthy old Gentleman*) . .	Mr. BARTLEY.
Narcissus Briggs, (*his Nephew, Foreman to Mrs. Pliant*)	Mr. HARLEY.
Frank, (*Under Shopman*)	Mr. MEADOWS.
Waggoner, (*from Chelmsford*)	Mr. TURNOUR.
The Widow Pliant, (*a rich Haberdasher*) . .	Mrs. C. JONES.
Ellen, (*Servant to the Widow*)	Mrs. HUMBY.
Marinetta, (*Servant to a Lodger in the House*)	MISS TAYLOR.

A GOOD-LOOKING FELLOW.

SCENE I.

The Interior of a Room, supposed to be at the back of a Shop, opening on a Street, which shop is seen through centre doors, and windows each side, with half curtains across. Two side-doors on the P.S, *and one on the* O.P. *Table and chairs.*

FRANK *discovered listening at the* 1*st door,* P.S.

FRA. Briggs is fast asleep—(*then crossing and listening at door* O.P.)—and the widow not yet ready to come down. This is the very time, then, to have a little chat with my dear Ellen; and if she had only tact enough to come and look for me—Apropos! here she is!

(ELLEN *peeping in at* O.P. *door.*)

ELL. May I come in?

FRA. Oh, yes, my dear Ellen; it's very early, for I've only just opened the shop; and, now we are quite alone, let me give you a kiss for to-day, for yesterday, for the day before, for—

ELL. I sha'n't; pray leave me alone.

FRA. What! refuse me, after being separated a whole year?

ELL. It was your own doing.

FRA. Very true; but the instant I found an opportunity

of re-uniting us, I seized it. The Widow Pliant, our mistress, being in want of a servant, didn't I send for you all the way from Chelmsford, and an't you installed in your office ever since yesterday?

ELL. Very pleasant, indeed, to be a maid, when one expected to be something else.

FRA. Patience, my dear little wife. I have a project in my head: Mrs. Pliant is a rich widow, about to retire from business, and I've some idea of being able to jump into her shoes.

ELL. You! Ha! ha!—and how, pray, when neither the one nor the other of us have a penny to bless ourselves?

FRA. I beg your pardon; I've one *very* valuable property: I flatter myself I have such an excellent address, (and that goes a great way in these days,) that whenever your fashionable customers arrive, I am always selected to attend to their orders. Money, to be sure, is an useful commodity; but manners will make the money, and the man too. Therefore, my dear, be patient and discreet; and, instead of measuring out tapes and ribbons by the yard *behind* the counter, I shall be talking by the hour *before* it. I know one, in particular, that will go mad at my good fortune.

ELL. Who?

FRA. Our foreman, whom you haven't seen yet. He was out when you arrived, and he did not come home till late, (if he came at all,) for he is a gallant—the very Don Juan of this part of the town—a good-looking fellow, (at least the women say so,) and all the girls are in love with him; they all swear "by Briggs!"

ELL. (*Surprised.*) Is his name Briggs?

FRA. Yes; he is a townsman of ours—he came from

Chelmsford, and has not been in London above six months. You must have heard of him surely?

ELL. (*Turning it off.*) No; I don't remember him at all.

FRA. And at what hour will our little boy, William, arrive?

ELL. At two exactly, by the Chelmsford waggon. The carrier's wife has promised to take charge of him on the road.

FRA. Then I'll be on the look-out to receive the little darling; and, till we have gained our point, I have a plan to blind Mrs. Pliant about him.

ELL. A plan?

FRA. Hush! Here's the widow coming. She's early this morning—there's something in the wind, I'll be bound.

(*Enter* MRS. PLIANT, *at* O. P. *door, 2nd* E.)

MRS P. Oh, you are here, Ellen,—that's a good girl; I always like to see young people rise early. But where is Narcissus?

FRA. (*Crosses to* C.) Not up yet, Ma'am; but I will call him if you please.

MRS. P. (*In a lackadaisical manner.*) By no means; he has need of rest, for his health requires taking great care of. When he comes down, he shall have a cup of chocolate, that I will go and prepare for him myself.

FRA. (*Aside.*) What delicate attention!

MRS. P. Haven't you lately remarked, Frank, that for some time past he has had a short cough hanging upon him?

FRA. Yes, Ma'am; and I have advised him, as a sure remedy, to get married as soon as possible. (*Pointedly.*)

MRS. P. Do you think it would cure him?

FRA. It is a sovereign remedy for all complaints; and I have often thought of marrying, myself. (*Winking at* ELLEN.)

MRS. P. Indeed!

(*Enter* MARINETTA *at 2nd door* P. S.)

MARI. (*Comes down centre.*) Mrs. Pliant! Ze devil! Madame, I sal be so glad I meet wis you.

MRS. P. What's the matter, Marinetta?

MAR. Mi ladi take very ill.

MRS. P. My second-floor lodger! poor creature, what's the matter with her?

MARI. (*Hardly knowing what to say.*) Se sal be ill two day pass, and se sal go out yesterday; I tink it was cold, and se catch him again—her nerve shake very muche—and se sal faint six time all away. So I run down ze stair to lend of you a bottle zat smell, for we sal break all ours.

MRS. P. By all means; I'll look for one. (*Opens the table drawer, and looks for a smelling-bottle.*)

FRA. (*Aside to* ELLEN.) That's all gammon—*that's* not what she came for.

MARI. (*Aside.*) Zat Narcisse not here—ze ingrat! ze wretch! he hide hisself from me six day go by.

MRS. P. (*Bringing down a bottle of eau-de-cologne.*) This is the only scent I have at hand—a little eau-de-cologne—the best thing in the world to revive her. (*To* FRANK.) When Narcissus comes down, tell him he may breakfast with me, for I have some business to talk over with him.

FRA. (*Aside.*) What next, I wonder?

MARI. (*Aside.*) Breakfast wiz one anoder—very droll, I tink.

MRS. P. Ellen, go to the baker's, and desire him to send a loaf of brown bread; Narcissus prefers it, as being lighter, his chest is so delicate.

ELL. Yes, Ma'am. (*Exit through shop,* C.)

MARI. (*Aside.*) Se take von great care of se shopboy, I tink.

FRA. There's something at the bottom of all this.

MARI. (*To* MRS. P.) I sal not zee zat young pareson before here?

MRS. P. No; she only came into my service yesterday.

MARI. (*Aside.*) She too pretty; and when I see her I am not very glad.

MRS. P. Frank, I am going to my room to regulate some accounts. (*To* MARI.) I hope your mistress will soon recover, Marinetta. (*To* FRANK.) Be sure and let me know as soon as Narcissus comes down, and do not wake him for the world. (*Exit at door* O.P. *2nd* E.)

MARI. (*in a smothered rage.*) Narcisse is de villain! and sal give me de satisfaction all at once. (*Flounces out at 2nd door,* P.S.)

FRA. What the devil's the meaning of all this? When I mention the name of Briggs, my wife smiles, and says, "Did you say Briggs?" Then down comes the widow, whose business I was hoping to pop into, and she orders me to tell Briggs to breakfast with her; and then this Italian spitfire, Marinetta, bounces out of the house, calling him a villain, and insisting on immediate satisfaction! So, amongst us all, we seem to be in a nice way. (*Listening at 1st door,* P.S.) He sleeps as sound as a top, but I must not (*imitating* MRS. PLIANT) "wake him for the world!" There isn't a mouse stirring. (*Listens at 1st door* P.S., *as* NARCISSUS *tumbles in at the 2nd door, without a hat, and his clothes torn and in disorder.*)

NAR. (*Leaning against table,* L.) Am I at home, or am I not? I am. The fellow hasn't quite beat my brains out, and no limb broken. I'm well out of the scrape then.

FRA. Oh, is that you, Narcissus?

NAR. Eh! Why, I begin to think it is.

FRA. Just come home? You slept out then?

NAR. Slept! I haven't closed my eyes, though I have very nearly had 'em closed for me. I have met with an accident.

FRA. An accident!

NAR. An accident. A young fellow don't go out in the middle of the night for nothing.

FRA. You went *out* for it then?

NAR. No, but I came *in* for it, and rather unexpectedly—a sort of a windfall, and a devil of a breeze it was! What I went out for I'll tell you: but mum—quite confidential.

FRA. Of course.

NAR. A charming young widow, whose name I mustn't tell, was going to be married to a very queer old gentleman, whose name I never inquired. The old story—the person rather repulsive, the purse exceedingly attractive. All was settled, when business called him abroad. In the mean time the lady and myself met at a fashionable confectioner's—the old story again: we started and gazed—our sympathies jumped—and many an evening, and part of an occasional morning, have I passed in her delightful society.

FRA. And I not find it out?

NAR. This morning, just as I was taking leave of her, as usual, we heard a loud thumping at the door.

FRA. A thumping?

NAR. Yes; it wasn't the only one! Soon after, a loud voice was heard—it was that of the queer old gentleman.

FRA. Returned suddenly to England, having got a scent, I suppose, of what was going on in his absence.

NAR. You may fancy our alarm; Maria was in a terrible fright.

FRA. Ah, Maria's her name!

NAR. Bless me, I've betrayed myself! But you wont abuse my confidence?

FRA. Oh, go on!

NAR. Well, the noise ceased; the time slipped away; and, in about an hour, I slipped away also. It was scarcely daylight; I stepped lightly down the stairs, and, when I got to the darkest corner of the staircase, I was suddenly caught in a shower.

FRA. A shower! of what?

NAR. The hardest thumps I ever felt.

FRA. From what?

NAR. I rather think from a cudgel; and I had not gone farther than the gutter outside the door, when I heard the hail-storm rattling on the balustrade. He must have broken his weapon, whatever it was. It's lucky for me he didn't break any thing else! But is Mrs. Pliant up yet, and has she asked for me?

FRA. She's been up some time, and thinks you fast asleep; and when you came down, I was to tell you she wished you to breakfast with her.

NAR. She's the very pink of haberdashers! Here, take the key of my room, like a good fellow, and get me out another coat. (*Giving his dirtied coat.*)

FRA. And what's become of your hat?

NAR. My cap, you mean. I went out in a morning cap that the pretty Italian Marinetta, up stairs, worked for me, and, in the confusion, I really can give no satisfactory account of it.

FRA. Ah! take care of these Italians. For fire and fury, they are perfect volcanoes!—(*Goes into room of* NARCISSUS, *1st door,* P. S.)

NAR. He's right there—I would have out with her long ago, but her fire and fury make me tremble at the thought. She has the devil's own share of it, that's certain.

(*Re-enter* FRANK *with another coat, which* NARCISSUS *puts on.*)

FRA. There; now you had better make haste to the widow, or there'll be mischief there, too. Stay!—by the bye, here's a letter from the country for you.—(*Takes letter from his waistcoat pocket, and gives it to* NARCISSUS.)

NAR. (*Conceitedly.*) All right! (*Puts it in his pocket.*)

FRA. Don't you mean to read it?

NAR. A woman's handwriting—their epistolary style is all the same; fly-flaps dipped in tears, nothing more. (*Laughing.*)

FRA. Ah! you're a pretty fellow; but I must see to business. (*Exit into Shop through* C. D.)

NAR. And I wish, with all my heart, I had been as ugly a dog as you are. Oh! Nature, why did you heap your gifts and graces upon me for my eternal torment? But what can I do? I wish I had been as frightful as the Saracen's head on Snow-hill. I wish I had been born with a hump on my shoulders; then they never would have been cudgelled as they were this morning, for resting a lovely head that did'nt belong to them. In spite of myself, I'm a devil—I really am a devil. But I'm resolved—I've done with 'em all. Yes, yes; Mrs. Pliant, for my money; or, rather, for *her* money—I'll marry her at once, and sleep quietly. She has a fortune to console me, a spirit to protect me, and if the

rest of the sex *must* be the sufferers, let 'em keep out of my way. Why do they hover about me? Why do they write to me? (*Holds up his letter.*) *You*, you foolish thing, whoever you are, why do *you* write to me? That I must ascertain. (*Reads.*) "MR. BRIGGS!"—How very awful!—"There is a little darling waiting for your fatherly embrace!"—How very free and easy!—"and I am determined you shall do your duty by him, you good-for-nothing wretch!"—How very polite!—"I am, with due respect, your deluded victim!"—and no name!—How very luminous! The letter is dated Chelmsford—but at Chelmsford I was beset with half-a-dozen of them; however, she *is* at Chelmsford, so when I am married—here comes the widow. Now to bring her to the point!

(*Enter* MRS. PLIANT, *door* O.P. 2 E.)

MRS. P. Ah! you are here at last, Narcissus; I began to be uneasy at your getting up so late.

NAR. Too late, indeed! Ah! Rosalie, since you will have me call you so, when shall I awake by the light of those dazzlers?

MRS. P. For shame! But what ails you? your countenance looks pale and dejected.

NAR. And is it to be wondered at?

MRS. P. What is the cause?

NAR. Ask your looking-glass.

MRS. P. Do have done!

NAR. My nights are full of agitation; and, to-day, so was my morning.

MRS. P. Dear Narcissus! what was it?—a beating at your heart?

NAR. 'Twas a beating all over.

MRS. P. Well, come to breakfast.

NAR. Breakfast wont cure me,—I've no digestion. My dear widow, ever since you promised me your hand, my life has been consuming away by inches—and what do you think with? (*Aside.*) Now, I'll hit her hard! I'm jealous, Mrs. Pliant—there are rivals in the field! Rivals, Rosalie! and, above all others, that Kidd, the glover, is over head and ears in love with you!

MRS. P. But have I not given him up for you?

NAR. So you say—but I'm not at all easy in my mind; and if our wedding is any longer delayed—

MRS. P. Silence! you imprudent young man. Does not your uncle Johnston arrive to-day?

NAR. This very day. I yesterday heard of his arrival at Falmouth, from the continent; and this day he will reach London. I only wish I had half his riches to lay at the feet of my Rosalie!

(ELLEN *enters at* C. *door, with a loaf of brown bread. She passes into door,* R. 2 E.)

MRS. P. It is not wealth I desire, but a tender heart, not likely to go astray; and I am not quite sure of your's.

NAR. What! can you suppose—

MRS. P. But you are too gallant by half; and there is in this house a young Italian—

NAR. Marinetta—a maid-servant! Oh! dear, how could you imagine—

MRS. P. Why, it certainly would not be very becoming.

(*Enter* FRANK *through* C.D.)

FRA. You are wanted in the shop, ma'am.

MRS. P. I'll come presently—but first tell Ellen, we'll have breakfast in this room.

FRA. Yes, ma'am. (*Exit through door*, O.P. 2 E.)

NAR. Ellen! who's she?

MRS. P. My new servant. I sent her out to get some brown bread, as I know you are fond of it.

NAR. (*Aside.*) Ellen! if it should be! Pooh! there are more Ellens than one in the world.

(D.R. 2 E. *Enter* FRANK, *followed by* ELLEN *with breakfast-things.* NARCISSUS *sees her.*)

FRA. Here she is, ma'am.

NAR. Here she is, indeed!

ELL. Ah! (*Screaming and letting the things fall on table*, L.H.)

MRS. P. You awkward thing!—what have you done?

FRA. (*Aside.*) What's the meaning of all this? They seem both very much confused.

ELL. I twisted my ankle, ma'am, and—

NAR. Scalded mine—nothing but hot water.

MRS. P. I'll just see what is wanted of me, and return in a few minutes. (*Exit into Shop* C.D.)

NAR. (*Going to* ELLEN.) Pray, Miss Ellen, what do you mean by coming up to town and hunting me out in this manner?

FRA. What's that I hear?

ELL. Who is this person? I don't know you, sir.

FRA. (*Aside.*) He seems as familiar with her as if she did.

NAR. Don't know me! What, then, you have some reason for not wishing to know me?

ELL. (*Aside.*) I should think so; with my husband in the room.

NAR. I see—the presence of a stranger. I say, Frank, leave us together for a few minutes, there's a good fellow.

FRA. Thank you, I'd rather stay; the meeting amuses me.

ELL. (*To* NAR.) And why, sir, shouldn't I speak before him? I have no secrets; and, I repeat it, I do not know who you are.

NAR. With all my heart!—my fancy exactly. Let the past be buried in oblivion; and henceforth, my love, we are perfect strangers.

FRA. (*Aside.*) To think now, that I daren't kick him out of the room!

NAR. (*To* ELLEN.) Well, consent to this, and I promise to find a husband for you. Frank and I will look out for a husband for you—some easy, good-natured fellow, who will neither hear, nor see, and, of course, say nothing. Eh! Frank?

FRA. (*Aside.*) I can stand this no longer. (*To* NAR.) Sir, you—

NAR. Hold your tongue!—(JOHNSTON *in the Shop, talking with* MRS. PLIANT.)—there's some one coming.

JOHN. (*In shop.*) Yes, my dear madam, I am impatient to see my nephew.

NAR. That's the voice of my uncle, as I'm alive. Ellen, mind and be discreet!—Frank, not a word!

FRA. (*Aside.*) This is atrocious!

(*Enter* JOHNSTON *through* C.D., *followed by* MRS. P.)

JOHN. Come to my arms, my dear boy. (*Embracing* NARCISSUS.)

FRA. (*Aside.*) Now to look out for the waggoner with our little one. Let me see you presently, Mrs. Ellen,—I must have some conversation with *you*. (*Exit into Shop.*)

ELL. I assure you, Frank— (*Exit through* O.P. *door.*)

MRS. P. I hope, Mr. Johnston, you'll allow me to offer you breakfast.

JOHN. I *have* breakfasted, ma'am, thank you. I arrived at an early hour in the morning, with a devil of an appetite, and went into a coffee-house in a devil of a temper; where, for a couple of shillings, I ate like a Turk.

NAR. That will do you no harm.

JOHN. Perhaps not; but I got into a rage with one of the waiters, being out of temper about another business; and, as I am very passionate, I broke two-and-twenty plates!

NAR. Two-and-twenty!

JOHN. A pile that was by my side; so that my two-shilling breakfast cost me two-and-twenty! However, I rated them roundly, for I was as furious as a lion!

NAR. You always had a head of your own!

JOHN. I have, and an arm, too—I must not be insulted! I'm very passionate, and those who insult me, I never insult again—one blow is worth a dozen words—one, two, and down they go! I'm hot, ma'am.

MRS. P. So it seems, sir. But calm yourself, and take a seat.

JOHN. (*Gets a chair for Widow, &c.*) You're right, ma'am; you're right. And now let us talk over your business. (*They seat themselves.*) I take a great interest in it; and as soon as Narcissus wrote me word of the proposed marriage, I hastened home. Don't delay it, as I did. I'm for hurrying such things, as I, personally, know the consequences of a delay.

NAR. You, uncle!

JOHN. Yes, my boy. When I left England, eleven months ago, *I* was also on the point of being married.

NAR. Is it possible?

JOHN. I didn't mention it to you, because you are my heir, and it might have annoyed you.

NAR. You're very considerate.

JOHN. To a young woman [illegible] bred. Unluckily, my departure postponed the ce[illegible] ill my return. I arrived without ap[illegible] as sooner than she expected me, I meant to giv[illegible] le surprise. When I got out of the stage-co[illegible] was to go to her house.

NAR. (*Aside.*) This is an odd coincidence!

JOHN. I knocked at the door,—I called,—but I got no answer; and beginning to suspect all was not right, I hid myself in a corner of the staircase.

NAR. (*Aside.*) The widow's man, to my horror!

JOHN. In about an hour (I choke while I mention it), I see coming out of Maria's room—that is her name—a being of the masculine gender!

MRS. P. How very horrible!

JOHN. The day just breaking enabled me to recognise him.

NAR. You recognised him?

JOHN. I recognised him to be a man: he ran down stairs; and as he passed me, I cannot tell the precise number of blows I gave him with my stick; but, if it be true that mortals are frail beings, the fellow must be, by this time, in little bits.

NAR. One word. Was it with the old Wanghee?

JOHN. It was: the thick knotty one that you used to ride, and treat like a horse.

NAR. *(Aside.)* It has returned the compliment.

JOHN. I remember you were in love with that stick.

NAR. Yes; but I an't now—I'm rather inconstant.

MRS. P. What?

NAR. In that respect only. I've lost my affection for the stick, though I shall never forget it.

JOHN. (*Rising with* MRS. PLIANT.) After such a discovery, I did not enter her apartments, for I'm such a passionate fellow, I should have been the death of her. So I shall wait till my anger has cooled a little.

NAR. If I were in your place, I shouldn't go back to her.

MRS. P. Pardon me, but we are sometimes the dupes of appearances.

JOHN. (*To* NAR.) The widow's right—appearances *do* deceive us. Besides, I may, perhaps, learn the fellow's name; and, if I do, the Lord help him,—he my say *his* prayers.

NAR. (*Aside.*) I'm goose-flesh all over.

JOHN. However, this has nothing to do with your marriage. We'll sign the contract this very day—that's settled; and I'll go and procure the proper witnesses.

MRS. P. I'll send out Ellen to invite a few friends, while I go myself to my attorney's, and have a contract duly prepared, and bring it back with me.

NAR. (*Aside.*) I wish it was signed already.

JOHN. Good bye, then, for the present. *(Looking for his stick.)* Where is my stick? Ah! I forgot—it's gone.

NAR. Joy go with it, I say.

JOHN. Well, well, good day.

NAR. My horizon begins to darken—the clouds lower, and

threaten me with another thunder shower I shall never escape from. Luckily the widow doats on me. My uncle, at present, suspects nothing; and, if I can only blind him—(*Seeing* MARINETTA *enter at second door*, P. S.) Marinetta! the devil!—that's another cloud, and the blackest of them all.

MAR. You sal be in good spirit, Narcisse.

NAR. That's because I expected to see you. (*Aside.*) Swallow that, and be quiet.

MAR. Always gallant; but I glad you see me alone, for I sal wish to speak wiz you.

NAR. (*Aside.*) A pleasant situation, considering the widow is coming back. Speak, my pretty Marinetta.

MAR. I sal have moche to say; but you sal tell me, Narcisse, is love a ting to be alive for ever?

NAR. Mine, for you, will for ever and ever.

MAR. None of zat stuff, sare. Speak in ze frank way, and I sal make you ze exampel.

NAR. An example? What do you mean?

MAR. 'Tis very delicât. Wat I sal say 'tis very true, Narcisse, zat ze heart's feel is very ephemere—don't stop wiz you very long time. If you sal love me as you sal do von time, very good; but you sal not—and your conduct has caught very bad cold, sare.

NAR. Marinetta!

MAR. 'Tis noting to me *now*, for ze truth sal speak to you, and I——

NAR. (*Eagerly.*) No longer love *me?*

MAR. Don't throw over me ze reproche.

NAR. I wont; for, as you say, the feelings of the heart are

ephemeral, which is a hard word, but we'll make it easy. For, to relieve your mind, and be as frank as you, my love also has gone smack round like the weather-cock.

MAR. (*Bursting out.*) Ze weazer-cock!—It sal? Brigand! ze monster! He sal tell it his self!

NAR. Why you haven't laid a snare for me?

MAR. A snare! I wish he was a big rat-trap to seize all over you—you sal not know me. You sal not know ze long ways how I sal go fetch my revenge. He sal be von terrible ting—nothing sal stop his vay. If I sal die, dere sal die another. Behold! (*Draws a dagger from her bosom.*) Behold!

NAR. A dagger! I'm horror-struck!—for me?

MAR. For you or your accomplice. Se sal beware.

NAR. You are mad.

MAR. I am. I know your treashery. I am know of your intrigue; and if you sal marry Mrs. Pliant——

NAR. I wont. I never meant it. They have been hoaxing you.

MAR. You are serious?

NAR. Very serious indeed.

MAR. I have some bres again.

NAR. (*Aside.*) When it's lie or die, nothing like a wapper.

MRS. P. (*Outside.*) Let them wait a few minutes.

MAR. Here she come. Now for to prove vat you sal say.

NAR. How prove?

MAR. You sal stay here, and I sal hide me in zat room. (*Pointing to first door,* P. S.) And you sal say noting of de love and de marriage; and say dere be no love at all, or I strike your heart. Dat for you. (*Shewing the dagger.*)

NAR. Don't look so wildly—don't act so wildly.

MAR. Hold your tongue, and do as I sal say you.

(*She rushes into the room,* 1 E., P. S.)

NAR. There's a bravo in petticoats! If I'm to be carried, stiletto in hand, there's an end of the widow; after that talk of Cupid and his bow-and-arrows! There *she is*—(*Enter* MRS. PLIANT *at* O. P. *door.*)—and here's the widow!

MRS. P. Well, Narcissus, here I am, come back; and here's the contract all ready.

NAR. (*Coughing loudly.*) Hum. H—u—m.

MRS. P. I am afraid I have kept you waiting.

NAR. (*Looking at* P. S. *door.*) Oh! no—on the contrary.

MRS. P. "On the contrary!"—that's not a very flattering expression, Narcissus.

NAR. I mean—that is, do not give yourself any trouble—(*Aside.*)—Oh, Lord! Oh, Lord!—on my account, because—

MRS. P. It would be very unnatural in our present situation, if——

NAR. (*Coughing again.*) H—u—m. H—u—m.

MRS. P. (*Tenderly.*) I did not shew some anxiety.

NAR. (*Coughing again.*) Hum! hum! hum!

MRS. P. What a bad cough you have, Narcissus!

NAR. Yes; indeed I suffer dreadfully.

MRS. P. In your chest?

NAR. (*Standing between her and the* P. S. *door.*) No; at present it's on my left side.

MRS. P. I hope it's nothing of consequence. I am bound now, you know, to nurse, and take care of you.

(*Here* MARINETTA *half opens the door, and shews her dagger.*)

NAR. (*Aside.*) It's all over with me. The door opens,

and out she'll come. (*Loud to* MRS. P.) Madam, what's the meaning of all this? People will suppose——

MRS. P. Suppose!—and what need we care for their suppositions? Our vows are pledged.

NAR. Pledged—what d'ye mean by pledged? Why, at this rate, you'd have the world believe—(*aside*)—the door's shut again—I breathe. (MARINETTA *closes the door again.*)

MRS. P. Believe what?—what can such language mean? Is this Narcissus?—are you trifling with my affections?

NAR. (*Hastily.*) Your affections! Pray control your expressions. (*Aside, and with a groan.*) O—h! the door opens again.

MRS. P. What can be the meaning of this sudden change? An hour ago you were all love and tenderness.

NAR. Me, Madam?

MRS. P. You. Why your head's confused.

NAR. I see it still. (*Looking at the dagger.*)

MRS. P. Quite wandering! and at the very moment which unites us for ever.

(*Here* NARCISSUS *continues coughing, and getting nearer the door,* P. S., *which at last he pushes to, and turns the key.*)

NAR. O—h! I'm safe at last.

MRS. P. Why have you shut that door? The confusion in your countenance is unusual. Narcissus, there is some one in that room.

NAR. What in this?

MRS. P. Do you make no answer?

NAR. (*Changing his tone.*) A row will cover all. (*Aside.*) Oh! yes, Madam, there *is* some one; and do you mean to tell me you don't know who the fellow is?

MRS. P. The fellow!

NAR. , Mrs. Pliant. The fellow is that madman, Kidd, the lover; and a report of our marriage having reached him, he has run here, and has hid himself in that room—(*Po ting to* P. S. *door*)—to overhear our conversation.

MRS. P. an as Mr. Kidd do a thing of that with him.

NAR. D armed, and threatens to attempt you

MRS. P. l?

s heard at the P. S. *door.*)

NAR. D'ye he ? (*Raising his voice.*) Very well, sir, I'll be with you presently. (*To* MRS. P.) Leave us together, ma'am, and I'll soon settle his business.

MRS. P. I wont quit your side. (*Knocking heard again.*)

NAR. (*Looking to centre door.*) Somebody coming! (*To* MRS. PLIANT.) Go, madam, go into your own room, coquette as you are.

(*Enter* FRANK, *from Shop,* C.D.)

FRANK. Madam, here is a countryman who wishes to speak with you.

MRS. P. What does he want?

FRANK. I don't know, ma'am. Here, come in, young man.

(*Enter* WAGGONER, C.D., *carrying a cradle on his shoulder.*)

WAG. Sarvant, ma'am.

FRANK. (*Aside to* WAGGONER.) Now don't forget what I told you to say.

WAG. (*Aside.*) Don't'e be afeard o' I. (*To* MRS. PLIANT.) I be the Chemsford waggoner, and I ha' brought up this little babby from its nurse to its feyther, and she says he be one of your shop lads.

MRS. P. One of my shop boys?

NAR. (*Aside.*) It's the brat mentioned in the Chelmsford letter.

WAG. (*Poring over it.*) Yeas, Maister Narcissus Briggs—that's the durrection.

MRS. P. (*Screams faintly.*) Oh, I shall faint!

FRA. (*Slipping half-a-crown into the* WAGGONER'S *hand.*) You're a capital fellow—that's for your trouble. Now, be off.

WAG. I wish you a vurry good day, marm. (*Exit,* C. D.)

MRS. P. Where am I, and what has become of me? Speak, Narcissus, speak, I beseech you.

NAR. I will.

MRS. P. Well, Sir.

NAR. (*Sighing.*) Lovely Rosalie! I can struggle no longer.

MRS. P. But this child—this child—

NAR. What of it?—It's a little exuberance—ascribed to me, most unaccountably.

MRS. P. (*Sarcastically.*) Unaccountably!

NAR. Yes, Rosalie, I assure you, my little flirtations don't justify it. But what matters? Here he is—he seems to feel himself quite at home, and suppose we adopt him.

MRS. P. Adopt him?

NAR. If it's agreeable to you—Fortune may not favour us, perhaps.

MRS. P. Mr. Briggs!

NAR. ll, in the mean time, then, let me take him to Ellen.

FRA. (*Aside.*) Excellent!

MRS. P. ake him where you please, but never see my face till you can e r to my entire satisfaction.

(*Exit* D. 2. E. R.)

FRA. No rplexity till he has made up his mind

(*Exit* D. 2. E. R.)

NAR. This is to be a g fellow, to be envied by all mankind, a of their anonymous peccadilloes. (*Addre* little offspring of mystery, who do you belong to es. Oh, the sympathies of nature! I can't disown him. I'll take him to Nurse immediately. (NAR. *is just going out with cradle as he sees his Uncle.*) My uncle—the devil! (*Stops short.*)

(*Enter* OLD JOHNSTON *through* C.D.)

JOHN. (*Down on* R.) Holloa, Narcissus, where are you going, and whose child is that?

NAR. This child, uncle! Why, between ourselves, it's a bit of a mystery—a romance. I'll tell you all about it by-and-bye—it will make you die of laughing.

JOHN. Where are you going?

NAR. I'll be back directly. (*Taking his uncle aside.*) A word in your ear. There's a person locked up in that room.

JOHN. A man?

NAR. Yes; a young man in disguise. When I'm gone, let him out, will you? Tell him I'm off, and would advise him to be off too. You'll do me an immense service.

JOHN. I understand. I'll do it.

NAR. Be resolute, as if you were in authority here. Insist on his going.

JOHN. Let me alone.

NAR. He's here on mischief. I'll be back directly and explain all. (*Goes off with cradle, 2nd door,* P. S.)

JOHN. A mystery! a romance! damn me, this is something like my adventure with Maria. I have just left the perfidious hussy, and have found unequivocal proofs of her infidelity; and if I only knew the rascal who—. But, first, my prisoner. I wonder what the devil he's locked up for. (*Goes and opens the 1st door,* P.S.) You may come out.

(MARINETTA *rushing out of the room,* P.S.)

MAR. Oh, ze villain—ze monster! Ware sal he be?

JOHN. He's off; and we advise you to be off too.

MAR. Indeed! But I sal not, sare. He must come back, and here I take ze seat for him.

JOHN. But you shall not. Do you know who I am?

MAR. Who? You stupid John Bull.

JOHN. Oh! for the old wanghee! But I tell you I'm in authority here; and though I don't know what this bobbery's about, I'll stand by my nephew, Narcissus.

MAR. Your nephew! Ze imposter! Your nephew—ze wretch—who have ze audacity to lock me in zat room. Oh! I sal suffocate.

JOHN. Well; don't suffocate me.

MAR. I sal have poke ze wall zrough wiz my scream; when ze rage choke me, and I faint all away.

JOHN. Faint all away! A young man faint!

MAR. Ze young man! Is your head turn all round, turvy-topsy? I am a woman, sare—A Signora—whom he have much wrong—I am enragé—a danger woman.

JOHN. Well, upon my life, here's more than masculine metal here—that's certain. She *is* a woman—and, i'fegs! I smell powder here. Ah, ah! that rascal, Narcissus!

MAR. It's no laugh, sare.

JOHN. Perhaps not; but there's one consolation—it happens every day.

MAR. How! wl[illegible]o you zat his conduct sal be ze infam—he [illegible]idow Pliant—zay have ze little shile.

JOHN. Oh, I k[illegible]t make yourself easy—it's no use taking thi[illegible]n [illegible] manner,—who is *not* deceived in this world, I should [illegible]o know? Why I myself am a victim, at this very moment, of a similar treachery.

MAR. You!

JOHN. I!

MAR. *(Bursting out laughing.)* Ha! ha! ha!—poor old gentleman—you!

JOHN. Mine's no laughing matter either, ma'am.

MAR. Perhaps not; but zar's one consolation, it happen every day. Ha! ha!

JOHN. They shall both pay dearly for it, if I only discover the fellow; and, thank fortune, chance has now furnished me with some evidence to steer by. Look here, this morning cap found in Maria's apartment. (*Taking a morning cap out of his coat pocket.*)

MAR. A morning cap! I sal look at him. Why, *I* work him.

JOHN. You! you work him.

MAR. Yes; and make ze present of him to your nephew, Narcisse, a mons go by.

JOHN. To my nephew?

MAR. (*Pacing the stage.*) Ah! anozer rival! Ze harden profligate!

JOHN. The vagabond—the coward—the roué—without the least respect for his uncle, to dare—and now I think of it, that child in the cradle—and my absence of nearly a year. Oh, it speaks for itself—the atrocious scoundrel! I'll exterminate him.

MAR. Do. Have no mercy a top of him.

JOHN. Mercy! I'll turn out, and procure a couple of friends immediately. He's no blood relation; and I'll teach him—you shall be revenged, my dear.

MAR. I will have ze great revenge.

JOHN. Rely on me. (*Rushes out of the* C. D.)

MAR. No; I rely for myself. I have ze project in zis head, which will have ze greater effet. I sal be sure of him.

NAR. (*Coming in at 2nd door,* P.S.) My little beauty's safely disposed of.

MAR. Here he comb; I sal dissemble.

NAR. Marinetta!—here still. (*Aside.*) I am never to be rid of her.

MAR. Again you not glad I come, Narcisse?

NAR. By no means.

MAR. Insolent! But no mattare—it is noting for ze present—I for ever despise of you.

NAR. Bravo!

MAR. What, you call me ze bravo?

NAR. That is, you're quite right. Disdain is better than daggers, be assured—better for the health. Beg pardon, Marinetta; I believe you have seen my uncle—an old gentleman I left here?

MAR. He go out for little vile, but he comb back again wiz a couple of his friend, he say.

NAR. Friends! Oh, aye, he's of a convivial character—he's always ready to entertain his friends.

MAR. Yes, and his relation one time to-day.

NAR. Well; I've made him run about pretty well all day, and the least thing I can do is to prepare some refreshment for him by his return—a little wine-and-water, or a glass of punch. No; now I think of it—he likes a glass of bishop better than any thing in the world.

MAR. Does he? Well; zo I hate you—wiz reason too—I have not ze wicked motive—I go down ze stair to make some tea for my ladi—I will mix ze bowl of bishop for you at ze one same time.

NAR. That *is* kind of you, Marinetta. (*Takes her hand, and is about to kiss it.*)

MAR. (*Drawing it back.*) Take care what you sal do—here is Mrs. Pliant.

NAR. (*Aside.*) Bless 'em, they are all so precipitate, yet so placable.

(*Enter* MRS. PLIANT, *door* O.P., *followed by* ELLEN.)

MRS. P. So they all accept my invitation—I'm sorry now I asked them; but, as we must receive them, set this room in order, Ellen.

ELLEN. Yes, ma'am. (*Arranges the chairs, table, &c. &c.*)

MRS. P. (*Seeing* MAR.) That woman here again.

NAR. (*Aside.*) Now they are pitted—a pair of hen turtles that will fight like game-cocks.

MRS. P. Narcissus, can I not speak to you alone?

NAR. And why not?

MAR. I understand a you—ze widow desire a tête-à-tête wiz you.

MRS. P. You seem to be out of temper at my having interrupted yours.

NAR. (*Aside.*) If they would only vent their rage on one another.

MAR. You have alarm, I tink, I sal take of you away your conquest?

MRS. P. Which you have not been able to keep to yourself.

NAR. (*Trying to stir them up.*) At her!

MAR. Ah! madam, you have ze grand wit to win ze heart of all lover—you have decide on all sacrifice to—

MRS. P. There are *some* persons in the world who have nothing *to* sacrifice!

NAR. (*To* MAR.) Don't mind her.

MAR. (*Boxing his ear.*) Zat for you! Stand off, sare!

NAR. Oh!

MRS. P. Such familiarity in *my* presence!

NAR. (*Looking at* MRS. P.) For your sake I endure it.

MRS. P. (*Boxing his other ear.*) You do? That will teach you more spirit!

MAR. (*Turning up her nose at* MRS. P.) You endure everything—zat little shile from Shelmford!

MRS. P. Well!

ELL. (*Advancing.*) A child!—from Chelmsford?—*my* son!

ALL. Her son!

ELL. And my husband suffer it!

MRS. P. Her husband!

MAR. (*Bursting out with rage and smothered laughter.*) He marry two ife!

ELL. I'll fly and find it out; they must, they shall give it me back! (*Runs out* C. D.)

MRS. P. (*Going up to* NAR.) There's an end to every thing. Leave ! (*Exit at door* O.P.)

MAR. (*G* kill you life all away *before* to-m (*Exit at 2nd door,* P.S.)

NAR. M ver—I'm lost in the darkness, and s, all's broken off between me and both low. Well, so much the better!—I shall now mething higher; I've got my eye on a foreign countess who comes here with smuggled lace. Then, my uncle loves me, and his purse is entirely at my service; my horizon clears up,—I see a bit of blue sky!

(*Enter* JOHNSTON *through* C. D.)

JOHN. Do you? you wont see it long—rascal!

NAR. Ha! uncle, you're arrived just in time; I was that moment thinking of you. Have you brought the two friends with you?

JOHN. They're waiting for us. Come, sir!

NAR. Sir! (*Aside.*) What's in the wind now? Where do you wish me to go?

JOHN. (*Pulling the morning cap out of his coat-pocket.*) There's my answer!

NAR. My hair stands on end!

JOHN. Follow me, I say.

NAR. What's your object? Give me an explanation.

JOHN. (*Pulling a couple of pistols from under his frock-coat.*) Here's a short one.

NAR. Pistols! Why, you must be mad to suppose I'd fight with you!

JOHN. This instant come.

NAR. *I!*—your nephew! What, d'ye think I'll commit *uncle-side?*

JOHN. Do you refuse, coward?

NAR. Coward!—remember, I belong to your family.

JOHN. No; your outrage has broken all ties between us.

NAR. One word more. They say I'm the father of a family; that is, I have reason to believe I'm the author of the little darling you saw just now.

JOHN. And do you dare tell me of it? You exasperate my fury—the child of Maria—

NAR. Of Maria?

JOHN. Come, no more delay; for if you wont follow me, we fight here on the spot.

NAR. It sha'n't be; you're my uncle. I'll sign any apology, and beg your pardon.

JOHN. That wont do—choose!

NAR. I don't fancy either.

JOHN. You know the alternative—honour demands it

NAR. I defy it!

JOHN. A sound thrashing!

NAR. I've had it. Honour don't leather a man twice a-day for the same offence.

JOHN. We shall see that. (*Going for a stick he has laid down.*)

NAR. Stay! do you think me so base. No; take your ground—and if you will have my life, I take a pistol, that you may not be hanged for it.

JOHN. Well, damn me, that's generous too.

NAR. Now then—(*Takes a pistol; place themselves in position*)—One, two—

(FRANK *enters, with a bowl and two glasses on a salver.*)

FRA. What do I see? Stop! stop!

NAR. Don't be alarmed; my uncle's only giving me a lesson on pistol-firing.

FRA. That's another affa[illegible] e's the bowl of bishop which Marinetta asked me t[illegible] g in—(*Places it on the table*)—and if it's good for n[illegible] it's no fault of mine, for Marinetta would make it her[illegible]

NAR. Marinetta! then I [illegible] er every thing for this interruption.

FRA. She says its much better made in the Italian manner.

NAR. (*Aside.*) How that girl adores me! (*He and* JOHNSTON *go to the table where the bowl is, and* NARCISSUS *fills the glasses.*)

FRA. I have had a talk with Ellen, and she has now satisfied me. (*Exit,* C.D.)

NAR. I'm very happy to hear it.

JOHN. Harkye, nephew! I'm hot, and so is the bishop; and, somehow, one seems to cool the other,—and I am thinking that, as you've been caned, and offered to stand fire besides, suppose we end our broil, and begin our bowl?

NAR. With all my heart.

JOHN. Your hand; and now, instead of discharging our pistols, let us charge our glasses—to the health of Marinetta!

NAR. We will. (*Drinks.*)

JOHN. I begin to feel quite calm again.

NAR. I dare say; *Bishop* IS a composer, you know.

JOHN. So I find.

NAR. Come, the widow waits for us. Another bumper to her health will about finish the bowl.

JOHN. Dispatch then—The widow!

NAR. The widow!—so soon again to be a wife! (*They drink again.*)

JOHN. (*After drinking.*) Hasn't this bishop a very odd taste?

NAR. Not at all—Come, let us finish it. (*He turns up the bowl into each of their glasses, and empties it.*) What's this? a note between the bowl and the salver!

JOHN. A note? (*Drinks*)

NAR. (*Opening the note.*) "I sent you word this bishop was made in the Italian manner; and when you have drank it, you are poisoned." Oh!

JOHN. (*Throwing down his glass.*) Poisoned!

NAR. (*Continuing.*) Here's more—"This is the vengeance of Marinetta."

JOHN. (*Crying out.*) Poisoned!

NAR. Poisoned!

JOHN. Murderer! this, then, was all you wanted—to destroy your uncle!

NAR. Oh, don't attack me! I am punished enough! I'd give *my* life to save both our lives!

JOHN. Oh—ah! I burn!

NAR. Oh, this agony!

JOHN. I'm dying! help!

NAR. I'm dead! help! (*They both sink down on a chair;* MRS. PLIANT *and* ELLEN *run in at the* O.P. *door;* FRANK *at the* C.D., *and* MARINETTA *at the 2nd door,* P.S., *keeping herself aside.*)

MRS. P. What is the matter?

JOHN. my dear madam, we're both poisoned! Oh!

ALL. Gr ious!

NAR. Tha horrible Marinetta mixed poison in the bishop! Oh!

FRA. Oh! oh! I tasted it before I brought it in—Oh!

ELL. (*Gets rou* my poor husband!

MRS. P. EN.) Then you are not the wife

FRA. I

ELL. His w

NAR. No, wife's husband.

MRS. P. But this my —

FRA. Is ours!

NAR. Then he wont be an orphan.

MRS. P. Is it possible?

JOHN. Why do you plague us about all that,—we're *dying*, my dear woman.

MRS. P. Run for an apothecary.

MARI. (*Coming forward.*) Stop! Zere is no time—all assistance sal be vain. Ze poison he work more fast as ze doctor.!

NAR. Marinetta!

JOHN. The horrible creature!

MARI. I alone possess de antidote—but, then, Signor Briggs sal have ze love for me, if he sal have no oder wife but me.

JOHN. Marry her, Narcissus—marry her;—that's what she wants.

NAR. No. I'd rather die, particularly as it's half over.

JOHN. My dear nephew, I'll give you half my fortune.

FRA. And I'll give all mine!

NAR. Will you? Then for my uncle's sake, Marinetta, there's my hand.

MAR. It is right for me, zare—zere is de antidote.

(*Gives him a bottle, which he seizes, and quickly applies to his mouth.*)

JOHN. (*Taking it from him.*) It's my turn now. (*Drinks.*)

NAR. (*Aside.*) I feel better already.

JOHN. (*Passing the bottle to* NAR.) It's excellent.

MAR. If you sal be good young boy, I sal be so mild and gentle—you sal be quite surprise.

NAR. I shall indeed.

MAR. (*Getting nearer to him.*) But if you sal not be faithful to me—(*shewing him the dagger.*)

NAR. Don't be afraid, my dear. No man would be such a fool as to be unfaithful to a lady who carries about with her a dagger in one hand, and a bottle of arsenic in the other. (*To the Audience.*) Ladies, this is all your doing, and I must look to you to get out of the scrapes you have got me into and to continue to support the

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THE END.

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TUESDAY, APRIL 29th, 1834.

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1834.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Fouché (*Minister of Police during the Consulate of Buonaparte*)	Mr. COOPER.
Desaunais (*his principal Secretary*)	Mr. WEBSTER.
Michel Perrin (*a Curate*)	Mr. FARREN.
Jules de Crussac	Mr. WOOD.
Bernard	Mr. BRINDAL.
1st Clerk	Mr. HONNER.
2nd Clerk	Mr. IRWIN.
Thérese	Miss MURRAY.

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SECRET SERVICE.

ACT I.—SCENE I.

A poorly furnished, but neat apartment, on the fifth story of a house in the Rue Mouffetard, Paris. A door in flat, opening on the staircase; and a door in the first entrance, R.H. *On the opposite side another door. Three straw-bottomed chairs, and two small tables—one covered with books and papers.*

(Enter BERNARD, *from the centre door.)*

BER. Thérese not returned yet—so much the better—I shall have a moment to recover myself. I'm positively trembling—I—a soldier of the republic!—one of the conquerors of Arcole! Shame upon me!—and yet that is the very reason—as a brother in arms of the first Consul—one who has charged by his side—should I not tremble when his life is in danger?—not from the ball of a brave enemy, but from the dagger of the assassin! Hold, hold, Bernard; your fears run before your wit; why should you suspect a friend—

a benefactor—to be so guilty, merely because he desires to remain in Paris unknown? May he not have an hundred honest reasons for mystery? Yes; he may. But then with his opinions—his violence—his—s'death—if he really would work mischief against the republic, or my old general, Buonaparte, neither friendship, nor gratitude—Oh, that somebody were here to tell me what steps I should take!

(*Enter* THERESE *from centre door, with a jug of milk in her hand, and a loaf under her arm.*)

THE. Half-a-dozen this way, Bernard; and take this bread and milk into the kitchen, while I get out the spoons and the napkins.

BER. Ah! my dear Thérese! Good morning to you!

THE. What were you talking to yourself about? You were wishing for somebody to give you some good advice. Can't I do it, Bernard? It would not be the first time, I flatter myself.

BER. (*Embarrassed.*) Why, no — not exactly, in this case, Thérese. You are no carpenter, you know—and I was thinking how I should finish the little clothes-press that I have begun for you.

THE. That's a story, Bernard.

BER. A story!

THE. You know it is! You can't deceive me—you looked as red and as foolish while you were stammering it out—thank goodness, my dear Bernard, you have no talent for cheating: you have been a brave soldier, and may be a clever carpenter; but you are, I am happy to say, the worst hand at a fib that a woman who loves you could wish for.

BER. I am sure, Thérese—

THE. There, there—don't say another word—I am not at

all curious. It was only because you seemed perplexed and uneasy, and in want of advice, that I asked. I have fancied for the two last days that you have looked sad, and I thought, perhaps, the putting off of our marriage—

BER. (*Abstractedly.*) Oh, not at all—not at all.

THE. Eh? Well, now, that is the rudest thing I ever knew. You are *not* sorry that it is put off?

BER. I beg your pardon—I didn't mean—Not sorry! I'm furious! and I think it very cruel of you, Thérese, to have done any such thing. It is true, we could not have foreseen that your poor uncle would be turned out of his curacy, and thrown upon you for support; but, since it has so happened, it is only one more mouth to feed—and I love the kind old man as if he were my father—I shall never grumble at working a little harder.

THE. Dear Bernard, I know your generous heart; and were my uncle any other sort of man than he is, you cannot think I should need much persuasion; but, unfortunately, he is as simple as a child, utterly careless and ignorant of worldly affairs; he never knew what it was to work for his bread, and he never shall know while I have fingers left to do it for him!

BER. But why not let me help you, as a husband has a right to do?

THE. You have done too much already, Bernard: I find money continually put into my work-basket, and I know it comes out of your pocket. You must not do so again. My little savings are, it is true, all gone; but I have earned some money this week, and expect another order from the same shop. (*Aside.*) Alas! it is my turn to deceive now! (*Ring at the door.*) Come in!

(*Enter the* PORTER, C. D.)

POR. Your pardon, Ma'mselle Thérese, but there's you're uncle below in a coach, and he begs you'll send him down two francs to pay the fare, as he went out without any money.

BER. (*Aside.*) I should think that was likely enough.

THE. (*Aside.*) Two francs! out of the last five I have in the world! (*Aloud.*) There they are, sir. (*Gives money to* PORTER, *who goes out.*) (*Aside.*) 'Tis well the breakfast is paid for.

BER. A coach! What could possess him to take a coach?

THE. He has been rambling, as usual, all over the town, trying to find out some of his old college companions who have made their way in the world, and from one of whom he feels certain he shall get a place under government—I suppose he has walked till he was quite tired, or, perhaps, lost his way, which he has done frequently; and then he calls a coach as the surest way to get safe back again. I'm so afraid that some day he'll forget the direction, for his memory begins to fail him sadly.

BER. Hush! here he is.

(*Enter* MICHEL PERRIN, C.D.)

PER. Soh! Five pair of stairs without taking breath! Pretty well for an old fellow of sixty-eight. Hah! Good morning, my dear children—Thérese—Bernard.

BER. Good morning, citizen Perrin.

(BERNARD *places a chair for him in centre.*)

PER. Faith, I'm tired, notwithstanding my ride. I was out before six this morning, and I'm as hungry as a hunter. Only had a crust of bread—four hours ago.

THE. The coffee will be ready directly, uncle.

(THERESE, *during the following conversation, prepares the breakfast; going off and on* R. H.)

PER. Bless her dear heart! How like she is to her mother—my poor sister Madeleine. Well, well; I hope to see her married to an honest lad of my acquaintance (*Nudging* BERNARD); and then—oh!—by the bye, Bernard, I have seen this very morning the wedding present I mean to make you—I shan't tell you what it is. But I have made up my mind, and the first money that is due to me from my new place—

BER. What, have you got one, then,—at last?

PER. Got one!—no—not absolutely got it—such good things are not to be got in a hurry; but affairs are looking up—there is a prospect—I have a clue—

BER. To one of your old friends?

PER. Exactly; I recollected the name of one last night; so, as soon as it was light this morning, I started to find out little Camus—you remember little Camus; but, no—how should you? What am I talking about? Well; however, he is appointed to a very lucrative situation in the department of the Rhone, and he set off by the mail the day before yesterday.

BER. Then you did not see him?

PER. No; he was gone; but I heard from his brother, that another of our set, Brigonet, who entered the army, was still more likely to serve me: he is an Inspector-General; I got his address. And so I thought, that to-morrow or next day—and so—I took a coach, and came home.

BER. (*Aside.*) To-morrow, or next day. Poor old gentleman; he talks as if he had plenty of days to spare.

PER. Oh, by the bye, I saw somebody at the door here, who knows you.

BER. (*Alarmed.*) A young man?

PER. A young man—no—an old man—dear me, I forget his name; he told me he had given you a newspaper for me to read.

BER. My master, citizen Paul. Oh, yes; here it is—there's a notice of the grand review that is to take place to-morrow.—(*Gives paper.*)

PER. Ah, the grand review! I should like to see that; but there's an account, also, of some malcontents, who—

BER. (*Aside.*) Malcontents! Ah! what if I consulted him as if for a third person. (*Aloud.*) Apropos, Citizen Perrin—talking of malcontents—I have a friend—

PER. Who is a malcontent?

BER. No; but listen—he is a soldier, an old comrade of mine, and his life was saved in Italy by a young officer—a royalist—who—who is now in Paris.

PER. Well.

BER. My friend met him by accident two days ago, but they passed without speaking. This morning, however, the young officer again met and accosted him; and—and, amongst other things, desired him to keep his being in Paris a perfect secret.

PER. And what then?

BER. Why, the party he has espoused—his wish to be unknown—the rumours that are afloat about conspiracies—all render his presence here very embarrassing to my friend, who thinks he ought, perhaps—

PER. (*Starting up.*) What! denounce, upon mere suspicion, the man who saved his life!—play the basest part upon

earth—a spy—an informer! Bernard! Bernard! let him spurn such a thought! A secret trusted to a friend's bosom should be as sacred as that of the confessional—it should die in the breast to which it is confided. Besides, who knows but this poor young man is here with a view to make his submission—to enter, perhaps, the army of reserve—to give up a lost cause, and support that of the republic.

BER. (*Aside.*) Oh! If I could but think—

THE. (*Who has prepared every thing—setting the chairs.*) Come! come!—breakfast! breakfast!

PER. Aye, aye, to be sure!—breakfast! breakfast!

BER. Good morning, citizen Perrin; good morning, Thérese!

PER. Why, how now? Wont you breakfast with us?

BER. No, thank you; I—I am going home.

PER. Nonsense! nonsense, man! you must stay. Thérese will be affronted!

THE. Yes, yes, Bernard, you will stay; there is enough.

PER. Enough! to be sure; and if not, we'll send for some more. Sit down here, and Thérese shall sit between us. Gad! I'm so hungry. Thank you, my love; thank you. (*To* THERESE, *who helps him.*) Bless her, Bernard! I shall never forget the smile with which she welcomed her poor old uncle at the door, when he came and said—"Thérese, they have taken my curacy from me, and I am come to live with the child of a sister who is in heaven!" I shall never forget the way in which she lifted the little golden cross she wears round her neck, and— (*Stopping short, and looking at* THER., *who is much confused.*) Why, Thérese, where is your cross this morning? I never saw you without it before.

THE. My cross!—I—

PER. It was your mother's, Thérese. I do not like to see you without it. Go, love, and put it on.

THE. I—I have not got it here, uncle.

PER. How's this? You haven't lost it? I hope and trust you haven't lost it!

THE. No; oh! no—I—it was broken, and I took it yesterday morning to be mended.

BER. Come, that wont do, Thérese; for you had it on last night—(THER. *treads on his foot under the table.*)—Oh!

PER. What's the matter?

BER. Nothing—nothing particular. I struck my foot against the table.

PER. Well, but this cross, Thérese!—this cross!

BER. Never mind the cross, citizen Perrin; eat your breakfast. You see there's some little secret about it, and you only worry her. You may be sure Thérese has not parted with it willingly or without reason.

PER. Parted with it!—given it away!

THE. No—no.

PER. You have sold it, then?

THE. I have not sold it. I shall have it again shortly, I hope—dear uncle, eat your breakfast.

PER. (*Suddenly struck by the truth, rises from the table slowly, and flings his napkin on the chair-back.*) I understand!

THE. My dear uncle, sit down—what is the matter?

PER. Nothing, nothing—I am no longer hungry.

THE. Why, you have scarcely eaten a mouthful; and you said but now—

PER. 'Twas fancy, merely—I had a crust, I tell you, before I went out—a large crust—a great piece of bread—I am not hungry.

THE. But the coffee, uncle? I rather think you'll own my coffee.

PER. Thy coffee is like thyself, my child, the best in the world! (*Kisses her forehead with much emotion.*) (*Aside.*) How blind have I been! How could I have supposed—but there must be an end to this. (*Aloud.*) Thérese, good girl!—bless you! bless you! But you shall not sacrifice yourself for a poor old worthless being like me! There must be an end to this—there must be an end to this!

(*Exit* PER. *into his room,* L.H.)

BER. Thérese! you have pledged your cross!

THE. He knows it now, and will starve sooner than live at my cost! (*Bursts into tears.*)

BER. Don't cry, Thérese; you break my heart! I will have that cross back to-day; and as for your uncle, do not despair,—I will get money somewhere—somehow—and have it you must. (*Going.*)

THE. Stay, Bernard—there is a lady who owes me a small bill; I have called very often for it, but the richest people are always the longest paying. I will try once more to-day, and perhaps if I tell her my story—

BER. Let me go with you, Thérese; I'll tell her.

THE. (*Opening the door.*) No, no; stay with my uncle till I return.

(*Enter* JULES DE CRUSSAC.)

A stranger!

BER. (*Aside.*) S'death! 'tis he—there is no avoiding him now!

JUL. Ah! there you are, Bernard! You little expected to see me here.

BER. No, indeed.

JUL. I called at your master's shop, and he told me, that, being a holiday, I was sure to find you at No. 15, in the Rue Mouffetard; and—(*Looking at* THER.)—I don't wonder at it.

THE. (*To* BERNARD.) You know this gentleman?

BER. Yes; an old military acquaintance. (*Aloud.*) I am very sorry that, being obliged to go out—

JUL. But you must give me a few minutes. I wish to speak with you on a matter of some consequence.

THE. Oh! certainly. Bernard, I had rather you would stay. Ask your friend to be seated—I shall be back in half-an-hour. (*Curtseys to* JULES *and runs out.*)

JUL. You're a lucky fellow, Bernard. I congratulate you—but what is the matter, man? you look strangely upon me—coolly. Have you forgotten—

BER. That you saved my life! No; and would to Heaven that I could render you the same service at double the risk, I would not hesitate! But it is because I feel that gratitude towards you, that I tremble at your presence here! The banner under which you fought, the politics you avowed and defended, make me feel the danger of your appearance in Paris!

JUL. You are mistaken.

BER. How?—have you then renounced?

JUL. Completely.

BER. (*Joyfully.*) Is it possible?

JUL. We took the wrong course, I feel convinced. To light up civil war when, as Frenchmen, we also wished for nothing but the glory and happiness of France,—it was madness! I have abandoned the project with disgust.

BER. Oh! my friend, my preserver!—you cannot tell the weight you have taken from my heart. Now, dispose of

my life if it can serve you; I am your's, heart and hand! Alas! I have nothing else to offer.

JUL. I reckoned upon them only—but first, tell me, why did you quit the service so young?

BER. A wound. (*Shrugging his shoulders.*)

JUL. Nay, nay, I have heard otherwise; your wound did not disable you from carrying a musket?

BER. Well, I believe—I must confess—a pique—the promotion of another, and the neglect of a petition.

JUL. (*Aside.*) As I thought. (*Aloud.*) Well, suppose now you were offered a chance of gaining the rank you desired—perhaps, more?

BER. Indeed!

JUL. Harkye—a secret expedition is on foot!

BER. (*Aside.*) Old Perrin was right; the army of reserve, —they say it is destined for some secret enterprise. (*Aloud.*) Well.

JUL. I can promise you a commission.

BER. A commission!

JUL. Aye—and fifty louis in advance!

BER. Fifty louis!—a fortune!—(*Aside.*)—and Thérese and her poor dear uncle, how happy it would make them! (*Aloud.*) 'Tis for the glory of France, you assure me?

JUL. For the glory of France!

BER. I am ready—I take your offer.

JUL. Add your name to that list. (*Giving a paper.*)

BER. With all my heart. (*Going to the table to sign.*) Are there any names here that are known to me?

JUL. Yes; mine is amongst them.

BER. Indeed!—"Lecogneux," "Landry," "Jean Durand,"—(*Reading.*)

JUL. That is my name.

BER. Jean Durand! Why, surely, you were call'd in Italy, Jules—Jules de—de—

JUL. (*Aside.*) I had forgotten. (*Aloud.*) It matters not, that is my name now.

BER. Hah! stop a moment—an assumed name—

JUL. Assume one yourself, if you please.

BER. Not I—nor will I sign this paper till you explain yourself more fully. (*Throwing it on the breakfast-table.*) There is too much mystery about this business for its aim to be an honest one. Explain yourself, or leave me.

JUL. Hush! some one comes.

(*Enter* PERRIN *from his Room.*)

PER. (*Musing.*) No—no—no; there must be an end of this. (*Seeing* JULES *and* BER.) Ah! Bernard, where is Thérese? Who is that?

BER. An acquaintance of mine. Citizen Jul—

JUL. (*Interrupting him.*) Jean Durand.

PER. Your servant—your servant—don't mind me. I am going to write here; but talk away, you'll not disturb me. (*Sits down to write.*)

JUL. (*Aside to* BER.) I cannot explain before him.

BER. There is no other room but the kitchen. (*Pointing to the door,* R.H.)

JUL. That will do—any where; for I will not leave you till you are one of us. (*Exeunt into the kitchen.*)

PER. (*Continuing to himself.*) No, no, no; something must be done. Poor child—poor child; and I to have taken my pleasure—eat, drank, and slept without a thought upon the matter! I must needs take a coach, too, this very morn-

ing—two francs!—paid out of the miserable sum perhaps for which she has pledged her little cross of gold,—the gift of her mother,—her only ornament! But no—no!—she has a richer,—a far richer ornament,—the gift of Heaven! She has a heart of gold, that shall never be broken by me! Come, come, Michel Perrin, bestir thyself; thou art only sixty-eight, and thy health is good,—thy limbs strong for thine age!—Hew wood—draw water—do something—anything rather than be a burden upon those who love thee! Let me see: Bernard brought me a newspaper; let me look at the advertisements! Ah! here, (*taking up the newspaper*) here it is!—and, as sure as I live, the very first line I look at—(*reading with great eagerness*)—"Wanted a respectable, well-informed person,"—the very thing,—"whose character will bear the strictest investigation." The hand of Providence is in this—"whose character will bear the strictest investigation, and who can command the sum of 20,000 francs." Hem!—I had better look in the next column. "Army of Reserve."—Ah! there's the whole secret of my misfortunes. I never had an army of reserve! "Bureau de Police!"—Ah! there's no good to be got out of that! Stay, its signed "Fouché"—"Fouché, minister of Police." Can it be my pupil Joseph—Joseph Fouché. I'll go directly! No; I'll write—write and tell him exactly how I'm situated. It can do no harm if I am mistaken; and, if not, I am sure he will refuse nothing to his old tutor. Fortunately, there is just one sheet of letter paper left, and I cannot use it for a better purpose. My hand trembles so I can hardly hold the pen. "My dear little Joseph"—no, that will never do! I haven't seen him for thirty years. He's Minister of Police! and I'm fancying him still a little boy. (*Writing.*) "Citizen

minister"—that's the style now—"Citizen minister." (*Ring at the bell.*) Come in!

Enter FOUCHE.

FOU. The citizen, Michel Perrin?

PER. At your service. Will you take a seat for one moment?

FOU. 'Tis he! He is not much altered. (*Aloud.*) I was desired by an old friend of your's to call and—

PER. (*Stopping.*) An old friend of mine? (*Looking at him.*) May I ask his name?

FOU. (*Aside.*) He does not remember me. (*Aloud.*) His name is Joseph Fouché.

PER. What! Joseph Fouché, the minister of Police?

FOU. The same.

PER. Is it possible? He *is* minister then? Only to think, I was at this very moment writing to him.

FOU. Indeed; a letter from you would have given him much pleasure.

PER. You don't say so? Then perhaps he would receive me kindly, if I paid him a visit?

FOU. It is not unlikely he will be the first to call upon you.

PER. The dear boy! And how did he learn I was here?

FOU. Is he not Minister of Police? The names of all who visit Paris are handed to him the day after their arrival. He was struck by your's. He was anxious to see and embrace once more his kind old preceptor. Daily he expected to hear him announced; but no, he came not. What said I, because I am minister, will Perrin no longer acknowledge me?

PER. *You!* you said. What! can it be?

FOU. My old friend! (*Holding his arms out to receive him.*)

PER. (*Rushing into them.*) My dear, good little Joseph. (*Surveying him.*) Why, I declare you've grown quite a man.

FOU. (*Smiling.*) Considering I have had thirty years to do it in.

PER. True, true! What a silly old fellow I am; but my dear boy, I still think,—excuse me, citizen minister,—these are tears of joy. Bless me!—bless me! Why, you had long curly hair, and now—

FOU. Never mind, my dear Perrin, my heart is not changed, whatever my face may be. Come and see me, and you shall be convinced; for I regret to say (*looking at his watch*) the few minutes I can spare to-day have nearly expired.

PER. But one word before you go. I had a curacy in Normandy.

FOU. I know;—they have suppressed it. There are many more in your situation; but you have come to live in Paris with your family.

PER. Ah! there it is; my niece, the only child of my dear sister,—she is about to be married to a fine hearted, honest young fellow; you'd like him much if you knew him,—he's one of the cleverest—

FOU. I have no doubt! I wish them joy. But now, my dear Perrin—

PER. An instant,—one instant more, my good little Joseph. Do you think you could find a place for me in some office?

FOU. For you!

PER. To be candid with you, my dear Joseph, I have not a sou left in the world; and my poor Thérese has expended all her savings,—she has even pledged the little cross that—

FOU. I am truly sorry to hear this. I did not imagine—I will endeavour immediately—I scarcely know what, at your age; but go and see Desaunais, and tell him I sent you.

PER. Desaunais!

FOU. Yes,—my right hand; the head of his department. You will find him at his bureau.

PER. But stay; I have a bad memory for names. If you will just write down—

FOU. Hush!—whose voices are those?

PER. Voices!—I heard none.

FOU. There are some persons talking in that room. (*Pointing to the kitchen.*) Listen!

PER. What ears you must have. I can hear nothing!

FOU. Perhaps not; but there is much in habit.

(*Approaching the door cautiously; enter* BERNARD *and* JULES; FOUCHE *steps back.*)

BER. (*Vehemently.*) Never; never! I'll die myself first!

JUL. (*Seeing* FOUCHE.) Silence!

PER. Ah! to be sure! I had forgotten they were there. (*To* FOUCHE.) This is the young man I spoke of,—my niece's husband that is to be,—and his friend, citizen—citizen. I always forget names.

JUL. Jean Durand, artist of Brussels.

PER. But where is Thérese? You must wait till I find Thérese. (*Exit into kitchen.*)

FOU. Jean Durand. (*Examining him.*)

JUL. Adieu, friend. (*To* BERNARD.) If I can be of any service to you on my return. (*To* FOUCHE, *who has advanced to them.*) Well, citizen?

FOU. Your name you say is Durand?

JUL. Jean Durand, at your service.

FOU. That is false!

JUL. False!

FOU. Silence, Sir! Your name is Jules de Crussac.

JUL. Hah!

FOU. You are not an artist, and you do not come from Brussels; you arrived in Paris six days ago from Lyons; you proceeded from the diligence in a hackney coach to a small hotel in the Rue de la Loi, and your opinions are well known to me. You need not attempt to deny them, Sir,—I am Fouché, the minister of Police.

FOU. Fouché! (*Looking at* BERNARD *with an air of reproach.*) 'Tis well!

BER. As I live, I knew not.

JUL. (*Aside.*) And of course the house is surrounded? I am a prisoner. (*Aloud.*) Well, Sir, take my head!

FOU. (*Coolly.*) Take your head, young man! What would you have me do with it? If it were a sensible one, I might employ it; but it is that of a fool—a madman, and is not worth the trouble of taking at present! You are at liberty, Sir; but quit Paris in four-and-twenty hours, or I shall be compelled to remove you from your present lodging to apartments of my own, which may not be so comfortable. (*Turns his back on him.*)

BER. (*To* JULES *aside.*) I breathe again. After this, of course, you must give up all idea—

JUL. On the contrary, it will only advance the execution of my project. You will dine with us to-day at the Cadran-bleu at four.

BER. No, no; we part for ever!

(JULES *lays his finger on his lip, and goes out, returning* FOUCHE'S *look with one of defiance.*)

BER. (*Aside.*) What shall I do!—denounce him?

FOU. What is the matter, young man? You are not connected, I trust, with that person?

BER. No, indeed, Sir. This is the first time he has been under this roof, and it shall be the last.

FOU. 'Tis well! He is a dangerous companion, though he is too wild and chimerical for the government to trouble itself seriously about him; let him quit Paris, however, while he may do it safely.

Re-enter PERRIN.

PER. What has become of Thérese? She must be gone out surely.

BER. Yes; I know where she is, and I will seek her. (*Aside.*) Let me follow Jules, and once more try to wake him to his danger. (*Exit* BERNARD.)

FOU. Adieu, Perrin.

PER. But the direction.

(BERNARD *re-appears at the door with* DESAUNAIS.)

BER. Yes, citizen, he is there.

PER. Somebody else!

(DESAUNAIS *advances;* BERNARD *disappears.*)

DESAU. Ah! citizen Minister! I saw your carriage at the gate. The first consul has asked for you three times.

FOU. Diable! (*going.*)

PER. But Joseph, my good Joseph, you mentioned a Monsieur Dunaillet—

FOU. Desaunais—he is here.

PER. Here! Then you can speak at once for me yourself.

FOU. True—Ah! apropos, Desaunais. This Jules de Crussac. (*aside to him.*)

DESAU. (*aside to him.*) I have the most positive information—he is at Lyons—ill—unable to leave his bed.

FOU. 'Tis no such thing—the first report was correct—he is here—in Paris—nay—was in this room an instant since. You must have almost met him on the stairs.

DESAU. You astonish me—I can shew you the most decided letter.

FOU. Lies! Lies! These fellows would sell their souls for a five-franc piece—you must find trustier Agents—this work will never do—there is something afoot—I am certain—ferret it out—don't spare money—but pay those well on whom you can rely. (*going.*)

PER. Well—What does he say?—

FOU. Ah! I had forgotten again. Desaunais, this is an old friend of mine—find some employment for him directly. Any thing suitable to his age and respectability—treat him well—I am much interested about him—Adieu, Perrin, I must fly to the Tuileries! (*Exit* FOUCHE, C. D.)

PER. Adieu, Joseph!—my Preserver! mind you don't fall down stairs—It's so dark—Phew! At last!—Well—now then, my dear Monsieur Beaumarchais—

DESAU. Desaunais! To-morrow, at eight o'clock—if you will call on me—

PER. What! wait till to-morrow! Did you not hear

what my friend the minister said—"immediately"—I was to be employed immediately—he knows the circumstances—they are of the most pressing nature.

DESAU. Oh! I did not understand that it was in that light. But, be it so—since the minister knows and recommends you. Your name—

PER. Michel Perrin. (*Aside.*) I wonder what sort of a place he will give me. I hope nothing that requires much confinement—for I never could sit long at a time in my life.

DESAU. (*writing in his memorandum book.*) Michel Perrin, Rue Mouffetard. No. 15—

PER. Five pair of stairs—back—

DESAU. The minister and you have had some conversation on the subject.

PER. We have—he has known me many years.

DESAU. And found you trustworthy of course.

PER. (*proudly.*) Or he would not have recommended me.

DESAU. You are right. The minister has an extraordinary faculty for discerning the true bent of a man's genius. You will consider yourself attached to my office till further notice—and you will receive twenty francs a day.

PER. Twenty francs!—you don't say so!

DESAU. I am to pay well those in whom I can confide—there is your first payment. You will receive as much every morning.

PER. Twenty francs! Every morning! (*Aside.*) I shall go wild with joy! And what am I to do, citizen? What service will be required of me? I am an old man remember.

DESAU. Silence and discretion in the greatest degree.

PER. Of course—Oh, I am no babbler. (*Aside.*) A place of trust—In the Treasury perhaps!

DES. You will have no objection to dine at the best houses?

PER. None in the least. I will confess to you, I like a good dinner. (*Aside.*) The respectability of my situation will require it!

DES. You will frequent the public places—the gardens—promenades, &c.

PER. If you have no objection, when business permits, certainly; I am particularly partial—I have done nothing else for the last two months—but—my office—

DES. Your office is mine—you will be there every morning at nine o'clock.

PER. (*Aside.*) Ah! Now for it.

DES. We shall have ten minutes' conversation, and then—you can take your walks again.

PER. And twenty francs a day for that?

DES. Exactly.

PER. (*Aside.*) It isn't possible—there must be more to do some days—they don't like to trust me at first—I must get used to the place—and the people.

DES. So to-morrow morning at nine precisely.

PER. Most punctually—but where?

DES. The Minister's Hotel, Quai Voltaire.

PER. But will they admit me?

DES. I'll leave your name with the Porter,—he will point out to you my private door. (*Going; he returns.*) Ah! by the bye, should any thing particular occur, and you wish to see me during the day, I had better give you a pass that will admit you anywhere.. Have you a slip of paper there—any thing?

PER. (*Taking up the list of names which Jules has left.*) What's this?

DES. That will do as well as the best. (PERRIN *folds it in two, and gives it to* DESAUNAIS, *who writes.*) "Permit to pass Citizen Michel Perrin, on Secret Service." There. Where shall you dine to-day?

PER. I have not yet thought—

DES. Go to the Cadran Bleu then.

PER. The Cadran Bleu! Peste! that will cost—

DES. Never mind the cost—charge it as an extra if you will—there are always meetings there—military men—persons of consequence.

PER. I understand—I understand. You wish me to keep the best society.

DES. Yes, yes, we do not mind the rabble.

PER. Well, but what am I after all?

DES. Never mind about names. You are on Secret Service.

PER. As you please.

DES. Nine o'clock precisely.

PER. As the clock strikes, depend upon it.

DES. Good day! (*Exit* DESAUNAIS, C. D.)

PER. It's a dream! It must be a dream! Twenty francs a day! six hundred francs a month! and merely to walk about Paris and take my pleasure!—It can't be—no—no—some very particular business will be required of me no doubt shortly—and I hope it may not be beyond my strength or ability. In the mean time these dear children!—Bernard! Therese! Where are they?

(*Enter* BERNARD.)

Ah! here is Bernard!

BER. *(Aside.)* I could not overtake him. What shall I do?—write to the First Consul, and, without naming any one, warn him of his danger?

PER. Well, Bernard, where is Thérese?

BER. I have not seen her.

PER. Not seen her!—why, I thought you went—

BER. Hark! that is her step on the stairs.

PER. *(Aside.)* How I shall astonish them.

(*Enter* THERESE *mournfully.*)

BER. (*Aside to her.*) Well, Thérese, what success?

THE. (*Aside, and bursting into tears.*) None! none, Bernard! Madame Verville is at Dieppe, and will not return to Paris for some months. What will become of us?

BER. Hush! (*Pointing to* PER., *who advances.*)

PER. Where have you been, Thérese? I was wishing for you—it is getting near dinner time; and, as we eat little or no breakfast, we must all be hungry; at least, I can speak for myself—I have the appetite of a wolf! (BER. *and* THE. *exchange looks of anxiety,*)—and I'm sure you would both be the better for a good soup, a paté, a cutlet, and an omlette, well-cooked, and moistened by a glass of excellent Bordeaux. I say Bordeaux, because it is less heating than Burgundy—though I never drink wine myself; so it makes no difference to me if you prefer it; but, remember, I recommend Bourdeaux.

BER. (*After a stare of astonishment, aside to* THER.) Dear Thérese, he's light-headed! What shall we do for him?

THE. I'm frightened out of my wits!

PER. Well, what's the matter with you? You don't think, my dear children, I am going to put you to this ex-

pence. No, no; there's been too much of that, and its my turn to treat now. Yes, my darling Thérese, my good Bernard, no more privations—no more anxiety—be happy, for I am rich—I have a place.

BOTH. A place!

PER. A superb place!

THE. Dear uncle, what place?

PER. Ah! that's more than I can tell; but no matter for that—it is an excellent place. I dare say I shall have a great deal to do, but, at present, the service is not beyond my ability—it is to receive twenty francs a day, and to dine at the best house in Paris, as soon as a walk in the Tuileries has given me an appetite for it. Ecce signum! (*Showing the money.*)

BER. Gold! a real louis, I declare!

THE. Can it be possible?

PER. I should think not; but still it is true.

BER. But, my dear sir, this is a pension, not a place.

PER. A pension! oh! Bernard, you have thrown a new

THE. But, my dear uncle, I have no dress good enough.

PER. Never mind thy dress, child; though that shall be mended to-morrow, and we will have the little cross back!—the cross of poor dear Madeleine!—and, in the mean time, let any one look slightingly on my good Thérese!—Michel Perrin will say to him—"Citizen! this child might have been gayer clothed, had she suffered an old man to want bread!" If he has a human heart, he will reverence that poor garment more than the ermined robe of an empress! Bless thee! my child, bless thee!

(PER., *overcome by his feelings, sinks into his chair;* THE. *flings her arms round his neck, and* BER. *presses his hand affectionately.*)

END OF FIRST ACT.

ACT II.—SCENE I.

The Bureau de Police in the Minister's hotel. A door leading to the Minister's apartments, R.H.; *another for the general entrance of persons from the street,* L.H., *and private one concealed in the wall. A window supposed to look on the Quai Voltaire,* R.H. *—shelves all round the room, with boxes on them, labelled and numbered. A table with papers, books, &c.; and against the walls several bell-ropes for summoning the various Officers of* ***the Departments.***

(DESAUNAIS ***is discovered seated at his table, several Clerks, &c., receiving their instructions. A Gen-d'arme in attendance.***)

DES. (*To one Clerk, giving a paper.*) To be returned to the writer—the address is within. (*To another.*) For insertion in the journals to-morrow. (*Giving another paper.*) Make a clear copy of that, seal it cleverly again, and dispatch it as directed. (*To the Gen-d'arme, and giving letters.*) Hotel de Ville—Minister of Foreign Affairs, and Minister of Marine.

(*Exeunt Clerks and Gen-d'arme in turn, as directed.*)

So now for this letter from the Tuileries. (*Opening one.*) "Returned by the aide-de-camp on duty as suspicious."—Hum—hum—hum! (*Reading to himself.*) "Signed Bernard, a comrade of Arcole, and addressed to the First Consul."—Ah!—ah! (*Reads.*) "My General, your life is threatened!"—The old story.—"I know your enemies, but would sooner die than reveal their names,"—As usual, of

course he knows nothing!—"but if I might be permitted a private interview"—— Aye, there it is—an excuse to approach the Consul, and perhaps attempt the deed itself! This Bernard must be looked to—no address! Then, how is he to know if his request will be granted? (*A knock at the private door.*) A knock at the secret door!—so—so—one of my confidential agents. (*Bolts the public door, and then cautiously opens that in the panel.*)

(*Enter* PERRIN.)

PER. I beg your pardon, I am on secret service.

DES. Ah! citizen Perrin!

PER. Ah! citizen Descharmais, its you, is it? Its striking nine at this moment.

DES. You are punctuality itself; sit down a moment while I write two lines.

PER. Pray don't hurry yourself, I can wait; I've nothing else to do.

DES. (*Returning to the letter.*) Hum—hum—hum! (*Reading.*) "Give orders that I may be admitted if I present myself at the palace."—Oh! that's what you wish, is it?—a very cool request, truly! (*Sits down to write.*)

PER. (*Aside, and examining the room.*) Bless my soul! here I am in the very heart of the Government—at the fountain-head of the glory and prosperity of a great nation! (DES. *rings a bell.*) All those boxes full of papers. What useful projects, what benevolent designs are contained in those cases? (*Examining one on which is written, "Jeux et Loterie."*) "Gambling-houses and lottery,"—places, no doubt, for their suppression! (*Passing to another, inscribed "Service Secret."*) "Secret Service." Ah! there's my case.

Charity in its most beautiful form!—anonymous assistance to worthy individuals—no trumpet to proclaim the distribution of alms!—Secret Service! The widow, the orphan, the aged, and infirm, succoured by a paternal Government; often, no doubt, without a guess at their real benefactors! and I to think that no good could spring from a Bureau de Police! People should never prate about what they do not understand.

(*Enter a* GEN-D'ARME.)

DES. (*Giving the note he has written.*) Bureau Militaire—Citizen Croissy—let him make every inquiry, and return me an answer as soon as possible. (*Exit Gen-d'arme.*) Now, my dear sir, for you.

PER. Well, here I am.

DES. And what have you to tell me?

PER. Nothing particular; I thought that you—but, yes—now I remember—I have something very particular to say to you.

DES. Ah! well, speak.

PER. (*Aside.*) I will speak at once, and boldly; it comes completely within my duty—Secret Service!—there can be no doubt. (*Aloud.*) I have a niece, a charming person, who is about to be married; and I said to myself this morning, "Citizen Duchenez"—

DES. Desaunais.

PER. I mean Desaunais—"promised me twenty francs a day."

DES. Yes, certainly, here they are. (*Putting his hand in his pocket.*)

PER. (*Stopping him.*) No, no; I did not speak for that. I was going to say merely, that instead of paying me daily—

DES. You would rather receive it at the end of every

month, or every quarter, perhaps? Oh, if that will suit you better—

PER. I beg your pardon—that wont suit me at all; on the contrary, I was going to be so bold as to request—

DES. Ah, an advance?

PER. On the first month—if there is no indiscretion—but I wouldn't for the world—one word from you—

DES. Oh, there can be no objection—as you are known to the minister — certainly, I'll give you an order on the Treasury. (*Writes one.*)

PER. (*Aside.*) What munificence! The dear children!—they shall be married immediately.

DES. (*Giving it.*) There.

PER. (*Aside.*) Six hundred francs! (*Aloud.*) Eternally obliged!

DES. Not at all. But now—quick—for I have business of importance. What did you do yesterday?

PER. Yesterday—oh, I did as you desired me—I dined at the Cadran Bleu, and I am particularly glad I did.

DES. (*Drawing his chair close to him.*) Ah, indeed—why, pray?

PER. Why! Why because I never sat down to such a dinner in my life. I can assure you they *do* know how to cook in that house.

DES. I know that well enough; but the company—who did you see there? What did you hear?

PER. Oh, the company was unexceptionable. There was one very gentlemanly person, with whom I got into conversation.

DES. Ah, well.

PER. An Ex-Garde de Corps; of good family, apparently, but not very rich—poor fellow—he complained a good deal.

DES. Oh, he did—did he?

PER. Yes; of a pain in his shoulder.

DES. Bah!

PER. I told him it was rheumatism.

DES. And was that all?

PER. No, no; he told me that he had been ill treated.

DES. By the government?

PER. No; by a surgeon who did not understand his case.

DES. But, my good sir, what have I to do with all this? Was there no meeting there—no private dinner party—no—

PER. Yes, yes; there was—a party of four or five young men, who drank an amazing deal of punch! and chattered away in consequence—I thought very indiscreetly.

DES. So, so; and you heard—

PER. I couldn't help hearing—though, of course, I did not appear to pay any attention.

DES. Certainly not; and what did you gather from them?

PER. Quite enough to convince me they were very bad young men; but nothing that would have authorized a stranger's interference in a public coffee-room. So as soon as I could, I paid my bill, and went away.

DES. Went away! What before them?

PER. They were just going too; there was a deal of shaking hands, and an appointment for to-morrow—that is, to-day.

DES. For what purpose, do you imagine?

PER. I am not certain, but I should rather think another dinner, and more punch.

DES. And so you gained no useful information of any description?

PER. Anything but that, I should say.

DES. (*Aside.*) Stupid fellow! if he had understood his trade, he might have joined the party, no doubt, when they were all half-drunk, and led the conversation to—ugh! Well; it can't be helped. (*Aloud.*) If you have nothing more to say—good morning. (*Unbolting the public door,* P.S.D.)

PER. Good morning! But have you no particular commands?

DES. Not I; you may go where you like, and do what you like.

PER. You are very kind. (*Aside.*) I'll go and draw the money then. (*Going—returns,* P.S.) Oh, by-the-bye, I should like to go to the review this morning, if you have no objection.

DES. I tell you I don't care where you go, so you'll go out of this room; for I'm very busy—I wish to be alone.

PER. Certainly; if you have no further orders—I have the honour to wish you a very good morning! (*Aside.*) He's very busy to-day, but to-morrow, no doubt, he will give me some kind of employment. Bless me, if my only business is to walk about all day, I shall want a shoemaker more than a secretary. (*Exit* PERRIN, P.S.D.)

DES. The old dotard doesn't understand the first elements of his art; but it is no use to talk to him. He's paid for the first month, and after that he may go about his business. I shall write directly to Fouché though, and tell him I cannot employ his friend—I never knew him to be so mistaken. (*Sits down to write.*) "Citizen Minister, I propose to you to thank

Citizen Perrin for his services, and inform him that you have no longer—"

(*Re-enter* GEN-D'ARME *with a letter, which he gives, and retires.*)

Ah, the answer to my note. (*Opens it hastily—reads.*) "There were 235 soldiers of the name of Bernard at the battle of Arcole." The devil!

(*Enter* FOUCHÉ, L.H.D.)

Ah! Citizen Minister! I was thinking of you!

FOU. I come from the Tuileries. I have had a pretty scene there.

DES. With the first Consul?

FOU. Yes; he is in the most tremendous rage. I had received some information which induced me to hasten to him this morning. "Aha! Fouché," said he, the moment he saw me, "You call yourself Minister of Police; you pride yourself on knowing everything that is going forward in Paris. Do you know what I have got in my pocket, sir?" "I do," I replied coolly. "You do?" "Yes; my dismissal."

DES. Your dismissal! Is it possible?

FOU. He was rather staggered at that. "Very well, sir," said he, "very well; you are right there, however you got your information; but I have written that merely as a pendant to another paper, which I have in my pocket;" and he forthwith handed me the deposition of a waiter at the Cadran Bleu. There was a meeting there yesterday of conspirators—the life of the first Consul is to be attempted.

DES. The Cadran Bleu!

FOU. And I—I—Foúché—hear of this first from Buonaparte himself! Now, sir; listen to me: you are the cause of all this.

DES. I!

FOU. You; to whom I naturally look for such information. Therefore, take warning, sir. If, in two hours' time, you do not discover the names of the conspirators, the day and hour fixed for the execution of their design, and the place where they may be apprehended—I discharge you on the instant—I believe I speak plainly, and I leave you to your reflections. (R. H. D. I. E. *Exit* FOUCHE.)

DES. Distraction! Discharge me! What's to be done? In two hours? Peste! there's no time to lose! (*Rings all the bells violently.*)

(*Several* CLERKS *and* GENS-D'ARMES *enter the room hastily.*)

ALL. What's the matter, sir?

DES. The matter, gentlemen! The matter is simply this:—There is a plot against the life of the First Consul; and I—I, Desaunais, hear of this first from the minister himself. Now you are the cause of all this—you, to whom I naturally look for such information;—therefore, take warning. If, in an hour's time, you do not discover the names of the conspirators, the day and hour fixed for the execution of their design, and the place where they may be apprehended—I discharge you on the instant. I believe I speak plainly, and I leave you to your reflections! (*Turns away from them. They all hurry out in the greatest consternation.*) Soh! Mortal man can do no more. (*Flinging himself in a chair.*) If they do not succeed, I must invent a conspiracy—some sort of a plot I must make up, or I shall have to leave a profession, I may

almost say, I have created—at least that I have nursed—that I have petted like a child! And that old fool—to have dined at the Cadran Bleu—to have heard those men speak of a meeting for "to-day"—and yet to have picked up no useful information. Oh, let him come here again—I'll teach him—

(*Enter* GEN-D'A[illegible]E, L.H.D., *with a paper.*)

GEN. There is a perso[illegible]—

DES. What [illegible] n be seen by nobody.

GEN. But he [illegible] uced t[illegible] per, signed by yourself, Citizen: and he says he is [illegible] iend of the minister, on secret service.

DES. (*Looking at the paper.*) "Permit to pass the citizen Michel Perrin." Oh! 'tis he,—as I could wish—usher him in. (*Exit* GEND.) I'm just in the humour to receive him. (*Looking at the paper.*) Yes, yes. "On secret service," forsooth. Precious service he is like to render us, either secret or public. (*Twisting the paper about, his eye is caught by the list of names on the other side.*) Eh! how! What have we here?—a list of names?

(*Enter* PERRIN.)

PER. (*Speaking, as he enters, to the* GEND.) I told you so, but you would not believe me—I am on secret service—I am to pass any where. Ah, citizen Bechamel!

DES. (*Engrossed by the paper, and paying no attention to him.*) What do I see?—"Lecogneux—Landri—Jean Durand!" Jean Durand!—that is the assumed name of Crussac, the suspected person who has arrived from Lyons. This must be a list of the conspirators! "Longjumeau"—"Chapotel."

Chapotel! eh!—no doubt. There was a Chapotel arrested yesterday in the act of treating with liquor two or three of the consular guard! We have them! We have them!

(*Enter* PERRIN.)

But by what clever device has this man, whom I thought so stupid—(*Aloud.*)—Where is citizen—Ah! there you are, my dear Perrin.

PER. I beg pardon if I disturb. I know you are busy; but an affair of importance—

DES. Importance indeed! Never was any arrival more exquisitely timed—more imperatively necessary. My dear Perrin, this is a master stroke.

PER. What is a master stroke?

DES. The discovery you have just made.

PER. Discovery!—I've made no discovery: I merely came to tell you—

DES. Merely!—too modest citizen! You have saved France!

PER. (*Aside.*) Saved France! (*Aloud.*) You don't say so?

DES. (*Rings a bell, and writes hastily.*) You have justified the high opinion of the minister; and I am delighted to be able to finish the letter I had begun about you.

PER. About me?

(*Enter* GEN-D'ARME.)

DES. (*Aside to himself, and writing.*) "Interrogate the prisoner Chapotel; tell him I know every thing; that I have the list of his accomplices; and that his pardon shall be granted on condition, &c. &c." (*Folding it hastily and giving*

it to Gen-d'arme.) Bureau of citizen Verat—immediate. (*Exit Gen-d'arme.*) Yes, my dear Perrin, a letter about you!—Here it is—listen—(*reads.*) "Citizen Minister,—I propose to you to thank citizen Perrin for his services, and inform him, that you have no longer"—I had written so far—"no longer any doubt of his [illegible] st possible acquisition to this department of [illegible] nd that you will consequently grant him an immedi[illegible]e gratification of 1200 francs!"—(*Writing as he* [illegible])

PER. (*Vehemently.*) I wo[illegible]e them!—I wont take them!—I positively cannot [illegible]m: my conscience wont let me. I feel I have done [illegible]—literally nothing as yet to merit such munificence! I don't say that hereafter, when I shall have had more opportunity; but now—pray say no more on that subject; but listen to me, for I have something to communicate, which—

DES. Something further? Speak—speak, my good friend.

PER. Directly! But—(*aside*)—I hope Thérese wont be impatient. (*Going to the window.*) I have somebody waiting for me in the street. There she is. (*Makes signs out of the window.*)

DES. (*Observing him.*) Sly rogue!—cunning creature! See what signs he makes;—all of them replete with intelligence: and I was about to cashier this man. (*To* PERRIN, *who returns.*) Now for it.

PER. I must inform you that a young man, named Bernard, who has been a soldier, and fought at Arcole—

DES. Bernard!—the soldier of Arcole! (*Aside.*) The very man! Have you knowledge of him too?

PER. To be sure I have.

DES. (*Aside.*) Astonishing man! I have never hinted to him, and he is already on the scent! (*Aloud.*) Well! this Bernard—

PER. Gives me a great deal of uneasiness.

DES. And me also—believe me!

PER. You are very kind. You know then—

DES. Certainly—that he has written to the First Consul.

PER. (*Aside.*) Bless my soul,—I feared as much. (*Aloud.*) I suspected he would, after a conversation I had with him yesterday; but what alarms me more than anything is, that this morning he has disappeared.

DES. The deuce he has!

PER. I have been watching for him anxiously; and, after drawing the money you were kind enough to give me this morning, I made up my mind to go at once to his master's house; for he now works as a carpenter at citizen Paul's, in the Rue St. Denis.

DES. (*Aside.*) He has got his whole history at his fingers' ends.

PER. But he had seen nothing of him. He had not gone home to sleep, and—(THERESE *calls without,* "*Uncle!*" "*Uncle!*") Hark! Thérese is calling me! (*Running to the window, which he has left open.*) She's crying and wringing her hands. What's the matter, Thérese? Eh!—how! You've seen him pass? (*Turning back to* DESAUNAIS.) She says he has just gone by.

DES. Bernard?

PER. Yes—Bernard! Oh! she can't be mistaken. She knows him too well!

DES. Indeed!—Let her come in. I should like to speak to her myself. I'll ring for somebody to—

PER. No, no;—I'll go for her. Don't trouble anybody else. (*Aside.*) How kind to take such an interest! I'll bring her in a moment.

DES. Quick!—by the private door there. (*Opens it for him; exit* PERRIN.) There never was such a man. What a dull fool I must have been not to have seen through his assumed simplicity. He gave me credit for quickness; and clothed his information in language that would have appeared idle gossip if overheard by a third person!—ha! ha! ha! The sly old fox! I can laugh now when I recal his hints. The ex-guard de corps—with his rheumatism—who complained that he had been ill treated by his surgeon!—positive metaphor; and I to take it literally!—Ugh! Desaunais! Desaunais! I wouldn't for the world he should know what an ass you have made of yourself!

(*Re-enter* PERRIN *with* THERESE *by private door.*)

PER. Don't be frightened, my child!—don't be frightened! You are amongst friends.

THE. But what place is this, uncle?

PER. This is our office, my love;—our Bureau. See there are the boxes belonging to my department—"Secret Service!" Oh, you will have the most prompt and kind assistance afforded you.

DES. Come hither, my dear. (*She crosses to him.*) You know this Bernard?

THE. Oh, Sir; I have known him from childhood.

DES. And you have just seen him?

THE. This moment, Sir.

DES. And what did he say to you?

THE. Oh, not a word; he rushed by me like a madman.

PER. And you did not catch hold of him? You did not attempt to stop him?

DES. But without authority, my dear Perrin;—a young girl, too, in the middle of the street.

PER. No matter; under such circumstances she should have laid hands upon him—held him fast—clung to him, and called on me to assist her.

DES. (*Aside.*) What zeal!—what enthusiasm!

THE. I called to him—I implored him to stop; but he made a sign to me with his hand thus, and ran towards the Carrousel.

DES. The Carrousel!

THE. To join, no doubt, the young man who spoke to him yesterday at the Cadran Bleu.

DES. The Cadran Bleu! Bernard was there, too, was he?

PER. To be sure he was.

THE. And didn't you notice, uncle, that he could not eat a morsel?

PER. I did, my child; and that first awakened my suspicions.

THE. And when the young man told him they should meet at the review—

DES. At the review—to-day—on the Carrousel?

PER. Yes—I heard him.

DES. And you never told me?

PER. Told *you?* I told you I wished to go to the review. I particularly mentioned it. I did not say why, certainly; but you must remember my saying I wished to go to the review; for you answered, you didn't care where I went—I was to go where I liked.

DES. You're quite right—you did so. I do remember—(*Aside*)—and I ought to have comprehended. What an ass I have been!

PER. (*Much agitated.*) But what's to be done? What course shall we take now?

DES. There is but one. You say he was to meet some one at the review. Do you remember any particular point?

PER. Stay—stay; I think he said something about the second gate.

DES. The second gate from the Chateau?

THE. Yes, so he did, under the second gate. Let us go, uncle.

DES. No, no; leave all to me. What sort of a person is he?

PER. A young, good-looking man. (DESAUNAIS *writes.*)

THE. Oh, very good-looking.

PER. With dark brown hair and grey eyes.

THE. No, uncle, they are hazel eyes—large—dark hazel eyes—and so expressive!

DES. I'll believe the lady on that point. How is he drest? (*Writes.*)

THE. In a green coat, and white waistcoat.

DES. What height?—middling?

THE. Middling!—No, Sir, a very nice height—he's five feet eight.

PER. Oh, yes—he's a very fine young fellow—and if it wasn't for a scar on his forehead—

DES. A scar on his forehead! My dear Perrin, you should have mentioned that first—now we can't be mistaken. (*Writes.*)

THE. I'm sure, uncle, that doesn't disfigure him. There's only a little shining mark over his left eyebrow.

DES. (*Finishing, and aside.*) "With a slight scar over the left eyebrow." Between Love and the Police—a very complete description. (*Rings.*) Make your mind easy, Perrin. We'll take care of this desperate young man.

PER. A thousand thanks. (*To* THERESE.) You hear, my love. Make your mind easy—Citizen Duchenois will watch over the safety of our dear Bernard!

(*Enter* CLERK *with a Paper.*)

CLERK. (*to* DESAUNAIS, *aside.*) Chapotel has confessed—One of the ringleaders is arrested already by his direction. (*Giving the paper.*)

DES. (*Looking at it.*) Jules de Crussac! Bravo! The Chief of the conspiracy—and we shall have another in a few minutes. Take this description, and despatch four Gens-d'armes immediately to the second gate from the Chateau, Place de Carrousel. (*Exit* CLERK.)

(*Enter another* CLERK, R.H.)

2nd CLERK. Citizen Desaunais, the minister would speak with you instantly.

DES. I come;—(*exit Clerk*)—and, fortunately, I can meet him with a bold face. I am prepared to satisfy him on almost every point. (*Putting his papers into a portfolio.*)

PER. (*to* DES.) Well, we may as well be going too—We can do no more good here, Thérese; so come along home, my child.

DES. Stay—stay—I can't spare you, Perrin!—You are too valuable a man to part with at so critical a moment—I have some business of importance for you to transact—now is the time to distinguish yourself.

PER. Ah! ah! (*Aside to* THERESE.) You hear! At last he is going to give me something to do! Therefore, my love, you must go home by yourself. Go home and dry up your tears. We'll take care of him—depend upon it—and I have no doubt we shall find Bernard, and persuade him to come back to dinner with us.

DES. Yes—yes—we'll take care of him. Go, my good girl, and tell the Porter he's to let you enter here whenever you please;—that is, if you should have any more news for us. I'll take care you shall be rewarded. (*Shews her out*, L.H.D.)

PER. Her own good heart will reward her!—her approving conscience! And now, what am I to do?

DES. The ringleader is arrested.

PER. The ringleader! What ringleader?

DES. Of the conspirators who had threatened the life of the First Consul.

PER. (*Clasping his hands.*) Merciful powers!—the life!

DES. He will be brought here immediately; you may guess what I wish you to do.

PER. Me!

DES. You must induce him to confess to you.

PER. If he wishes, it is my duty. (*Aside.*) My sacred duty—and Heaven forbid that a sinner should be sent unprepared—(*Aloud.*) I will receive his confession, and promise him that pardon which—

DES. Certainly; that is our plan always. Promise him pardon—anything to get him to speak. Tell him that he shall be at liberty instantly, if he satisfies you upon the questions you may ask him—

PER. Indeed! If he repents his crime, then, may I—

DES. To be sure! I leave it entirely to your discretion.

(*2nd Clerk, re-entering,* R.H.)

2nd CL. Citizen Desaunais!

DES. I come!—I come! (*Speaking to his Clerk.*) The Citizen Perrin will interrogate the prisoner. (*Aside.*) How well the old rogue understands the trap!

(*Exit* R.H.; *Clerk crosses the stage and exit* L.H.)

PER. A conspiracy!—against the life!—horrible! Bernard's friend, then, was not alarmed without reason; and this, no doubt, is the cause of his own dejection and strange conduct. He has written to the First Consul, too—I hope merely to warn, not to denounce a fellow-creature! It would break my heart if he, or anybody I loved or esteemed, should become accessory to the arrest—perhaps, the execution of his brother worm, however guilty!

(*Re-enter 2nd Clerk and four Gens-d'armes with* JULES DE CRUSSAC *prisoner,* L.H.)

But here is the unfortunate man; I trust I may be made the humble instrument of his preservation.

2nd CL. (*To Gens-d'armes.*) The Citizen Perrin will interrogate the prisoner. (*Makes signs to them—two exeunt by public door, and two retire with Clerk by the one leading to the Minister's apartments.*)

JU. (*Observing* PERRIN.) What do I see?—that man again! He was at Bernard's yesterday morning; and dined at the Cadran Bleu. 'Tis clear, Bernard has sold me; he is connected with the police. Well, well; my death will be avenged; my comrades are still at liberty, and resolved; and in less than an hour!

PER. (*Aside.*) He seems much agitated. Let me hasten to commence my mission of mercy! it is befitting a minister

of peace! (*Approaching.*) Can it be possible?—the young man I saw yesterday!

JUL. (*Ironically.*) You must be much astonished certainly!

PER. (*asping his hands.*) Alack! alack! my dear young friend! [illegible] f this? I am shocked—dreadfully s[illegible]

JU. O[illegible] ty to appear so. Go on, sir; cond[illegible] uation; acknowledge that the Gover[illegible] e; and so lead me to—

PER. [illegible] —I will acknowledge no such thing [illegible] e very reverse of tyrannical, as I trust to [illegible] l. I have been a sufferer myself, it is true, by one of its acts, but still—

JU. Of course; and you are as discontented as I am.

PER. Not at all—you wont hear me. I was discontented once—rather so, I confess—but since I have been in office—since I have had an insight into the paternal—

JU. (*Ironically.*) In office!—a most honourable appointment, truly.

PER. It is so; I feel it deeply; and my duty is as sweet as it is solemn. Hear me, mistaken boy! (*Severely.*) Can it be possible that you have once reflected upon the dreadful crime you were about to commit? Have you ever imagined what the weight of a murder would have been upon your young heart? You would shed the blood of a fellow creature—wherefore? Even if he were guilty, who made you his judge? The rulers of the earth, clothed in all the sanctity of the law, tremble as they strike; and the Maker of the earth—forgives!

JU. (*Moved.*) This language—

PER. I know what you will answer. You will quote history—you will talk of Brutus. My child—my child!—a

crime is always a crime, dignify it by what name you will. And say that you *were* justified, and that you had succeeded —would you plunge France again into anarchy?—risk your own life? (*Movement of* JULES.) Oh, I know you are brave—that you fear not death; but, have you none who fear for you —no kindred—no mother?

JU. (*Affected.*) Mother! Yes, yes! My poor mother, perhaps! (*Dashes a tear from his cheek.*)

PER. (*Seizing his hand rapidly.*) Ah! your tears flow at that sacred name! Your mother, then—that mother—who lives but in you!—would you condemn her to eternal misery—to eternal disgrace—to be pointed at as the parent of a traitor—of a murderer! No, no; I see you would not; your heart is softened; you will renounce for ever such frightful designs; you will live to be a blessing to her, and an honour to your country!

JU. (*Covering his face with his hands.*) It is now too late—

PER. Not so; it is never too late to repent; and that government which you have thoughtlessly called tyrannical—that government which you would have overturned—has empowered me, its unworthy agent, to prove to you its mercy—its affection. Go, my son, go to your dear mother—her happiness is in pledge for your honour—I feel assured you will not forfeit it.

JU. Am I awake? Go! Quit this place! How?

PER. How? Why, by the door, to be sure.

JU. But those guards—those people.

PER. I understand—you would not like to be seen. Well; I can enter into your feelings—after having been brought in like a criminal—there is a door here for "secret service"—three or four steps, and you are immediately in

the street without eye witnesses. (*Opens the secret panel.*) Go; and an old man's blessing be with you!

JU. (*Aside.*) It were madness to hesitate. (*Aloud.*) Adieu, sir; and believe me grateful. (*Aside.*) I may yet be in time.

(*Exit* JULES—PERRIN *closes the door.*)

PER. Be joyful, Perrin! Thou has restored a child to the arms of its parent! How delicious the task, when duty goes hand in hand with inclination!

(*Enter three* GEN-D'ARMES, *pushing in* BERNARD, *followed by* THERESE, L.H.D.)

THE. Don't hurt him, good citizen! He is innocent; I am sure he is innocent.

BER. Don't be alarmed, Thérese; they shall soon find I am no traitor.

PER. Bernard!

THE. He is arrested, uncle.

PER. Arrested!

BER. Aye, as a conspirator.

PER. Impossible! There must be some mistake—you are known to be my friend; and your safety was to be especially cared for. Some enemy has done this—some villain informed against him.

(*Enter* DESAUNAIS, R.H.D.)

DES. Well, Perrin?

PER. My dear sir, they have arrested Bernard.

DES. Bravo!

PER. Bravo! What do you mean by bravo? It's a shame—an indignity! Who caused him to be taken?

DES. Who caused him? Why you, to be sure; and very properly and cleverly you managed it.

PER. I!

BER. You, Monsieur Perrin, you!

THE. You, uncle, you?

PER. What do you mean? Leave me alone. I cause his arrest—as a conspirator?

DES. You and your niece between you.

THE. Me!

BER. Thérese!

DES. Why, didn't you give me his description yourselves, How else could I have known?

PER. Description—yes—to find him out—to send him home safely—to—to—but here comes Joseph—my dear little Joseph—and we shall see.

(*Enter* FOUCHE.)

FOU. My dear Joseph—one word, if you please.

FOU. In a moment—but a most important affair! (*To* DES.) This man. (*Pointing to* BER.)

DES. Is Bernard, the writer of the letter?

PER. Its about him that I—

FOU. Silence for one moment!

PER. But—

DES. Silence!

FOU. (*To* BER.) So, young man, I feared it would come to this!—"Evil communications!"—Is that your handwriting? (*Shewing the letter.*)

BER. It is.

FOU. You would approach the First Consul?

BER. I would.

FOU. You knew that there existed a conspiracy against him?

BER. I did.

FOU. And you are a member of it?

BER. Me!

THE. No! no!

PER. My dear Joseph!—if you will but let me—

FOU. Silence, I insist!

DESAU. Silence! (*Pushes him into a chair.*)

FOU. Can you dare to deny it? Did I not find you yesterday morning in secret conference with the framer of the plot?

BER. 'Tis true—

THE. True!

FOU. And in the evening you were at the Cadran-bleu.

BER. I was so; and, on quitting it, I wrote that letter to my old General. I would have seen him alone: I could have saved him without betraying a friend—a benefactor—at least, I hope so. Buonaparte is a soldier, and a man of honour, and would have comprehended my silence—you—you cannot.

FOU. You know the conspirators personally: name them, and point out their haunts.

BER. I will be torn in pieces first!

THE. Bernard!

PER. Joseph! my dear Joseph! I must speak—

DESAU. (*To* FOUCHE.) Confront him with the other prisoner.

FOU. I mean it. Produce him.

DESAU. (*To* PERRIN.) Produce the other prisoner.

PER. What other prisoner?

DES. The conspirator you have interrogated.

PER. He—he acknowledged his guilt, and repented.

DESAU. So much the better. Produce him.

PER. Produce him!—he's gone.

DESAU. Gone! gone where?

PER. Back to his mother—to his family. He will offend no more.

DESAU. You have set him at liberty?

PER. As you told me—I let him out quietly by that door.

DESAU. Distraction! We are lost—ruined!

FOU. What does this mean?

DESAU. He has aided the escape of the prisoner—the chief of the conspiracy! He is one of the band.

PER. Are you all mad? Didn't you tell me—if I was satisfied with his answers—?

DESAU. Wretch! you have ruined France!

PER. Ruined France! This morning you told me I'd saved it! You had better tell me I can move France with my little finger!

FOU. Come, we must act, not talk. (*To Gen-d'armes.*) To horse, all of you: and form in the court-yard! (*Exeunt Gen-d'armes.—To* DES.) My carriage instantly!

DESAU. (*At the door.*) The Minister's carriage!

(*Enter 1st Clerk with a paper for* DES.)

FOU. (*To* BER.) Young man, you must with me. You shall see the Consul—he is about to mount for the review.

DESAU. For the review! then fly, sir! for it is as he issues from the gate that they are to surround him with petitions; see!—the further confession of Chapotel—

FOU. Come! (*Distant flourish—Shouts and discharge of*

artillery.) Ah! he is in the Square! Its all over!—we are too late! (*General silence and dismay.*)

(*Enter a Servant with a letter,* L.H.)

SER. Fo[illegible]

PER. Fo[illegible]

SER. A man [illegible]s, who disappeared immediately.

DES. (*Snatching* [illegible]s in communication with them! I said so. [illegible] *the letter and giving it to* FOUCHE.)

FOU. Signed, "Jules de Crussac."

DES. Proof!—proof!

FOU. (*Reading.*) "SIR,—Although I was in your power, my project could not have failed; my comrades were at liberty and resolved—but the noble and generous conduct of the Government towards us has conquered. We have abandoned our design; and, ere you receive this, we shall have quitted Paris."

ALL. He is saved!

BER. My dear General!

FOU. (*Continuing.*) "Adieu, sir; I regret that a man of your character should follow such a profession. But I am bound to confess, that if the Minister employed only such agents as yourself, the police would become popular, and conspiracy be unheard of!"

PER. What does he mean? Such a profession! What does he mean?

FOU. How! my dear Perrin, is it to you, after all, that we are indebted?

DES. Astonishing genius! I said from the first—

PER. What! I've saved France again, I suppose. Will anybody explain this? This letter can't be to me—or if—(*Looking at the address.*) "Citizen Perrin—Secret Agent of Police!"

THE. Of Police!

BER. Secret Agent! What! you—a spy?—a—

PER. A spy!—me? Powers of mercy!—Joseph!—Citizen Delochez!

DES. Why, my good sir, have I not paid you for—

FOU. How is this? Desaunais, you have misunderstood me, surely. How have you employed him?

DES. In the regular way, of course.

FOU. Blockhead!—a respectable man like this. But perhaps I have been alone to blame: I should have been more explicit. My dear Perrin, (*to* PERRIN, *who has sunk in a chair, overcome by anger and shame,*) I ask your pardon sincerely. I never intended—but in the hurry of the moment—you were impatient yourself, remember—you would be employed on the instant—in any way.

PER. (*Rising much agitated.*) Yes—I would have done anything! I would have swept your floors—blacked your shoes—anything, however humble, that an honest man might have done without a blush; but to brand with the name of a spy—a common informer—the brow that is white with sixty-eight winters!

FOU. My old friend.

PER. Friend! No—you are no longer either friend or master of mine! There—there are the wages of shame! (*Flinging the money on the floor.*) Thank Providence I have not spent them; and still more, that my conscience acquits me of having earned them!

FOU. [illegible]hel, this is an unfortunate mistake; but I can repair every thing. I can give you—

PER. Nothing!

FOU. But hear me.

PER. N[illegible]ing. I tell you!—I will take nothing from you!

FOU. [illegible] ir[illegible]e curacy in Normandy?

PER. I[illegible] t's [illegible]at?

FOU. The co[illegible] was si[illegible] this morning; and your friend, Joseph Fouche,—whom [illegible]u accuse—whom you disown,—did not forget that his ol[illegible]tor wanted a place. Here is a paper just signed by Po[illegible]s, the minister of public worship.

PER. (*Looking at it.*) My nomination!—Joseph!—My little village!—my dear parishioners!—I shall see them again! Ah, Joseph, nothing less than this could have—I forgive you—I forgive you; but you have given me a great deal of pain.

THE. My uncle—my dear uncle! (*He embraces her.*)

BER. And me too.

PER. (*Embracing them both.*) My dear, dear children. (*To* FOUCHE.) He is free—is he not? (*Pointing to* BER.)

FOU. Certainly; and a small pension which I will obtain for the soldier of Arcole—

PER. Eh—no! Well, yes—for him; but nothing more for me. I am content with my old curacy—my old cottage—my old church—and (*to the audience*) my old friends! Are they content with me? I hope they will say "Yes;" not so much for myself, but just to render those for whom I have laboured, and for whom, *privately*, I am much interested, a

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THE END.

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MEN.

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Herbert Carol. .....Miss Crisp.
Tweedle.....Mr. Holmes.
Jem Bags.....Mr. Mitchell.

WOMEN.

Mrs. Crincum.....Mrs. Brindal.
Julia.....Mrs. Manders
Peggy .....Miss Cooke.

Musicians, Servants, &c. &c.

INTRODUCTION.

THE WANDERING MINSTREL has now been played, uninterruptedly, for upwards of seventy nights—a success, I can only attribute, to the exertions of the various ladies and gentlemen engaged in the Piece, to all of whom I respectfully tender my grateful acknowledgement—more particularly to Mr. MITCHELL, for his admirable personation of the Minstrel: Orpheus was nothing to him—Mr. O. moved only the rocks and trees, but Mr. M. agitated the whole house:—nor can I allow the present opportunity to pass without returning special thanks to Mr. HUGHES whose *microscopic* abilities have rendered the originally insignificant character of Mr. Crincum so conspicuous a feature

in the piece:—of Mrs. BRINDAL, I feel myself bound to make honorable mention, for the very spirited manner in which she enacted the unamiable Mrs. C.—a performance only to be thoroughly [illegible]ed by those who, like myself, know how dir[illegible]racter is opposed to her natural one. I am [illegible] indebted to Miss CRISP, whose voice—not fo[illegible]s, has given to Herbert Carol, so good a standing [illegible] public.

As regards the writing of the piece, the only excuse I can offer for all defects, is—that it is the production of what the Law is facetiously pleased to term—an INFANT.

THE WANDERING MINSTREL.

ACT I.—SCENE I.

An Apartment in MR. CRINCUM'S *house—A table in the background with breakfast things laid, a newspaper hanging over the back of one of the chairs.*

Enter JULIA *and* MRS. CRINCUM, R. H.

MRS. C. I tell you, Julia, had you the eloquence of Demosthenes combined with the lungs of Boreas you might talk yourself out of breath and argument before I would consent to the match.—Are you aware Mr. Carol's father was an attorney?

JULIA. Well!—and is not an attorney a gentleman by act of parliament?

MRS. C. Yes!—and by act of parliament only—certainly never by any act of his own—the very "Gent, one, &c." after an attorney's name proves how bad the portrait is since it requires the title to be tacked to its tail.

JULIA. But, Herbert, my dear aunt, inherits only the money and not the nature—the specie without the species of his father.

Mrs. C. Well !—be he as rich and as liberal withal as you please, the blood of the Crincums shall never be diluted with the wash that flows in the veins of the Carols—but what else could be expected from a hard hearted attorney, like the father—it's impossible to get blood from a stone.

Julia. But it's money nowadays that makes the man.

Mrs. C. In n[illegible] it is the family, not the fortune—I confess I think [illegible] that flesh is preferable to money.

Julia. That may be your [illegible]n, but I hold—

Mrs. C. You hold indeed—[illegible] your tongue.

Julia. But let me beg you not to be so hasty in your judgment of Herbert—I'll promise to obtain his whole pedigree, and who knows but that he may yet turn out the scion of some illustrious house.

Mrs. C. Of some public-house more likely—hold your tongue, miss !—your conduct was bad enough before, but now, it is abandoned.

Julia. Well, I should say, the sooner bad conduct was abandoned, the better—but here comes uncle. (*Crosses to* R.H.

Enter Mr. Crincum, R. H.

Mrs. C. So, you've found your way down at last, have you, Mr. C. ?

Mr. C. I hope I have not kept you waiting, my dear ?

Mrs. C. Yes, you have kept me waiting, my dear—here's all the breakfast as cold as one's ancestors.

Mr. C. Indeed, my love ! I'm very sorry ! (*They sit down to breakfast.*) Come, Julia, dear !—heyday ! what's the matter here !—what are you and your aunt cool as well as the breakfast ?—quarrelling again, eh ?—'Pon my life this house is a perfect college for dissension—and you, Mrs. C., you are senior wrangler.

MRS. C. Now I'll put it to you, Mr. C.—you are a man of sound sense and discretion—a man whose only care, through life, has been the happiness of his niece—a man—

(*Helps him to butter.*

MR. C. There's quite enough butter, thankye, my dear.

MRS. C. I put it to you, Mr. C.—if you had a pipe of fine old port, would you think of adulterating it with sloe juice?—are you attending, Mr. C.?—would you, I say, sacrifice the quality merely to gain a little in quantity?

MR. C. Most unquestionably not, my love.

MRS. C. Then that's exactly my argument with regard to young Mr. Carol.

MR. C. What! the old story, eh?—but we'll talk of that another time—let us see what the news is, (*Takes up the paper and reads.*) "Fashionable intelligence" "A regular Flare up"—"Marriages" "Amusements for the week" "Pugilism"—"Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, Hamlet" "Horrible murder"—"Paganini's Concert" "Extraordinary charge"—eh! what's all this about? (*Looking up the paper.*) why there's no head to this article—oh! I see!—it's one of the parliamentary speeches, and they certainly don't require any.

MRS. C. Pooh! can't you find something more amusing than that to read!—give me the paper. (*Takes it and looks over it.*) I always look for the murders, crim. cons. &c.—eh! what do I see—well, now this is delightful.

JULIA. Read it out, aunt, pray.

MRS. C. "Is expected every day." How I long to see the dear.

MR. C. And who may this dear of your's be?

MRS. C. "Apollo"—ah, "music hath charms to soothe the savage breast"—are you attending, Mr. C.—do you hear

me, I say? (*Reads.*) "We understand a bet is on the *tapis*, between two persons of distinction, that a well known musical nobleman, will collect a certain sum of money by travelling through the country, under the disguise of a Wandering Minstrel, the titled votary of Apollo is now on his tours, and invariably experiences the kindest receptions from the gentry of the different towns he visits, it being easy to perceive from his noble air and gentlemanly demeanour that his character is assumed—he is now journeying towards Worthing, where he is expected every day." What do you think of that, Mr. C.?

Mr. C. Why I think the fellow's a pretty vagabond whoever he be.

Mrs. C. Pshaw! doesn't the paper say he is a nobleman in disguise—but your soul was ever dead to romance.

Mr. C. Romance!—fiddlestick!—where's the romance, I should like to know, in a fellow's rendering himself amenable to the vagrant act?

Mrs. C. I declare, Mr. C., your ideas are as ancient as your face—haven't you heard he's a nobleman trying to collect a certain sum of money, under the disguise of a Wandering Minstrel?

Mr. C. Well! then, he ought to be indicted for obtaining money under false pretences!—and, if I had my way, he should be. (*They rise and come forward.*

Mrs. C. If you had your way, indeed—oh, you poor weak old man—but I never intend you to have your way, Mr. C.—no, no, the conduct you must adopt is directly you hear of his arrival, to go yourself and place your house at his service.

Mr. C. And have him continually caterwauling under my roof!—not if it was Apollo himself instead of the votary.

MRS. C. You wont—wont you?—but you shall, Mr. C.—do you hear that, you shall—only imagine reading in the Court Journal that, "Mr. Crincum was the distinguished host, at whose mansion the Wandering Minstrel was so hospitably entertained during his stay at Worthing." But he may be in the town at this very moment—why don't you fly, Mr. C.—why don't you fly, I say?—Julia, my dear, follow us! who knows but that the dear creature might take a fancy to you!—your arm, Mr. C. [*Exeunt* L. H.

SCENE II.

The exterior of Mr. Crincum's house.

Enter JEM BAGS, R. H. *(Playing the clarionet very badly.)*

JEM B. Vell! now, that's what I calls werry tidy work! two bobs and a tanner for seven doors isn't so bad, blow me!—summat better this ere, than wending three yards of new favrite songs for a hapny—what miserable vork that was to be sure—I was always a crying about the streets "here you has 'em—here's one hundred and fifty new and pop'lar hairs for a hapny, here's—"Mary I believes thee true" "Hookey Valker"—"Giles Scroggins courted Molly Brown" "On the banks of the Blue Moselle"—"Barclay and Perkins' drayman" "He vas famed for deeds of harms"—His there a heart wot never lov'd" "The dandy dog's meat man"—"If I had a donkey what vouldn't go" "Hover the hills and far avay"—"Oh, say not woman's love is bought" for the small charge of one hapny—and I dare say I might a been a following that are calling to this werry day—if it arn't a been for Bill Raven—"I never shall forget Bill Raven's a saying to me—says he—"I say, Jem Bags, vhy dosn't you take to the singing line"—"vhy," says I, "vhy cos, I sings

vorser than an old tin tea kettle"—"Vorser" says he, "so much the betterer—oh, yourn's a helegant woice for ballad singing! a sartin fortune to any one, blow me!"—"Jist show a light," says I,—"Vell, then," says he, "I means to says as how if one, vith a woice like your'n, was to strike up afore the houses—and, 'specially them [illegible] the knockers tied up—they'd villingly give sixpence t[illegible] rid on you"—"I twigs," says I—howsomdever, I [illegible] 'self, says I "if my woice is a sartin fortun'—what'ud a o[illegible] arionet be as I can't play much,—and I was right—what [illegible] lly row it does kick up to be sure!—In a quiet place like [illegible] 'ere they'd give any thing to get rid on me! directly I strike up, out comes the sarvint with tuppence or thruppence and horders me to move on—"Don't you wish you may git it?" says I; "Move on for tuppence or thruppence! Vhy does you think now I'm hintirely hignorant of the "*walley*" of peace and quietness?—I never moves on under sixpence." (*Looking up at the house.*) But they seems summat in the quiet vay here—I thinks as how they'd stand a shilling.

(*He strikes up, taking care to make all the noise possible, presently* Mr. *and* Mrs. Crincum, *the former very much annoyed at the noise, enter from the house* L. H.

Jem B. I knew they couldn't stand that wery long.

Mrs C. See there, Mr. C.?—there he is—there's the Wandering Minstrel!—oh, the dear melodious creature.

Jem B. She says I'm a hodious screecher—I sartinly must ax em a shilling!

Mrs. C. And now, Mr. C. you go and place your house at the disposal of the titled votary of Apollo—assuring him your constant study shall be to endow it with all the comfort of a home.

JEM B. Vell!—if she isn't a talking about the comforts of a home—now, there arn't no one sets a higher "*walley*" on the comforts of a home, than I does—I couldn't think of moving on under a shilling.

MRS. C. Why don't you do as I bid you,—why don't you stir yourself, Mr. C.?

MR. C. What—make my house a home for such a vagabond as that! better convert it into a refuge for the destitute at once—

MRS. C. To call him a vagabond! was there ever such a lamentable want of discernment! when it's so easy to perceive his character is assumed! oh—you poor blind old man, you! (*Courtseys to Jem.*) I fear, Sir, unaccustomed as you are to your present mode of life, you must feel yourself rather fatigued.

JEM B. (*Aside.*) She's a trying to get rid on me vith a bit of blarney! but it von't do, Mrs.! Fatigued, Marm! —quite the contrary! I'm as fresh as an oyster on the fifth of August! Bless you! I could keep all night at this ere!

(*Pointing to his clarionet.*

MRS. C. The paper was very right—he certainly has all the air of the nobleman—

JEM B. The hair of the nobleman, Marm—nothing like it, I can assure you! that there was the hair of "the dog's meat man!" but the old gentleman there doesn't seem wery pleased.

MRS. C. I can assure you he is quite delighted, Sir—

MR. C. No, I an't—no, I an't.

MRS. C. Hold your tongue—or I'll send you to bed.

JEM B. Howsomdever I'm particlar easy to get rid on.

(*Holds out his hand.*

MRS. C. There, Mr. C., I knew you'd insult the gen-

tleman with your nonsense! (*To Jem.*) But I trust, Sir, we are not to shake hands just yet—believe me, if there be one instrument to which Mr. C. and myself are more partial than another, it is the clarionet—

Mr. C. No, it isn't—no, it isn't—

Mrs. C. (*Checking him.*) [illegible]y wait till I get you alone, that's all Mr. C.

Jem B. Then the sooner I'[illegible] the better!

Mrs. C. But you will not le[illegible] us thus abruptly, Sir, without even taking any refresh[illegible]?

Jem B. Oh! if you're going [illegible]tand summat, I'm your man!

Mrs. C. My house is at your command, Sir—but first allow me to enquire under what name you are at present travelling?

Jem B. Vhy, Marm, I answers to the name of Jem Bags for vant of a betterer.

Mrs. C. Jem Bags! ha! ha! an excellent sobriquet, indeed! and your other name, I—

Jem B. Oh! you means the name I in general goes by?

Mrs. C. Ah! that I presume, neither love nor money could tempt you to disclose—

Jem B. Vouldn't they though? I can't say nothing about the love—but just you fork out the brads, and see if they vont.

Mrs. C. Willingly would I give my purse to solve the mystery—

Jem B. Vould you though! hand it here, Marm.

(*Mrs. Crincum takes purse out of Mr. C.'s pocket.*

Mr. C. But I must beg you do not squander my money upon any such foolery, Mrs. C.

Jem B. Pooh! hold your tongue, old guy now—and

think yourself wery vell off I don't take the love into the bargain.

MRS. C. There is the purse (*Gives it.*) and now the name by which you are more commonly known—is—

JEM B. Is old Bags, Marm.

MR. C. Now, my dear, are you convinced?

MRS. C. Yes, now I am convinced that he is indeed a nobleman in disguise—I recollect hearing Mr. Carol, the attorney, say " old Bags " was the name of a great lord; I trust, Sir, you have every hope of being successful with your bet!

JEM B. (*Aside.*) My Bet! how should she know anything about Bet?—my intended, Betsy Bags, what is to be! Successful, Marm! it won't be long, now I've got this ere purse, afore I has a better half.

MRS. C. Indeed! It will not be many days before you have the better half! and yet your bet must be a good round one.

JEM B. Vhy yes, Bet, sartinly, is rather roundish, Marm, but, bless your heart! sich a figure! the greatest vaist I ever seed.

MRS. C. Ah! Sir, there I agree with you, bets certainly are the greatest waste possible! a shameful extravagance! If I am not presuming, Sir, how heavy may your bet run?

JEM B. How heavy, Marm! vhy, let me see—about fourteen or fifteen stone—say 200 lbs.

MRS. C. Two hundred pounds, Sir!

JEM B. Yes, that's about the cut, I think.

MRS. C. Oh! that's a mere trifle!

JEM B. Is it, though?

MRS. C. Now my thoughts, Sir, ran nearer two thousand.

JEM B. Two thousand pounds, Marm! vhy, Dan Lambert never made that are.

MRS. C. Dan Lambert! Whom does he mean by Dan Lambert, Mr. C.?

MR. C. I don't know Danny Lambert—

MRS. C. No! nor [illegible] else. He's some great sporting character I [illegible] ut, you must feel the want of some refreshme[illegible]

JEM B. Vhy, I sar[illegible] like a drop of heavy—

MRS. C. A drop [illegible] at's heavy, Mr. C.?

MR. C. I don't know—[illegible] ot any heavy.

MRS. C. We have some [illegible] llent light wines, Sir—though I am afraid, we can offer you no heavy.

JEM B. Bless you! I'm not particlar to a shade.

Mrs. C. gives her arm to Jem Bags and leads him to the door of her house which Mr. C. has closed—Mrs. C. pushes him aside and goes off with Jem who exclaims "my heyes, here's a go."

MR. C. (*Solus.*) Well! thus it is when an old man forgets himself and marries a young wife; it's ten to one but she follows his example and forgets him, too; my wife's voice was shrill enough before, there was no need of the clarionet for an accompaniment! A Wandering Minstrel! and a lord! A pretty lord! the Lord knows who! however, if he be a lord, he supports the character of a blackguard with a great deal of spirit. [*Exit Mr. Crincum.*

SCENE III.

A Drawing Room, Table, Chairs, &c. &c,

Enter PEGGY *showing in* JEM BAGS L. H.

PEG. Will you look this way, if you please, Sir?

JEM B. Bless you! when there's a pretty girl to be seed, I don't want axing to look that way—ah! I sees—you does'nt know Jem Bags?

PEG. Jem Bags! what! him as used to go crying of ballads? indeed, but I do though!

JEM B. You does! let me examine you—vhy, blow me, if it arn't Peg!—the wery Peg as I used to hang my affections on!

PEG. But how comes it, Jem, you've given up a crying them ere ballads?

JEM B. Vhy, you sees, they writes such stuff now adays for sentimental ballads, they actually arn't vorth vhile crying about—and so as I could do nothing in that there vay—

PEG. You comed down here to see if you couldn't *do* Master and Missus by a passing yourself off for a nobleman.

JEM B. Come out of the cart, now!—I pass myself off for a nobleman!—do you think I'd make such a thorough blackguard of myself as that—

PEG. Why, hasn't you been making Missus believe you're the handsome Wandering Minstrel what's a travelling through the country for a wager?

JEM B. I make your Missus believe I was the handsome Wandering Minstrel!—why I arn't got the face to do it! But only to think of my being taken for a lord! howsomdever, since it is so, you know, I shall embrace the opportunity—

PEG. Well! I should have thought you might have found something better than that to embrace.

JEM B. Ah! I'm fly!—its the vay with all the gals directly they sets eyes on me—they're never heasy—but bless her little heart! she shall have a kiss.

(*He takes hold of her hand*

PEG. No, but she won't now.

(*She snatches her hand away—runs round the stage and exit* L. H.—*Jem follows her and goes violently into the arms of Mrs. Crincum who is entering with Mr. C.* L. H.

MR. C. Halloa, Sir! what are you after?

JEM B. What am I arter, old gemmen? now I dare say, you thinks I was arter that there sarvint of your'n?

MRS. C. It was too plain, Sir! and I must say, it surprizes me to see a gentleman of your rank let himself down in such a way.

JEM B. Lawks, Mar'm! there wasn't no letting down in the case! quite the contrary! I was a keeping up my character; you see, Mar'm, ve vandering minstrels is so famous for running arter the gals, that one is hobligated to do it, vhether he likes it or not—

MRS. C. True, Sir, I forgot—there, Mr C., don't you hear, he acknowledges himself to be the Wandering Minstrel—don't you hear, Mr. C.? I came, Sir, to say—we purpose having a small concert this evening, and to beg that we may be allowed the valuable aid of your musical abilities.

JEM B. My musical abilities—ha! ha! My clarionet is at your sarvice, Mar'm.

MRS. C. Ah! Sir, I knew we might count upon your acquiescence, I have desired the leader to wait your instructions about the music—

JEM. (*Aside.*) Vait my instructions! then, hang me, if I don't think, he will have to vait a precious long time!

MRS. C. You will find him, I believe, Sir, a gentleman of some skill—but here he is to speak for himself.

Enter TWEEDLE, L. H.

MR. C. Mr. Tweedle—the—

MRS. C. (*Pushing Mr. C. aside.*) Mr. Tweedle—that is the real Wandering Minstrel.

(*Mr. and Mrs. C. retire up. Tweedle bows—Jem touches his hat—they advance and shake hands.*

JEM B. How are you—are you hearty?

TWEED. I am delighted, Sir, to have the honor of meeting a gentleman whose musical talents promise so much.

JEM B. (*Aside.*) They may promise a great deal—but hang me! if they don't perform very little!

TWEED. Respecting the selection of music for this evening—what school do you prefer?

JEM B. What school! (*Aside.*) Blow me, if I was ever inside on one! but I must not let him know nothing about that. Vhy, I thinks as how, the Parish School is a pretty tidy un.

TWEED. The Paris School—Aye, Sir, France, certainly contains some very excellent masters, Auber—Hertz—

JEM B. (*Aside.*) Auber hurts! What does he mean by Auber hurts? Oh! I see—old Auber must be the chap vot flogs the boys at that there School! Auber hurts! I believe you, he just does hurt! Lawks! how he used to make me sing out, to be sure!

TWEED. Used to make you sing out, did he, Sir? a plan I always adopt myself—throw the voice well out from the chest—excellent exercise, Sir!

JEM B. You may say that, old chap! bless you! old Auber used only to give it us for the exercise—the doctors used to recommend it.

TWEED. Certainly, Sir, Dr. Arne—

JEM B. Ah! I didn't know his name—

TWEED. And many other equally eminent professors did so—pray, Sir, what may be your opinion of the Doctor's compositions?

JEM B. (*Makes a face expressive of disgust.*) Why,

my opinion is, the doctor's compositions is all werry filthy stuff.

TWEED. Filthy stuff! indeed, Sir! but you surely would not apply so harsh a term to all the doctor's works—do you consider his Artaxerxes?

JEM B. Consider he's arte

TWEED. Artaxerxes, Sir.

JEM B. In course, I does—I siders he's arter Xerxes, and arter every body else, too.

TWEED. Then, Sir, since yo not seem to approve of the doctor's works, what may ur opinion of Bishop's?

JEM B. Of bishops, (*Asiac.*) well, if he isn't a going to politics; now—howsomdever, so long as he fights shy of that musical work, I doesn't mind—what does I think of bishops—why, I thinks, they're just as bad, if not worserer, than doctors.

TWEED. Indeed, Sir! perhaps you are no admirer of the English style—may be, you do not approve of "The Sea! The Sea!" of Neükomn?

JEM B. Didn't I say, I vouldn't have nothing to say about bishops—where's the use, then, of talking to me about the see of Neükomn? I tell you, I don't want nothing to do with the see of Neükomn, or the see of Durham, either.

TWEED. The Sea of Durham! I never recollect hearing it.

JEM B. But a great many people does, though.

TWEED. Well, Sir, since nothing English seems to please you, what may you think of Paganini?

JEM B. What ninny?

TWEED. Paganini, Sir! the great violinist who has lately drawn such large houses with his one string—what may be your opinion of his powers?

JEM B. Why, my opinion is that his powers must be wery great, if he draws a house with one string.

TWEED. Truly, Sir, and as a harpist, what think you of Boscha's science?

JEM B. Boxers' science! now you've just hit it! your boxers, I thinks, is one of the prettiest sciences going, and if you've a mind for any thing in that there way—why I'm your man. (*Squares at Tweedle—Mr. and Mrs. C. come down and push Tweedle off—exit Tweedle* L. H.

MR. C. Really, this behaviour surpasses every thing, Sir, the lowest vagabond would beat you—

JEM B. Beat me! would he? just you come and try old chap, and see how I would pummel that there ugly face of your'n.

(*Jem Bags and Mr. C. square at each other, Mrs. C. interposes.*

MR. C. You impudent scoundrel!

MRS. C. I beg you'll keep your temper, Mr. C.

JEM B. Keep his temper! well! I think, the sooner he loses such a temper, the better!

MRS. C. (*Coaxingly.*) Let us leave him to himself, for a while, my dear—at present, you perceive, he is rather excited; I will go and see after the gentleman's refreshment—now, pray don't exasperate the gentleman, Mr. C.

[*Exit Mrs. C.* L. H.

MR. C. I won't, my dear.

(*Crincum squares at Jem and then runs off.*

JEM B. Go along with you, you old fool, you! that chap's a regular human wen—nothing more nor a lump of superfluous flesh upon the face of natur.

Enter PEGGY *slily.*

PEG. Whist, Jem! is any one with you?

JEM B. Any one with me! no, they vas all agin me!

PEG. Against you! what for? why you arn't a been forgetting yourself—have you, Jem?

JEM B. Forgetting myself! never fear, Peggy! I thinks a great deal too much of myself, to do that.

PEG. And so I do! la! all the time you've been away—I never done nothing but remember how happy I was when first you made overtures to me.

JEM B. Well! if she ar c mad as well as the rest on em! I tell you, I don't kno thing about music.

PEG. Who was a talking o ic, pray?

JEM B. Why, you! didn't say, I made overtures?

PEG. Lord, bless your innoc !

JEM B. Vell I hope he v

PEG. Making overtures n..... edging your love.

JEM B. Pledging your love! vhy, they vouldn't lend you nothing on it.

PEG. Pshaw! it means popping the question—

JEM B. Popping!—in course, it does—arn't pledging and popping all the same?

PEG. Well then, I mean when you used to come a courting of me; don't you remember our nice trips to Bagnigge Wells?

JEM B. Yes, and don't you remember my calling for two teas and a pot of heavy?—and hadn't got no blunt, and I was obligated to leave my handkerchief until Monday—and don't you remember the dances we used to have?—don't I?—and the tune too—this was it.

(*They go off into a jig—Jem accompanying on the clarionet.—In the middle of which a servant enters with refreshment, which Jem in the heat of his merriment upsets—Jem and Peggy run off.—Servant picks up the pieces, pockets the cakes and exit.*

SCENE IV.

A romantic retreat.

Enter JULIA, R. H.

JULIA. This is the hour Herbert appointed—and yet no signs of him; would I could hear his guitar!

SONG.—JULIA

The sun's dying fast,
  In his blood bathed he lies;
And eve with her clouds
  'Gins to shadow the skies,
But, hush! that music stealing
Sweetly to me revealing—
    'Tis my true love's guitar
    La, la, la, la, la, la.
Sing away, dearest love,
  For, most sweet to me are
The soft fairy-like notes
  Of thy plaintive guitar.

The sun's dying fast—
  The fair moon leaves her bed;
The lily o'er cast
  Droops, with envy, her head;
But, hush! that step betraying—
Hither, some foot is straying,
    'Tis my love, from afar.
    La, la, la, la, la, la.
Hurry on, dearest love—
  For, though sweet's thy guitar,
The dear sound of thy step
  Is to me sweeter far.

Enter HERBERT CAROL, L. H.

HERB. Ah, Julia, my dear! what! beautiful and smiling

as ever, eh? no wonder at my dying of love for you! would not such bewitching smiles kill any man? I declare one might well say of you, what Shakespeare says of Richard—"You can smile and *murder* while you smile."

JULIA. But I fear all our smiles will soon be at an end; my aunt will not listen t[illegible] esses, and has forbidden my seeing y[illegible]

HERB. [illegible]

JULIA. I have [illegible] agem—my aunt gives a concert this evening, in hon[illegible] a fellow whom she has found strolling about the [illegible] nd whom she calls "the Wandering Minstrel," [illegible] I am convinced, is not the fact; now, if you could only obtain admission to the house, disguised as the real wanderer—I think, two or three songs on your guitar would be certain to gain her consent—

HERB. And you really imagine you are to be bought for a song, do you? however, there is no harm in trying—what think you if I sing my ballad of Gaston and Isabelle, listen—

SONG.—HERBERT.

To war against the infidel
  All christian knights their arms prepare,
And Gaston leaves fair Isabel
  The danger of the fray to share.
List ye, lady, list to the tale I'll tell
  Of Gaston the brave and the fair Isabel.

Years pass—and yet no tidings tell
  The fate of her beloved young knight,
But now they sound the passing knell
  Of brave ones fallen in the fight.
List ye, lady, list to the tale I tell,
  Oh! broken hearted died poor Isabel!

'Tis midnight and a dying yell
  Breaks suddenly the silent gloom
Victorious o'er the infidel,
  Gaston returns to share her tomb.
Weep ye, lady, weep for the tale I tell
  Of Gaston the brave and the fair Isabel.

JULIA. That will do excellently.

HERB. And when does this said concert take place?

JULIA. Almost immediately! not a moment is to be lost! so, hurry you to your toilet.

HERB. But you will grant me one kiss, ere I go, as an encouragement?

JULIA. No! not one!

HERB. Well! then, I must e'en console myself with the one you gave me, yesterday.

JULIA. The one I gave you! the one you stole, you mean.

HERB. That may be—but you know, Julia, the "receiver of stolen goods is as bad as the thief."

[*Exeunt Julia* R. H. *Herbert* L. H.

SCENE V.

A grand Saloon—Musicians in the background with music stands arranged before them, Company, &c. discovered.

Enter TWEEDLE *and* JULIA—MRS. CRINCUM *conducting* JEM BAGS—MR. C. *following* R. H.

MRS. C. Every thing is arranged, Sir, and only waits your commands, to commence our feast of Apollo.

JEM B. Feast of Apollo! ah! Marm, I believe you, directly I strikes up with this here thing-me-jig. (*Point-*

ing to his clarionet,) there will be a precious blow out.

Mrs. C. Mr. Tweedle, do you conduct the Wandering Minstrel to his seat.

Jem B. Thank'ye, Marm, I knows how to conduct myself. (*Tweedle and Jem join the musicians—Jem taking his seat in the centre.*) you, my reg'lars ?—now Marm vot vill you have? 'crying ballads.) "Ere you has 'em here"—"Na ion" "I met her at the Fancy Fair"—"My love e Red Red Rose" "D'ye call that nothing"—"The m Swiss Boy" "What a shocking bad hat"—"Alice Gr. "Does you ever think of me, love"—"Poor Marian" "Flare up"—"I have had a pint of Sherry" with "A goblet of Burgundy"—and all for the small charge of one penny" (*Aside.*) at my old work, again, blow me!—what will you have, Marm?

Mrs. C. Any thing, you please, Sir—consult yourself.

Jem B. Well, then, old Tweedle, I'm for "Barney Brallaghan"

Tweed. Barney Brallaghan! I am afraid it is not among our collection, Sir!

Jem B. Now an't you a pretty kind of a chap, to set up yourself for a musicianer—and ar'n't got the overture of Barney Brallaghan.

Tweed. However, Sir, we'll do our best.

Jem B. And who axed you to do any more? (*Pointing to music before him.*) Is this Barney Brallaghan?

Tweed. No, Sir—

Jem B. Never mind, I can make Barney Brallaghan of it—now, then, my reg'lars—all at once. (*They commence playing—Jem Bags accompanying most discordantly with his clarionet—After the first or second bar, he blows in Tweedle's ears—begins dancing—in the*

course of which, he kicks down several of the music stands and scatters most of the performers—he dances down to the front of the stage.)

Enter PEGGY, L. H.

JEM B. What are you interrupting the consart for?

PEG. Please, Marm, here's a gentleman wishes to see you that calls himself the real Wandering Minstrel, and says Mr. Bags is only an impostor.

JEM B. (*Aside.*) Blow me! if it isn't all over with me, then—you're a nice harticle, an't you? vhen do you expect to go to Bagnigge Vells to tea vith me agin?—can't you get rid on him, no how? say, your Missus is out (*to Mrs. C.*) It's all gammon, Marm, every vord on it—send for the beadle and have the vagabond taken up.

MRS. C. First, let me judge whether his story be totally without foundation—show him up Peggy.

JEM B. What are you going to see him then.

[*Exit Peggy—Herbert Carol is heard singing without.*

Enter HERBERT CAROL, L. H. *disguised as the Wandering Minstrel.*

JEM B. Do you call that chap a singer, Marm? vhy, I'll soon show you he ar'n't got not no more ear for music, than a costemonger's donkey!

HERB. I trust, Madam, I shall be able to convince you of the error you have committed—and prove to you, which of the two has the greater claim upon your hospitality.

MR. C. There, my dear, I always told you I could see through that fellow.

JEM B. See through me! what a piercing eye he must have! a regular gimblet eye!

MRS. C. However, to dissipate every possible doubt, we

will make trial of your skill, on which Mr. Tweedle shall decide, and the reward of the winner shall be the hand of my niece—what say you, Sir?

HERB. Cheerfully, Madam, do I consent.

[illegible] ERT.

[illegible] ubadour
[illegible] afar,
[illegible] ing light—
[illegible] ar;
[illegible] s
F [illegible] strings,
But [illegible] ot yet—
A [illegible] ngs—
Troubadour! Minstrel dear!
Shall I ever see thee more—
Shall I list e'er again
To my young Troubadour?

See! from whence comes that form—
That now moves o'er the plain—
'Tis the young Troubadour!
He's at home, once again!
Hark! from whence comes that song—
Whose hand wakes those fond strings?
'Tis the young Troubadour
That so cheerfully sings—
Lady love! never fear!
I am with thee once more!
List again to the voice
Of the young Troubadour.

MRS. C. Beautiful, indeed! and now, Mr. Bags, let us see whether you can equal such strains—surpass them—I am convinced, no mortal can—remember, the hand of this dear girl is the prize.

JEM B. Dear girl!—I believes you, dear at nothin—howsomdever, here goes—silence, there! (*Jem sings a verse of*

a comic song very discordantly, at the conclusion of which, Mrs. Crincum approaches him.

MRS. C. Thank you, Sir—that will do, we will not trouble you for any more—

JEM B. Ah! I knew I should vin in an instant.

MRS. C. The servant will show you the door, Sir.

ALL. Aye, turn him out, turn him out.

JEM B. Let me finish it!—vhy there's sixteen werses and I should be sartin to vin in that time.

TWEED. Come, Sirrah! move on.

JEM B. Move on—I never moves on under sixpence.

TWEED. Stir yourself, Sir—or I shall send for the proper authorities.

JEM B. You're a nice man, now I don't think to talk about proper authorities; a chap here as doesn't know Barney Brallaghan—the most helegantest overture wot is—Send for your thorities—I doesn't care that for em—

TWEED. How, Sirrah—

JEM B. Come here, these ere (*Pointing to the audience.*) these ere is the thorities, I cares about (*To the house.*) I say, Whisper—blow me! if I vont come and strike up afore this werry house, every night, for a veek to come—just to wex that old chap—prowiding you won't say nothin' to the contrary.

CURTAIN FALLS.

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FIRST PRODUCED

AT THE OLYMPIC THEATRE,

MONDAY, DECEMBER 16*th*, 1833.

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1834.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Sir Owen Griffiths ..... MR. F. MATHEWS.
Alfred (*his Nephew*) ..... MR. J. BLAND.
David Jones ..... MR. SALTER.

Julia ..... MADAME VESTRIS.
Dora ..... MRS. TAYLEURE.

THE WELSH GIRL.

SCENE I.

An apartment in an old house of SIR OWEN GRIFFITHS, *in Wales; door at the back of the stage leading into the hall; doors right and left to the different apartments; chairs, table, sofa, &c.* ALFRED *discovered sitting at table, reading;* DAVID JONES *is heard speaking, as if to servants.*

DAV. Yes; I tell you he'll be here directly; so make haste, and get him a good dinner.

ALF. What's that I hear?

Enter DAVID.

ALF. You here, David!

DAV. Yes; here I am.

ALF. (*Aside.*) Blunt as ever. (*Aloud.*) What chance has given us the pleasure of your company, pray?

DAV. *No chance;* but the *commands* of Sir Owen. I have been sent forward to announce his arrival.

ALF. My uncle on his road hither? What the deuce has brought him down here, to a place he has not been near for the last ten years of his life, at least?

DAV. One of his whims; he wants to see his steward, he says, and to ascertain what sort of condition the old house is in—he'll be pleased to find you here.

ALF. Do you think so? I came here for the benefit of the Welsh air.

DAV. And ale, I s[illegible] Welsh ale, you know—(*Smacks his lips.*) Capital

ALF. Capital stuff, i[illegible] vid. But I was tired of London, and its gaieties [illegible]ities: the former, of necessity, introduces one to t[illegible]—one goes on, heedlessly enjoying oneself for the tim[illegible] the gayest of the gay—when suddenly one's career is [illegible]sted by a regiment of most *grave* and *potent* creditors; and that spoils all, you know, David.

DAV. Aye, I dare say it does; but, never mind, a good marriage will settle all that for you.

ALF. Indeed!

DAV. Yes; Sir Owen has got an excellent match in his eye for you. And I've no doubt, if you consent, and don't make any fuss about it—and why should you?—he'll pay all your debts again.

ALF. (*Smiling.*) He'll never pay them, David, upon those conditions.

DAV. Ah! take care what you are about; you know how passionate and whimsical Sir Owen is. Take my advice, and marry anybody.

ALF. It's not to be done, David! There is an insurmountable obstacle, David—I am already married!

DAV. The devil you are? And, of course, you have married the very girl that Sir Owen insisted on your *not* marrying?

ALF. Precisely.

DAV. And without any money?

ALF. Not a shilling.

DAV. You have done very wrong.

ALF. I can't help it, David. Couldn't you have guessed, now, that there must have been something *very* particular that would make me come and live here, even for a single day? By Jove, I wouldn't remain in this crazy old castle half-a-minute by *myself* for a dukedom.

DAV. Why, you don't mean to tell me that she is with you here?

ALF. In this very house.

DAV. Then it's all over with you—you'd better have shot yourself—aye, much better, for then you'd have been provided for.

ALF. Ha! ha! ha!—very pleasantly, certainly.

DAV. Yes, it's all very well to laugh now; but you won't laugh, if Sir Owen should catch a glimpse of your lady.

ALF. I know my danger—I've smuggled a wife—one of the sort altogether prohibited—not admitted to duty. It would play the deuce with me in my uncle's exchequer—

AIR.—ALFRED.

"*New Year's Night.*"

Pride the coast of joy blockading,
Would declare her contraband;
And for thus his laws evading,
Seize—condemn—the goods I'd land.
Spurning customs mean and narrow,
Which would make of hearts a trade,
Our's both mark'd by Love's "*broad arrow*,'
Duty but to Hymen paid.
Spurning, &c."

ALF. Vell, but tell me what's to be done? What can we do v h her, to keep her out of my uncle's sight?

DAV. ock her up in one of the empty rooms.

ALF. h, that won't do—*she* wouldn't agree to that, I can tell you—she is a little headstrong body, very fond of having her own way.

DAV. oman, you know.

ALF. me with any remarks, but those to hat can we do that she won't object to? William, I know. Before we left to him, and laugh him out of his nonse she was afraid to let her.

DAV. es not know loes he?

ALF. No—he has never seen her.

DAV. Humph! Well; I don't know, I'm sure—she must keep out of his way for a while—but, if he should happen to see her, we *must* say she is somebody.

ALF. But who, David, who?

DAV. Why, if I remember rightly, old Dora, at the lodge here, had a little niece, who used to come now and then on a visit to her—she must now be about eighteen years old—she lived with an old grandfather.

ALF. I have not seen her.

DAV. Perhaps she is not here just now—all the better, or he might see one too many.

ALF. Well, well; so let it be—that will do famously—and if Sir Owen should see her, not having the least idea of her being my wife, he will be delighted with her—I know he will—she is so amiable—so graceful—so full of vivacity—so pretty—so—in short, David, she is a perfect pocket Venus. We've only been married eight days.

DAV. Oh! that's just about the time I should have guessed.

Enter JULIA, *running in from back entrance.*

JU. Oh! dear Alfred—what is this I hear? Your uncle, Sir Owen, expected here every moment—is it so?

ALF. It is, indeed; but *you* need not care—*you* don't mind him, you know!

JU. Well; I don't think I do—*much*.

ALF. However, I think for the present it will be more prudent for you not to shew yourself—till we see what sort of a humour he is in.

JU. And—and what's to become of me, pray?

ALF. (*Smiling.*) Why, we did think of locking you up; but, upon second thoughts, we determined that we would let you have your liberty.

DAV. (*To* ALF.) I say—you'd better let him see her—the old boy likes to look at a pretty woman, though he pretends not to care about them.

JU. Who is that person, Alfred?

ALF. That, Julia, is my old friend, David Jones, whom you have often heard me speak of—who used to talk me to sleep with his old stories—he knows my uncle well—and advises that, to ward off the first effects of Sir Owen's rage, it would be better that he should not see you just at present, as my wife.

JU. Not as your wife—what then, pray, sir?

ALF. Now, now—be quiet; and you shall hear.

DAV. (*Aside.*) Hot as fire, I see—all the better—I hate your cold-blooded people.

Alf. Dora has a niece just about your age—a native of North ales—

Ju. (ighted.) Oh, I know; you want me to be the little W girl—I'll do it—I shall like it of all things.

he Hare."

Now ou orn at Llanberris,
E er's is Jones;
E ride and hur care is
To sing all the s country owns.
Ap I hs, ap Madoc,
Hu ther-in-law
Wa us Caradoc,
Who Ju ed at see-saw.

Alf. and **Dav.** } Capital! Brava! brava!

Ju. But what about old Dora? Will you be able to make her understand what she is to say and do?

Dav. Leave that to me, Miss—Ma'am—I beg pardon—I'll undertake to make her know her right hand from her left.

Ju. And so I am about to see this *terrible* uncle, who, without knowing, hates me—*me*, who am so well inclined to love *him*.

Dav. You don't seem to be very much *afraid* of the meeting, though, Ma'am.

Ju. Afraid—no; why should I? I hear that he is kind-hearted, though passionate; gallant, though somewhat ancient—that the sight of a—nice—pretty—little woman quite agitates him; and, in that case, you know, *he'll* have the most cause to be *afraid!*

Alf. Dear Julia, you can't fail in pleasing him, I'm sure.

JU. Yes; I think I shall succeed with him. My father always used to say that he was sure I should accomplish anything I ever undertook—I was such a determined little devil!

DAV. (*Aside.*) She's a capital wench.

ALF. Your father!

JU. Yes, sir, my father—a man of sound, excellent judgment.

ALF. You see, David—I told you what a little, wilful, spoiled thing she was.

JU. I should like to know which of us two have proved themselves the most wilful—who married a little girl without a penny, when they were particularly desired not to do so? You won't say that was me, I hope? But I had better go now and prepare—where am I to get the dress from, though?

DAV. I'll go and find old Dora, and send her to you directly.

ALF. There's the carriage; I caught a glimpse of it as it turned the corner of the road.

DAV. Then I must be quick; so, your servant, for the present. (*Exit* DAVID.)

JU. Good bye, Alfred; when you see me again, you'll scarcely know me yourself—Oh! lud—the carriage has stopped. (*Runs off*, C. R. H.)

ALF. I had better go and offer my arm to the old gentleman.

(*As he is going off at the back—Enter* SIR OWEN, *followed by Servants.*)

SIR O. There, there, my good people—that will do. I'm very much obliged to you—but, God bless you—don't smother me. (*Exeunt Servants.*) Their joy at seeing me is really very troublesome. Well, nephew, you little thought of seeing me here, I suppose?

ALF. [illegible] is an *unexpected pleasure*, certainly, sir; but how have y[illegible] borne the journey?—without much fatigue, I hope, si[illegible]

SIR O. I'm tired, sir; very tired; this plaguy gout makes an old man of me.

ALF. (*Aside.*) A[illegible]rtainly, at seventy-five.

SIR O. How l[illegible]en here?

ALF. Only a[illegible]

SIR O. Humpu[illegible]se does not look so badly, after all.

ALF. [illegible]he situation is delectable—hill and dale—rock and [illegible]-ruins of castles and sylvan cottages—Oh, I could live here for ever.

SIR O. Very well, sir, very well; pray do. Since you have become so suddenly fond of solitude, remain here, and reflect upon your former dissolute and extravagant conduct.

ALF. *I will* reflect upon it, sir, provided *you* do not; but do not spoil the pleasure of our meeting by giving me a lecture; let's forget and forgive. I'll excuse all the little annoyances you have caused me—you do the same by me; and let's live happily and comfortably together for the rest of our lives.

SIR O. This is all very pretty; but I'm not to be joked or bantered out of my opinion, sir. Live happily and comfortably with you, indeed, sir — why you never by any chance do a single thing I wish you to do.

ALF. Oh, sir!

SIR O. Why, you puppy, *do* you? Have you given up that marriage, sir, that I so highly disapprove?

ALF. But, dear sir, you expect one to do impossibilities.

SIR O. It's no such, thing, sir; but you'll be sorry for it,

sir: you'll have cause to repent your disobedience. You'll go on, sir, until you make me discard you altogether, and drive me into getting a wife for myself.

ALF. You! Uncle!

SIR O. Yes, sir; and why not, pray?

ALF. Why, sir, I thought you had too much regard for your own comfort.

SIR O. Comfort, sir—*you* are no comfort to me, at all events—I could'nt be worse off in that respect—I want a companion, sir; you, you know, are always too much occupied to come near me.

ALF. Dear sir, I must beg your pardon; for, really, I think I am always paying you visits.

SIR O. Never, sir, but when you want me to be paying your debts.

ALF. Well, sir, but you must confess that's very often.

SIR O. You'll find the difference when I'm married, sir—I dare say at this moment you are over head and ears in debt. Well, well; I can't talk about that now—there, go along, sir, and send the steward here.

ALF. Dear uncle! now you are going to desire him to give me some money; how very kind of you!

SIR O. It's no such thing, sir. But where the devil's David all this time?

Enter DAVID *hastily.*

DAV. Here I am.

ALF. (*As he goes out, aside to* DAVID.) If you have an opportunity, talk to him about my wife. (*Exit* ALFRED.)

SIR O. Where have you been to all this time?

DAV. I have been trying to make all things comfortable

for you, to be sure; but I don't know whether I shall be able to manage it or not; but it aint my fault, you know—you would come all on a sudden, in this queer way—I'm glad Alfred's here, though—you'll have *somebody* to speak to.

SIR O. Well, David, I'm not sorry for that, myself—though he does provoke me David, tell me—who was that girl I saw bou ll just now, as I came in?

DAV. I didn't see the hall; but perhaps it was old Dora's niece—she here sometimes on a visit to her aunt—she may r.

SIR O. (*Rises.*) By hat old woman is a very good servant, and ought not be forgotten; it's too often the case, I fear, that servants who have been for years in the family are merely looked upon as some of the old fixtures, and treated accordingly; but this must not be—something must be done for her.

DAV. Because she happens to have a pretty niece, I suppose!

SIR O. What an old fool you are.—What's her niece to me?—and I don't know whether she is pretty or not, for I didn't see her face—there *was* a time, indeed, when I might have been a little curious about such matters; but now—

DAV. Yes; there *was* a time, indeed—when you were a precious—(*Putting his hand over his mouth*)—I was going to say—

SIR O. What, sir—what?

DAV. Well—a bad-un, then; but, I didn't, you know—I didn't—

SIR O. Ha! ha! David—that was when I was a fine young man of five-and-twenty.

DAV. Yes, I know; and for that reason you might, I

think, be a trifle more indulgent to *that* fine young man of five-and-twenty.

SIR O. Not at all—not at all; I can't look upon it in the same light.

DAV. *(Aside.)* No; because now you are obliged to look upon it through your spectacles.

SIR O. What *are* you muttering about?

DAV. Nothing; nothing; but its rather hard upon the poor boy, I think.

SIR O. Now, David, don't talk nonsense—Can anything be more stupid or ridiculous, for instance, than that love affair of his?

DAV. Yes, a great many things; but you'll alter your mind about that—I know you will.

SIR O. Never, David, never—upon that point I am determined—I am as immoveable as Harlech Castle. Let him marry the young lady I propose to him, and I'll forgive him everything; but if he marries that girl, I've done with him—I've done with him for ever.

DAV. Now, Sir Owen, suppose he *does* marry her; it will be a shocking crime, certainly, for the young man to marry the girl he loves; I suppose you would have him abandon the poor thing after gaining her affections; and would give him an extra five thousand pounds to become a villain.

SIR O. David! you forget yourself.

DAV. No, sir; *I* don't forget myself.

SIR O. (*Agitated, but angry.*) Humph!—if he marries that girl, I'll disinherit him.

DAV. You will? And what'll you do with your money?

SIR O. Leave it to charities—to my servants—to—

DAV. Don't leave any to me; for d—— me if I'll have

it. Wha isinherit your own nephew! your poor dear sister's only chilo:—and for what?—for follies which he inherits from his ur le.

SIR O. (*Rises.*) How dare you presume to talk to me in this mani ? Now, David, don't argue the point with me any more— ssion, stir up the bile, and give me a fit e gout. *Throws himself on the sofa.*)

DAV. It me wen, to see you insist on making miseries for you

SIR O. What do you ?

DAV. Why; if you c at boy of the means of living, won't he be miserable d if he is miserable, won't *you* be miserable? and if you're miserable, shan't I be miserable? and then a pretty life *you'll* have of it?—I'll answer for your being uncomfortable enough.

SIR O. Will you hold your tongue, sir? Be silent, or leave the room. I will not be dictated to by my footman.

DAV. (*After a moment's pause of astonishment.*) Footman! Did I hear right? Was it footman he said? After all these years of service in war and peace, to be degraded, and called footman! And by you, Sir Owen—its more than I can bear. When I faced death by your side—shipmate was the word then, sir—not footman!

SIR O. (*Much agitated—aside.*) Poor fellow! poor fellow! I've hurt his feelings. (*Aloud.*) David!

DAV. I can,——I have borne with your whims—with your passion—but the old sailor cannot, *will* not put up with a degradation.

SIR O. But, David—what—a tear!

DAV. (*Dashing it off.*) It is rage. If you hadn't been my commander, I would—you should—

SIR O. (*Holding out his hand.*) Come, come, forget it, and give me your hand.

DAV. (*Turning away.*) Humph!

SIR O. (*Getting up.*) How's this? You refuse to forgive the impetuosity of an old friend?

DAV. (*Suddenly turns, and takes Sir O's hand.*) Oh! Sir Owen! Sir Owen!

SIR O. There, now, promise me to forget what has passed. I was wrong—very wrong.

DAV. Sir Owen, it was my fault.

SIR O. No, no—I was to blame.

DAV. I tell you it was me.

SIR O. Why, David—you are never going to begin again, are you? Well, well—let me advise you now,—don't talk to me any more about my nephew—you see the consequence. Come promise me that—wont you?

DAV. As you please, Sir Owen.

SIR O. Although we've had a breeze, it has not been a very grateful one. I'll e'en try the more genial air of heaven for a while. (DAVID *offers his arm.*) No, thank you, David—old friend!—comrade! I can go alone. (*Exit.*)

DAV. (*Looking after* SIR OWEN.) He's a good-hearted old chap, after all, though; but he's got a precious lot of obstinacy in his composition.

JU. (*Peeping in, dressed as a Welsh peasant—speaking very low.*) David! David!

DAV. Oh, you may come in, Miss! Sir Owen's not here.

Enter JULIA, *followed by* DORA.

JU. Well, David, have you said anything to Sir Owen?—How does he seem disposed?

DAV. 's *in*disposed!

JU. Indisposed?

DAV. To hear anything about you—I mean, Miss. We *very nearly* quarrelled; and I have been obliged to promise I wont mention Mr. Alfred's name to him any more; so I I must leave you to fight your own battle.

JU. And so I wi oldier! and if my attack does not make e of his prejudice against me, my name isn't Jula.

DAV. I hope it will. art.

JU. It must—it always had my own way, and I always will-

DAV. Now, old woman, you are sure you know your business?

DO. Oh, yes—pless you! I am not once, by any chance, to speak the truth—look you—that's it.

DAV. Humph! that wont be very difficult, I dare say—Hush!—here comes Sir Owen, so I'll be off, Miss.

(*Exit* L.H.)

JU. He *will* call me Miss.

DO. Here he is, Ma'am. Are you not frightened?

JU. No—o, Dora; are you?

DO. Why, I am a little, Ma'am—Sir Owen is so very passionate—look you. (*They stand aside.*)

Enter SIR OWEN, *not observing them, and seats himself on the sofa.*

SIR O. So—I'm better now. What a rage Davy put himself into—faith, I don't much wonder at it; but then he provoked me so about that puppy of a nephew of mine,—he's a good-hearted old fellow, though, after all, and would,

I believe, go to the Devil to serve me. (*During this,* JULIA *has been pushing* DORA *forward, who appears afraid to advance.*)

JU. (*Aside to* DORA.) There—go: he really does not look half such a Turk as I took him for.

DO. (*To* SIR O.) I peg pardon, Sir Owen—perhaps I disturb you.

SIR O. No, no; my good woman. What is it?—what is it?

DORA. I come, Sir Owen, to pay my respects to you; and I've brought my little niece, look you, to make her courtsey, and thank you for your kindness to her old aunt; for although we have not seen your honour, Cot pless you, for some years, my heart! we all had reason to *feel* we were not forgotten by you.

SIR O. And so that's your niece, Dora?—a nice tidy-looking lass, indeed.

DO. Oh, yes, Sir Owen, she's very tidy—but you are busy, Sir.—We'd better go, my love. (*To* JULIA.)

SIR O. No, no; stay a minute. (*To* JULIA.) Come, child. (*He beckons her forward—she keeps retreating.*) Is that your way of coming *forward,* my dear! You must teach her better than that, Dame, or she'll never get on in the world.

DO. Yes, Sir Owen; but she has not long been with me, pless you. (*Aside.*) Oh, I shouldn't have said that, I suppose—it is the truth. (*To* JULIA.) Come, Taffline—come and speak to Sir Owen. (*She takes her hand and leads her forward—*SIR OWEN *gazes at her for some time.*)

SIR O. There's not much family likeness, Dame.

DO. La! don't you think so, Sir Owen! She's always

been thought the very model of me, look you. (*Aside.*) —That will be sure to be right.

SIR O. (*Getting up and patting* JULIA *on the cheek.*) Well, well; she's a nice, quiet, good-humoured, modest-looking girl. (JULIA *courtseys to each of these epithets.*) (*To* DORA.) Has my nephew seen her?

DO. Oh, dear, no, Sir Ow have kept her out of Mr. Alfred's sight—I should not ought her to the castle if you had not been here. A young girl of that age, Sir Owen, is—a young girl, look you.

SIR O. Decidedly.

DO. And they are shocking people for talking scandal in our village.

SIR O. And in what village are they not, I should like to know?

DO. Ah! I dare say, Sir Owen, they are all alike. (*To* JULIA.) What have you done with your tongue, Taffline? —why don't you speak to his honour?

JU. (*With the Welsh accent.*) I don't know what to say to him, look you.

SIR O. Tell me how old you are.

JU. (*Courtseying.*) Just eighteen, Sir Owen.

DO. Aye, I remember it very well—she was born the morning after the great storm. (*Aside.*) Lord help me, I hope there mayn't be another after that. (*Aloud.*) Now then, my dear, make a courtsey to Sir Owen, and come with me, for I have many things to do this morning, and must be bustling.

SIR O. Stay a moment! (*Aside.*) I must find out if that puppy has seen the girl. (*Aloud.*) Dora, do you go about your household affairs, and leave your niece with me a little, as I am all alone. She will amuse me.

Do. La! Sir Owen, I fear she will not be much of a companion, look you; she will not speak a word hardly, you see, sir!

SIR O. Oh, never fear! I'll make her speak; she'll tell me all her little secrets, I'm sure. Perhaps I can serve her in some way.

Do. You are so good, Sir Owen! (*To* JULIA.) There, don't be shy—and talk to his honour like a good little woman, look you. (*Exit* R. H.)

SIR O. Now, child, come here, and let us have a little bit of quiet chat—come, come!

JU. I daren't.

SIR O. Why not—are you afraid of me?

JU. Yes—if you please, Sir—a little, look you.

SIR O. But I don't please that you should be afraid of me—I wish to be a friend to you—so come nearer.

JU. But I don't like to move in this place, for fear I should fall.

SIR O. For fear you should fall—why, child? Why should you fall here?

JU. I don't know. But when I left my native village they told me that a young girl like me should be very careful, particularly if I went into great houses, and saw great people; for if I made one false step, and had a fall, I should never rise again, look you.

SIR O. (*Smiling.*) Aye, aye, and for that very reason you will need a guide—a friend. (*Gets up, and leads her to the front of the stage.*) There; so far you are safe—now sit down. (*She sits timidly down by* SIR OWEN.) Now, tell me, —aint you very dull here, with no company but your old aunt?

JU. No!

SIR O. No! You surprise me; for I dare say you've left a sweetheart, now, behind you in your own little village.

JU. Oh, dear, no!—Oh, dear, no!—pless you—I have no sweetheart; but if I should have one, I should love him for one reason only, look you.

SIR O. and what that be?

JU. The old t the song, look you.

SIR O. (*Mim g.*) "ng, look you"—well, then, sing me the song, look you.

AIR—JULIA. (*Welch.*)

"*Allurement of Love.*"

It is not for his gold, Sir, nor for he's young and bold, Sir—
Nor for his looks—though handsome as a morn of Spring is he,—
I've but one rule for loving, Sir, but that's the best can be—
I love my love because I know my love loves me.
For youth it will not last, Sir, and beauty fadeth fast, Sir,
And riches, in a moment, may at fortune's bidding flee;
But honest hearts no change can know: and so, good Sir, d'ye see—
I love my love because I know my love loves me.

SIR O. (*Delighted.*) That's the sort of singing I like now, when you don't lose the melody in a wilderness of trashy ornament—all pure, pure—that's the voice to soothe one to sleep, and make one forget one's trouble—aye, even the gout.

JU. (*Aside.*) Ha, ha!—Mr. Sir!

SIR O. (*Aside.*) Upon my life, she's charming!

(DAVID *appears at the back, watching the progress.*)

JU. (*To* DAVID.) Caught! I declare it will do!

SIR O. What, child! What did you say! Who's caught—what's caught?

JU. A—a—fly, look you! (*Shewing her closed hand.*)

SIR O. Well, well, let it go, and listen to me. I am interested—strangely interested—about you, and am anxious that you should do well. You may have many lovers—all silly, giddy, *young* men; but that wont do. That is not the proper sort of husband for you—you will need a friend, a counsellor, a middle-aged man—one who knows how to guide you and govern himself.

JU. I should not like an old man, look you.

SIR O. An old man!—no, no, child—not an old man, certainly—but a man, for instance, about *my* age.

JU. (*Astonished.*) Your age! (*Recovering herself.*) Oh, yes, yes; but where shall I ever find such another as you, Sir Owen—Cot bless you?

SIR O. (*Delighted.*) Dear child! dear child! (*Aside.*) Now that came direct from the heart—an ebullition of nature, no trick—no deceit about that. (*To* JULIA, *taking her hand.*) You are not afraid of me now then, Taffline?

JU. Oh! no, no, no; I feel as intimate with you now as I do with my Billy.

SIR O. And who may your Billy be?

JU. Oh, my pretty goat, look you,—and I do not wish to go away and leave you, as I did just now.

SIR O. Bless your little single simple heart, you shan't leave me—I wont leave you. I'll pack off my nephew, and stay here for the remainder of my life.

JU. (*Archly.*) Ah, ah! I know something about your nephew, look you—I could tell if I liked.

SIR O. About my nephew, child. (*Aside.*) I thought so. What can you possibly know about my nephew—I thought he had never seen you,—old Dora has deceived me

then—he *has* seen you, and of course been making love to you?

DAV. (*Aside.*) Now for it.

JU. No, no; it is not that, pless you.

SIR O. What is it then, child?

JU. It is a great secret, look you. Can you keep a secret?

SIR O. I'll keep anything you'll trust me with.

JU. Well then; but you must promise me you will not be angry, look you.

SIR O. Well, well, child—what is it?

JU. (*Holding her finger at him playfully.*) Promise then.

SIR O. I promise—I promise.

JU. (*Confidentially.*) I overheard Mr. Alfred, the other night, telling Aunt Dora all about his marriage with the lady he loved so much—Cot pless her.

SIR O. His marriage! Why he has never dared—

JU. Hush! hush! hush!

SIR O. Married, indeed!—a graceless young puppy—I'll go and kick him out of the house instantly.

JU. My heart, my heart, sir!—is this the way you keep your promise?—you are not a man of your word, look you.

SIR O. But I am in a rage, child—in a thundering passion!

JU. Yes, yes; so I see—but you must come out of it in a flash of lightning, or I shall go in a great rage myself, and you will repent it; for then I am terrible—I am terrible.

SIR O. But I'm not angry with you, child—you are a good, dear little girl, and I'm really very fond of you. (*Taking her hand.*) But that nephew of mine—he'll drive

me mad,—to dare to disobey me, on that particular point, too; but I will make him repent it. (*Looks at* JULIA, *and pauses.*) I've a great mind—I've oftened threatened it—he hasn't believed me—I'll do it—I will, by Jove!

JU. Name of goodness!—what will you do, Sir Owen?

SIR O. I'll be married myself,—and to you, my pretty Taffline—you shall be my lady.

DAV. (*Aside.*) I thought it would come to this—ha, ha, ha!

JU. To me! *You* marry *me?* (*Aside.*) Well, this *is* a good joke, indeed! (*Rises.*)

SIR O. (*Rises.*) Yes, child—yes; we were made for each other—I'm sure of it—I feel it. Then my revenge upon Alfred will be sweet indeed, in every sense of the word. When he finds you are going to be his aunt, how astonished the fellow will be—ha, ha, ha!

JU. He will, indeed—he will never believe it, pless you.

SIR O. I dare say not; but he'll find it true, and to his cost.

JU. Don't you be too sure,—you will alter your mind by and bye, I think, look you.

SIR O. Never, child, never! I am my own master, and have a right to do what I like with myself.

JU. But what will people think?

SIR O. It signifies little to me what they *think*, provided they don't *say* what they think; besides, I'll give up people, the world, and stay here alone with you—you, precious drop of mountain dew!

JU. And are you sure you shall not repent, Sir Owen? for I've heard people say—

AIR—"*Poor Mary Anne.*"

Lock'd for life in Hymen's fetter,
Poor married man!
With a half he calls "his better"—
Poor married man!

All the joys his fancy nurst, Sir,
Scarcely blown before they burst, Sir—
He finds his *better* half his *worst*, Sir—
Poor married man!

SIR O. Bless your pretty warbling throat—there's no fear of that with you.

JU. My heart, my heart! (*Laughing.*) What a funny thing love is. Cot pless us! if any body had told you yesterday you were going to be married, and to a poor little Welsh girl, you would not have believed them, look you.

SIR O. Yesterday, child!—no! nor an hour ago; but I must see about getting rid of Mr. Alfred, though.

(DAVID *disappears.*)

JU. Pray don't you go yet,—I want to ask you a little question:—has your nephew loved the lady that he has married a long time?—Cot pless her!

SIR O. Oh! his head has been turned about her these two years!

JU. Ah! indeed!—I have heard him say she was very good and very clever, and two or three other pretty things about her, *Cot bless her.*

SIR O. What's that to me, or to you either, child?—the girl's a beggar—she hasn't a shilling in the world—but what's the matter, child? what are you thinking about?

JU. That I am as bad as she is then—a beggar! for *I* have not a *silling* in the world.

SIR O. That's nothing to the purpose—and *I* have come to years of discretion—am dependent upon no one, and have a right to do as I like.

JU. Ah! I think I understand what you mean. Your nephew, look you, does wrong to marry a lady of his own rank, and about his own age, and one he has loved for some time—*Cot pless her!*—but *you* do quite right when you propose to marry a poor, unknown, untaught, little Welsh girl, young enough to be your grand-child—look you.

DAV. (*Aside—who during this has appeared at the back.*) She had you there, old boy.

SIR O. Humph! (*Aside.*) There's common sense in her observation, certainly. (*Aloud.*) But, child, everything, you know, depends so much upon circumstances.

JU. Very true; and so will my marriage with you, I think.

SIR O. How do you mean?

JU. Why—don't you know that Mr. Alfred owes some money?—

SIR O. (*Aside.*) Alfred again—what does this mean! (*Aloud.*) Yes, child, I *do* know it—and he is likely to owe it—for I will never pay another farthing for him.

JU. Yes—I think you will—Cot pless you!

SIR O. Never, child, never; and I am sure you are too reasonable to expect it.

JU. But I am *not* reasonable—look you—and I will not be reasonable—and I will not marry you—or have anything to say to you—if you do not pay his debts—that I will not. I will not be made a lady—and have a fine house and fine clothes—while your own nephew is turned out without a *silling*—my heart—my heart, it would be sad indeed—

SIR O. Good girl! good girl! (*Aside.*) She's as good as

she's pretty—those feelings ought to be, and shall be, appreciated. (*Aloud.*) I will do as you wish, my little dear—but remember—I do it for *your* sake only.

JU. Cot pless you—thank you—and—and—I think, for *my* sake, you will consent to see your little niece—

SIR O. See her—no—oh, no—don't mention her, I beg, child—

JU. But I must mention her—I *will* mention her—*Cot pless her!* I will talk of nothing else, look you, till you consent to see her.

SIR O. But, child—child—it's not possible I can do so—only think——

JU. (*Stamping her feet.*) I never think—I never think—I never think—(SIR O. *is about to speak; she stops him.*) You shall not speak—you shall never speak again—unless it is to say "Yes," when I ask you to see your niece.—Will you say "Yes," to that?

(SIR O. *walks about angrily; she follows him, constantly saying,* Will you say "Yes"?)

(DAVID *expresses great delight—but disappears as they walk about the stage.*)

SIR O. By Jove, the girl is certainly mad—well, well, be quiet, child, and I'll think about it—we shall see—we shall see. (*Throws himself on sofa, quite overcome.*)

JU. (*Goes softly to the back of sofa, and says coaxingly to him,*) Will you say Yes, dear Sir Owen?

AIR—"*Mountain Fairy.*"

List to me, I pray now do, Sir,
List as Taffline would to you, Sir;
Must she thus unheeded sue, Sir.
Do as you'd be done by—do, Sir!

Look you, hur will love you ever,
If to pardon you'll endeavour,
Those whom it would kill to sever;
Do—Sir—do!
See her cheeks with tears are streaming!—
Was your kindness only seeming?
Was she wrong, alas! in deeming
She was ever dear to you?—
Think how Taffline's breast would smart now,
If from you compelled to part now!
Wont you then say "Yes," dear heart, now!
Do—Sir—do!—

SIR O. (*Delighted, kisses her.*) Bless you, child! bless you!—It is quite impossible to refuse you anything—if you were to ask me to dance a hornpipe, or cut my throat, it would be all the same—I should do it—I consent—I do say "Yes."—

JU. (*Aside to* ALFRED *and* DAVID, *who appear at back.*) Victory! victory!—(*Runs round the sofa, and throws herself on both knees before* SIR OWEN.) Now you are a dear—good—sweet—kind—charming old man.

ALF. I beg pardon, Sir; perhaps I disturb your tête-à-tête.

SIR O. Perhaps you do, Sir.

ALF. In that case I'll retire—

SIR O. No, Sir; since you are here, stay; I have something to communicate to you. In the first place, Sir, make your bow to this young lady, and treat her with the greatest respect, Sir.

ALF. Respect, Sir!—you are joking.

SIR O. You'll have no cause to think it a joke, Sir, for-for—I beg to inform you, Sir, that I am going to make this lady my wife!

ALF. (*Bursting into a fit of laughter.*) Your wife, Sir!

SIR O. Impudent puppy!

ALF. (*To* SIR OWEN.) But, my dear Sir, are you really in earnest? Why you haven't known the *young lady* an hour!

SIR O. What's that to you, ?—what's that to you? I have known her long enough to find out that her heart is in the right place, Sir, and that she will do honour to the ancient name of Griffiths.

ALF. I am delighted to hear it, Sir!

SIR O. Very well, Sir; then make your bow to your future aunt!

ALF. Certainly, Sir. (*Advancing to* JULIA *with mock gravity, and bowing.*) Madam, may I presume to hope that a hitherto worthless individual may find favour in your sight,—that you will deign to take him under your special protection, and teach him which is the right and proper resting-place for *his* heart. (*Takes* JULIA'S *hand and kisses it.*)

SIR O. That will do, Sir—that will do, I tell you!

ALF. Sir, I am anxious to shew you a specimen of the *respect* with which I intend to treat my future aunt!

SIR O. Very well, Sir; but that's quite enough for the present.

JU. Look you, Sir Owen; don't you think I had better go to *my* aunt?—she will want me, may be.

SIR O. The impertinent assurance of that scapegrace has frightened her. Yes, child, go to your aunt now; but don't stay away long. I shall be very dull without you. (*Takes her hand, and kisses it; leads her out at back entrance; returns humming, and seats himself on sofa.*)

ALF. (*Aside.*) I thought he was humming the "Conquer-

ing Hero,"—he looks it, and feels it, I'm sure. (*To* SIR OWEN.) And so, Sir, you are really going to be married?

SIR O. Yes, Sir, I am; and I don't think it possible to have made a better choice;—such spirit, blended with such softness—such grace. Yes, Sir, grace—I repeat it, and without affectation; but her crowning charm in my eyes, Sir, is the good, sound common sense which she possesses.

ALF. (*Aside.*) How the old fire's burning up! Egad! he's more serious about it than I thought for! (*Aloud.*) Really, Sir, I see nothing in her to captivate a man of taste —a common-place, awkward, country girl; and, spite of her appearance of innocence, I'll engage she has made use of some art by which she has wheedled herself into your good graces.

SIR O. It's no such thing, Sir;—she's an angel—you, a libellous puppy, and don't deserve the kind consideration she has bestowed upon you.

ALF. Upon me, Sir?—what can she possibly know or care about me?

SIR O. She knows more about your affairs than you think for, Sir! She has informed me of your imprudent marriage, Sir!

ALF. What, Sir!—She—I—

SIR O. Don't trouble yourself to frame a lie, Sir. I know all, and would have turned you out of the house instantly, if it had not been for the entreaties—(*Aside*) to say nothing of the threats—(*Aloud*) of that dear child. She would not consent to become my wife until I had promised to pay all your debts.

ALF. Bless her little heart!

SIR O. And that I should agree to give you and your wife an asylum in my house.

ALF. Is it possible? Oh! my dear uncle. (*Embracing him.*) I shall go mad with joy; you must see my Julia directly—she is not far off—at a relation's—we'll have her here instantly. Adieu, for the present, my dear uncle! (*Aside.*) What will he say when he knows the truth. (*Aloud.*) But, may I hope you are no longer angry with us?

SIR O. I'm not very much pleased, at any rate.

DUO.

"*Of a noble race was Shenkin.*"

SIR OWEN.

Of a noble race descended,
On your duty I depended,
I'd a right to feel offended;
But the matter now is ended,
And the least said's soonest mended.

ALF. (*Aside.*)

But I'm inclined to think you'll find
That, upon this head, the least you've said
Is much more than you intended!

(*Exit.*)

SIR O. Well, he has taken it much better than I had any right to expect he would; for my marrying will make a serious difference to him: he has always expected one day or other to come in for my fortune—now, of course, it will go to my children! (DORA *passes through hall at back of stage.*) Ah! there goes old Dora; I ought to tell her my intentions. I will—I'll do every thing in proper order. (*Goes to back, and calls.*) Dora! Dora!

DO. (*Answering off.*) Coming, Sir Owen, coming.

Enter DORA.

SIR O. Come here, Dora, and sit down by me.

Do. What! Sir Owen, me!—sit down by you!—my heart, my heart, that will never do!

Sir O. Sit down, do, when I desire you, and don't be an old fool!

Do. (*Courtseys.*) You are very kind, Sir Owen. (*Sits down fearfully.*) There, I am down, Sir Owen.

Sir O. Then listen. Your niece is a charming little girl—I'm delighted with her, and I mean to marry her!

Do. (*Starts up astonished; sits down again, afraid of* Sir O.) Did you say *marry* my niece? (*Aside.*) Oh! dear—oh! dear! what am I to do or say now? David Jones did not tell me of this.

Sir O. Well, dame, you consent, I suppose?

Do. Pless me! I have nothing to do with it.

Sir O. How! nothing to do with it?

Do. Oh! that is, I mean, if you—if Taffline likes it—it is all right, look you—it is her affair.

Sir. O. Ah! exactly; I understand you—then it's all settled, and we shall be married directly.

Do. (*Aside.*) All settled! and be married directly!—dear! dear! what does it all mean? (*Aloud.*) And what does Mr. Alfred say to this, Sir Owen?

Sir O. Mr. Alfred, indeed! I suppose I have a right to do as I like without consulting Mr. Alfred!—but pray don't distress yourself about him, for he approves it highly; and he and his wife are coming to live with us here in the old castle.

Do. *His* wife! (*Aside.*) Oh! dear—oh! dear! Well, Sir Owen, if you are content, and Mr. Alfred is content, and every pody is content, I am sure I am, look you. (*Aside.*) But it is very strange—

SIR O. I think you will have reason to be satisfied, old dame, for you shall share in the general good; and, to begin, I shall make you a little present to buy a new gown with for the wedding—there, there's five sovereigns for you.

DO. Can it be?—pless me, I never had so much money in my hand before, look you! And is it really mine—all my own—my very own?

SIR O. Certainly!

DO. I peg pardon, Sir Owen, but let me ask you one thing—If, by *chance*, you should change your mind, look you, or anything should happen to put off the marriage, must I give you back these pretty little things?

SIR O. By no means. Do you suppose that I give a thing, and take a thing, as the school-boys say?

DO. Pless you!—Cot pless you, Sir Owen! (*Puts the money in her pocket.*) (*Aside.*) I like to be sure before I spend any of it, look you.

Enter DAVID.

DAV. Sir Owen, your niece will be here in about a minute.

SIR O. Indeed! so soon arrived; she must have been very near at hand.

DAV. Much nearer than you thought for, certainly.

DO. Oh! I was afraid of this.

SIR O. And why should you be afraid?

DO. Ah! Cot pless you, Sir Owen, when she comes, my niece goes for certain, look you.

SIR O. Not at all—not at all! Taffline has nothing to fear from her. But tell me, David, what is she like?—eh?

DAV. Why, like what *I* call a very pretty woman—but there's no accounting for tastes, you know. You'll be sorry

for what you've done when you see her, I can tell you. Ah! I've heard all about it. A pretty ridiculous figure you'll look with a young thing like that for a wife.

SIR O. David—David!

DAV. Well, don't blame me, you know—that's all—it's your own doings—I told you not—but here comes your niece.

Enter ALFRED, *conducting* JULIA, *dressed as herself—she afraid to advance.*

SIR O. (*Aside.*) Since I have given my word to Taffline, I must keep it; but I more than half repent having consented to see this fine lady.

JU. (*Aside to* ALFRED.) Dear Alfred—my heart fails me at the last. What will Sir Owen say when he finds how I have deceived him.

(*During this* DAVID *and* DORA *are trying to persuade* SIR OWEN *to go to meet* JULIA.)

DAV. Well, I do think you might as well *behave* like the gentleman you *are*, and go and meet the poor girl—she is frightened out of her wits at being in your presence.

ALF. Dear uncle—here is my wife—my darling Julia—allow me to present her to you.

SIR O. (*Bowing, without looking at her.*) Happy to see you, Ma'am—let all be forgotten—and—and—make yourself as comfortable as you can.

JU. Oh, sir—dear sir. (*Aside.*) What shall I do?—the words will not come out. (*Aloud.*) And you will, then, indeed, forgive me?

SIR O. How's this?—that voice seems familiar to me—

where have I heard it? What does it mean?—what does it mean, I say?

ALF. Dear sir, what is the matter?

JU. (*Assuming the accent.*) Sir Owen is surprised, look you—that is all.

SIR O. (*Looks at her a mo[illegible]t, then turns furiously to* ALFRED.) What deceit—what [illegible]'s trick is this?

DAV. Forgive 'um, [illegible]ll know all.

SIR O. Never! never.

ALF. Dear uncle, hear me

SIR O. I will not, sir. [illegible] of my house, and never presume to cross my threshold a[illegible]ain.

JU. (*Advancing timidly to him.*) Hear *me*, dear sir—I am the only culprit, and ought to be the only sufferer. Your nephew would not have incurred your displeasure, but through me—let him through me be again restored to your affection. You approved the heart and feelings of the little Welsh girl; believe me, I have not changed them with my dress. Keep your wealth—we renounce it cheerfully—all we covet is your love, dear sir—afford us that, and you will make two of the happiest beings in the world. (*Imitating.*) Will you not say Yes to that, dear Sir Owen?

SIR O. (*Quite overcome, embraces her affectionately.*) Dear child—dear child—God bless you.

ALF. Dear uncle!

DAV. Hurrah! hurrah!—you have done a right thing for once in your life.

SIR O. And so you have all been in a league against me—you, David, too?

DAV. To be sure—when you don't behave yourself properly, you know, I am always against you.

SIR O. And Dora here?

DO. Cot pless you—what could I do? I could not refuse, look you—could you?

SIR O. No, no; you are right, old dame—I could *not*. (*Takes* JULIA'S *hand.*)

DO. (*To* JU.) And if at any time you should stand in need of father or mother, or uncle or aunt—look you, I shall be happy to—

JU. Thanks, Dora, thanks—but here I have found them all. (*Coming forward.*) Having found *relations there*—may I hope as usual to find friends, *here;* and if among them there be any Welsh who think I have ill-used their native tongue—with their, and your kind permission, I will repeat it, until I am perfect in the dialect of "THE LITTLE WELSH GIRL"—Cot pless you.

VAUDEVILLE — FINALE

JULIA.

The Vaudeville, flower of Gallia's nation,
Bears but ill the transplantation;
Yet we've dared, in imitation,
Cambria's harp to wake.
Now the frolic's ended—
Since to please intended—
Critics, let your justice be with gentle mercy blended.
Doom not Cambria's bards to slaughter,
Longshanks like, who gave no quarter,
But with kindness treat her daughter,
For her music's sake.

CHORUS.

Now the frolic's ended, &c.

THE END.

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Careless	MR. NORTON.	MR. FORRESTER.
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Snatch	MR. BOWDEN.	MR. DOWSING.

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PAY FOR PEEPING;

OR,

WOMAN'S FAILING.

ACT I.—SCENE I.

A Chamber door, R.—*Door with inside bolt,* L.—*Open Window, 3d* R. L.—*Fire-place, Stove and Chimney board in centre—Table and three Chairs.* JACOB *discovered dusting chairs.*

JACOB. Lord, what a time poor servants have of it in this London town, and these lodging houses an't half so comfortable as a house of one's own—they must make a pretty penny of letting lodgings though—now, master pays pretty handsome for this floor—and then his aunt and Miss Charlotte her daughter, that my master's going to marry to-morrow, I'll be bound they pays a swinging price for their apartments—curse the dust—I shuts down all the windows, but it will come in—In these inventive times I wish they'd invent summat to clean the windows by steam and give us servants a little rest—then masters and mistresses could only blow up the steam if all wasn't right. I've got enough to do

in this house—why, when I gets up, I've got to dress myself and get my breakfast—after I have been pretty nigh choked with the dust and then—

Enter HENRY STEDFAST, R. H.

STED. Well, Jacob—busy as usual—always at work?

JACOB. Yes, Sir—and your work will begin to-morrow, Sir.

STED. How so?

JACOB. Why an't you [illegible] be married?—oh, there'll be rare doings—going to [illegible]h—going to dinner—and, going to—Lord, [illegible] of furniture for a bedroom.

STED. Ah, Ja[illegible] [illegible]rming creature, and it is only to such a woman that a man ought to resign his liberty.

JACOB. What! an't you allowed any liberty a'ter you're married, Sir?—if that be the case, I should make free beforehand.

STED. Oh, you stupid blockhead, you don't comprehend. The rites once over I will maintain my rights; for a man never renders himself so contemptible in the eyes of an accomplished woman as when he is too submissive to the foolish whims of her sex. No, no, Jacob, I will still be master.

JACOB. And, I hope I shall still be your man, Sir. For I'd rather be your man than missus's, that is if you be sure she won't be master.

STED. I'll take care of that, Jacob.

JACOB. I say, Sir, she's got plenty of the stumpy to make things agreeable; and I'm sure from what I know—she's plaguy fond of you.

STED. And pray what do you know that should induce you to think so?

JACOB. Why, you never goes out, Sir, but she runs to me to know where you're gone and what you're gone about?

STED. That is being plaguy fond indeed! A fondness I must take the first opportunity of breaking her of;—and so Jacob you think that a strong proof of affection?

JACOB. Oh, Sir, I'm sure of it. Why Sir, that's how I found out that our cook in the country was fond of me. Yes, in my spare time, I used to read a good many books out of your library, such as Tom Thumb and Jack the Giant-killer. Well, Sir, I used to amuse her in the evening with a tale, and it so worked on her feelings, that, at last, I reached her heart and she were quite lovesick—but I was not aware of it —till I found if I went to whet a knife, she were sharp after me—oh! she'd such an eye to look round a corner—if I went up stairs she'd call me down to know what I were doing, and when I swore I'd tell you if she annoyed me in that way, she always stopped my mouth with a sop in the pan. Don't you recollect, Sir, how you used to find fault with her cooking latterly? oh, Sir, it were all through me.

STED. Indeed!

JACOB. Yes, Sir, she used to be minding me instead of her *bullies*—in short her love was so hot that she burnt the things to a cinder.

STED. Had I been aware of this passion, I should have curbed my anger. Love is a very arbitrary little gentleman, and will allow of no thoughts in which himself is not concerned. By the bye, Jacob, did you go to my friend Careless, as I desired you, to acquaint him with my arrival in town, and leave him my address?

JACOB. Oh, yes, Sir,—I went last night—but he were out a galliwanting as usual—I suppose.

STED. How dare you take the liberty to suppose any such thing, you impudent bumpkin.

JACOB. Why, I only supposed, what you have often said he were always at, Sir.

STED. Well, I believe he is a sad wild dog—but with all his faults there is a goodness of heart and sincerity of intention about him that has made us the warmest of friends ever since I first knew him at school.

JACOB. You could neither of you have been very warm friends, that tu[illegible] from being drowned, Sir—when you [illegible] go a[illegible]re the ice would bear you—I dare say you never cou[illegible]e ice afterwards.

STED. I certa[illegible] to him for my life—and I will serve him—[illegible]ce, to the end of that life.

CHARLOTTE PEERY, [illegible]*ut and then Enters*, R. H.

CHAR. Oh! my de[illegible]here's a letter and a trunk just arrived from my dear twin brother, who has been in the East Indies for the last seven years, saying he will be here to day—they have made him an officer—do read the letter for I hadn't patience to get half through it—I long to know the contents—now do make haste, there's a good boy, and then I'll take it to Mamma.

STED. Has she not seen it?

CHAR. No!

STED. Why, it is addressed to her!

CHAR. Well, I know that!—

STED. And pray who opened it?

CHAR. Why what an inquisitive man you are, Henry! I did to be sure—now do read the letter.

STED. And you opened your Mamma's letter?

CHAR. Law, now hav'nt I told you I did? Do you think I could have waited till Mamma came down stairs?—come make haste and read it or my brother may arrive before I'm prepared to receive him.

STED. Really, my dear Charlotte, I would not be guilty of such a rudeness for the world.

CHAR. Law, is there any harm in it? why, I always open all the letters. By the bye, Henry—ha! ha! ha! how Mamma will scold me—I have two or three letters in my work table, that I ought to have given her last week, and I declare I have forgotten them till this moment.

STED. Now, suppose, my dear Charlotte, that any of those letters contained secrets, that your Mamma would not have known for the world?

CHAR. Then people should never sully the fair paper with anything they are ashamed of—if the world acted with candour, there would be no occasion for concealing our thoughts and deeds—but (*Sings.*) "Men were deceivers ever"—

STED. You little madcap! you would ramble in unrestrained nature from one end of the world to the other.

CHAR. Aye, that I would—but my heart would never wander from him I once loved.

Enter MRS. PERRY, R. H.

MRS. P. Why, Charlotte, you wild creature—I've been looking for you in every part of the house—good morning, Henry.

STED. Good morning, Madam.

CHAR. Oh! Mamma, I have such good news, for you.

MRS. P. Good news, child—well, what good news?

CHAR. Now, Mamma, you shall guess.

MRS. P. How can you be so provoking when you see my anxiety?

CHAR. Then I'll tell you—my brother will be here in the course of the day.

MRS. P. Your brother?—what my dear Hannibal?

CHAR. Yes, Mamma.

MRS. P. But how did you learn this?

CHAR. By learning to read, Mamma. Here is a letter from him.

MRS. P. The dear boy! Why it is open!

CHAR. Yes, Mamma, its open.

MRS. P. And pray, miss, how dare you open a letter to obtain information before [illegible] mother, who has lived so much longer in the world? [illegible]n sure I should never presume to open another p[illegible] letter, unless I thought there was something partic[illegible] it. I declare the dear boy's letter so agitates me, I m[illegible] my spectacles before I can read it. Come with m[illegible]e, and let us prepare for his reception—how lucky that [illegible]ould arrive just in time to be present at your nuptials—what a bold hand, it does one good to look at it—come along, Charlotte. [*Exit* R. H.

CHAR. Adieu, Henry, for the present—don't be angry, and if ever I allow my curiosity to get the better of my good sense again, I'll give you leave to turn Blue Beard, cut off my head, and make a good woman of me. [*Exit* R. H.

STED. Adieu! Her artless and ingenuous manner is sufficient to balance any little errors of education. (*Retires up.*

JACOB. I should think Mr. Annibal's letter was written with the juice of an onion; it made the old lady's eyes water so—(*Loud knocking*, R.) well, there's somebody knows how to handle a knocker, however—(*Jacob looks off stage*, R.) Sir, there's a person below desires to speak with you on urgent business.

STED. Desire him to walk up, Jacob—(*Exit Jacob*, R.) Who can this be, I wonder?—some of the preliminary calls matrimony is heir to, I suppose, of upholsterers, milliners, &c., &c.

Enter JACOB, R. H., *and* CARELESS *in the disguise of an old lady—Careless motions Jacob to leave the room.*

JACOB. Oh, that's as much as to say—get out. (*Aside.*

STED. Jacob, leave the room.

JACOB. Yes, Sir: now company's come they want my room,—I should like to know who she is—I don't recollect her among our acquaintance—her address is younger than her dress—(*Aside.*)

STED. Do you hear, Jacob?

JACOB. Do I—oh, yes, Sir. (*Exit*, R.

STED. Now, Madam, will you honor me with your commands?

CARE. (*Feigning a woman's voice.*) I did not expect so cold a welcome from one I had known so long.

STED. Madam!

CARE. (*Pulling off bonnet.*) Do you know me now eh? ha, ha, ha!

STED. Can it be! my dear Careless, how are you? and, what the devil's the meaning of all this? some mad frolic or other—

CARE. Yes, a little d——d mad; always in some confounded scrape through scraping acquaintance:—but this, I fear, will be the last.

STED. You are not serious, I hope?

CARE. If I am not, my pursuers are.

STED. Pursuers! what the devil do you mean? come, pursue the thread of your discourse till you have disentangled me from this labyrinth of conflicting thoughts.

CARE. Now then for a true and particular account of this most disastrous of all disasters:—Last night I went to the opera, where I became so offensive to some gentlemen in defence of some ladies (bless their little hearts) that I got entangled in a very knotty point of honor with a certain candle-snuffing duellist, which not choosing to unravel to

his satisfaction, he insisted on my taking a principal part in a pistol duet with him at six o'clock this morning, with all the necessary accompaniments:—I acceded as much from the novelty of the thing as any thing else, procured a second, spent the night jovially, taking leave of all good wine and all good fellows, in case should be uncorked, and sallied forth this morni encounter. When I arrived on the ground, a ntagonist had ordered his coffee—but he had much ve ordered his coffin, for this dead shot, I shot deau- it was "Aut Cæsar aut nullus" with me, I assure -However, down he went, my second hurried me on h k—saying he would stay and see how much the article was damaged, and make his escape, if necessary, in a different direction:—at the same time, advising me to keep out of the way till all was safe: I reached home, and found that the dear ladies whom I had vindicated, to prevent bloodshed, had informed the police, who were actually then in search of me:—Well, considering what had happened, it would have been madness to allow them to take me; so, as my mother brought me into the world with all my imperfections on my head, I made free with an old habit of hers, to prevent my going out of it before I had time to repent me of them: seeing your card upon my table, and knowing that you were the only sincere friend I possessed, on whom I could rely in this dilemma, I made the best of my way here—and here must I stay concealed till night.

STED. A serious affair, indeed! but you will be safe here and may pass your time pleasantly enough in the society of my aunt and my cousin Charlotte, my intended wife—they reside on the first floor—

CARE. Not for the world—your aunt and cousin are

charming creatures no doubt, but unfortunately they have tongues in their heads—till I am out of danger, no soul must know I am here but yourself.

STED. It will be impossible to withold the knowledge of your being here from them—for being near relations, and about to become nearer—they enter my apartment with the same freedom as myself—if I lock you in they will think it strange and their curiosity will be excited—

CARE. Then, I'm off—(*Going.*

STED. Stay—damn it, would you run into the lion's mouth?

CARE. Sooner than trust to a woman's.

STED. Come back, and don't be so confounded rash—let me see—

CARE. Have you no corner cupboard or safe you could pop me into where they would not suspect?—

STED. By George, an excellent thought! here is a cupboard just big enough to hold you, where I keep my wine and spirits that I want for present use—(*opening closet door* L.

CARE. Some choice spirits, I'll be bound, and if the quality of the company be good—you could introduce me to none more to my taste:—how do you do, gentlemen? I hope soon to be better acquainted: I'll make you bleed freely—but mind, though I wine within, you must be mum without.

STED. Rely on my honour—

CARE. Well then, give me a seat—the key inside, and I'll to my companions at once and crack a joke with them.

STED. There now—in with you, for I expect them here every minute, and, whatever you do don't attempt to come out till I return—[*Exit Careless into closet and locks door.*] now then to try and find out what danger this gentleman really is in, Jacob!

JACOB *enters very hastily*, R.

STED. My hat, gloves, and cane—(*Jacob brings them.*) and don't be prying about the room, Sir—but mind your own business—I will not allow any one to pry into my affairs— [*Exit* R.

JACOB. Very well, Sir—v[illegible]e devil wants to pry; I wonder where that lady is—[illegible]re she an't gone out for I waited close to the door to sh[illegible]er down:—She must be concealed somewhere and th[illegible]o place but that cupboard —how very signal!—well, I [illegible] knew him at these sort of tricks before—

Enter CHARLOTTE, R.

CHAR. Henry, I want your opinion upon—why where is he?

JACOB. Master won't allow no one to pry into his affairs, Miss.

CHAR. What do you mean?

JACOB. I don't know, but master knows, Miss.

CHAR. And can't you guess what he alluded to?

JACOB. (*Significantly.*) I might—but I an't paid for guessing.

CHAR. Oh, I understand—(*Gives money.*) now what do you guess? (*Aside.*) I dare say it is some present he wishes to surprize me with.

JACOB. There has been one of the feminine gender here.

CHAR. I knew it was so. A milliner—(*Aside.*)

JACOB. And she brought—

CHAR. Well—well?

JACOB Hush—she brought herself here, and she an't took herself out again.

CHAR. And where is she?

JACOB. I don't know, but—

CHAR. You can guess—

JACOB. There—or there abouts, Miss. (*Points to cupboard.*)

CHAR. Oh—the perfidious man! but she shall not remain here—I'll bring them face to face—expose him to the contempt of the world and never see him more.—(*Walks about.*)

JACOB. No—but consider, Miss—do ye be patient, think of my character,—master will kick me out without warning.

CHAR. It seems incredible—the day before our marriage—are you sure, Jacob, it was a woman?

JACOB. Why, Miss, I could swear she had a petticoat on—but I can't take upon me to say more, Miss.

CHAR. Then I'm determined she shan't stay here—be she a Madam—a mistress—or a Miss; out she shall come!

JACOB. I've no doubt she's *a-miss*—but don't agitate yourself.

CHAR. Stand out of the way, Jacob—

JACOB. No, Miss—no, don't now.

Enter STEDFAST, R.

STED. What's all this noise about? Charlotte, my love, what's the matter?

CHAR. So, Sir, you are returned; I wonder you could absent yourself, for a moment, from her you admire above all the rest of her sex.

STED. Believe me, Charlotte, it is with regret I ever leave you. (*Going to take her hand.*)

CHAR. Don't touch me, Sir—I hate the sight of you—

STED. Really, Charlotte, this is not to be borne—to think I cannot leave the house for a minute but I must subject myself to be treated thus.

CHAR. Your chief business is in the house, I rather imagine, Sir.

STED. If you imagine I have nothing else to do but to dance attendance upon you—you are deceived, Madam.

CHAR. I am indeed deceived; I fancied you were all that's good and honorable and find you base and hypocritical.

STED. I am at a loss, Charlotte, to account for your extraordinary conduct.

CHAR. Your closet, Sir, will furnish you with the required information.

STED. (*Aside.*) Closet! what can she mean? no, no, 'tis impossible—

CHAR. You may well seem confounded. (*Aside.*) My heart is bursting—but he shall not know it. You cruel monster, but don't imagine it vexes me:—Oh, no—I am glad of it—very glad—ha, ha, ha, I've long wished to divide the chain that was to unite us for ever—you have kindly done it for me—but the clank of it shall ring in your ears for some time—you perfidious man! however I shall be now truly happy—I feel as if my mind were relieved from an oppressive weight—I never did love you—never shall—and so, Sir, I'll go and tell Mamma— [*Exit, crying,* R.

STED. This is inexplicable. Jacob, do you know what all this means?

JACOB. Why, Sir, it's about that young woman there. (*Points to closet.*

STED. What young woman?

JACOB. That called on you, just now.

STED. (*Aside.*) Confound it, I forgot this blockhead was in the room when Careless came in. You scoundrel! then it is to you I am indebted for all this? how did you know it was a young woman?

JACOB. (*In* L. H. *corner.*) I didn't know, Sir, I only guessed—and I told Miss so.

STED. *(Speaking deliberately and following Jacob round to* R. H. *door.)* If you don't go and contradict every word you have said from first to last, I'll kick you out the house,—I will, you infernal rascal.

JACOB. If that's the case, I'll swear black is white.

[*Exit* R.

STED. So, a pretty beginning to this business.

CARE. *(Peeping out of closet.)* What's the row?

STED. Why—

CARE. I am better informed on the subject than you are. Your intended and Jacob really believe you have a pretty girl locked up there; no such luck, eh? I'll be off and so put an end to these unpleasantries.

STED. Impossible—they would see you,—raise a hue and cry, which, probably, might lead to serious consequences: —besides I must check this sort of thing in its infancy, or, I can expect very little happiness in the marriage state.

CARE. That would be all very well providing you had good ground to go upon—the present case is very different—a jealous woman will never listen to reason.

STED. I will assure her that no female is here.

CARE. She would be astonished at your assurance and it would confirm her in her suspicions—I see no alternative —but your introducing me to the ladies at once.

STED. No! no!—I'll punish her curiosity for an hour or so, and, by that time, I hope to have good news for you—I have sent for information.

CARE. You'll have to communicate the information of a line's length, I fear. (*Making the action of hanging.*) But I am anxious to appease the enquiring souls in some way or other, for fear there should be any particular enquiries made in another quarter, respecting your chere amie. Have you any other place you can pop me into?

STED. Indeed, I have not.

CARE. No!—let me examine the bastions, redoubts and urtains of this fortress—I must repair these breaches beween you and the ladies—we must not agitate the breast ork of the dear creatures. (*Removing a large chimney oard.*) Bravo! this will do capitally.

STED. For what in heavens name?

CARE. Now, I will shew you how to manœuvre—you hall leave the door of that closet open, while I conceal myelf behind this chimney-board—the ladies will not be long efore they satisfy themselves of its contents, and they will robably be satisfied.

STED. Well, be it so.

MRS. P. (*Without.*) I'll come up to your master in a ew minutes.

JACOB. Very well, ma'am.

STED. Away, here they come.

CARE. This is a *grate* undertaking for your sake—but, o avoid *peeping* through the bars, I must sit on those of a lifferent nature.

I declare it seems as long coming as intelligence from Constantinople. I must take care of this fellow, or he'll be doing more mischief. Jacob!

JACOB. (*Coming to him eagerly.*) Sir.

STED. Leave the room.

JACOB. As it is, Sir?

STED. Yes, Sir, and be ready to accompany me a little distance.

JACOB. Yes, Sir.

STED. By having him with me, I shall make sure of him.

JACOB. I should like to be certain whether this lady is a woman or not. [*Exit* L. H.

STED. Now then for my errand.

CARE. (*Peeping from behind the chimney board.*) Stedfast!

STED. For heaven's sake keep still.

CARE. My dear fellow it is totally impossible on such a hard seat, can't you give me one of the chair cushions?

STED. I'll see what I can do for you.

(*Stedfast is about to comply with the wishes of Careless, when he perceives the door opening and has just time to give Careless a signal, who recovers his position as* JACOB *enters with Stedfast's hat.*

STED. Well, Sir.

JACOB. Your hat, Sir.

STED. Oh!

(*Takes the hat and motions Jacob out—Jacob is about to look round when his eye meets his master's who has been watching him.*

JACOB. (*Aside.*) No go. [*Exit* R. H.

STED. I dare not relieve your wants at present and so—

Enter JACOB R. H.

what now, Sir?

JACOB. Your gloves, Sir.

STED. You intruding Jackanapes—take that for your pains. (*Kicks him.*)

JACOB. (*Aside.*) He's touched my *honour*, I feel hurt —what will my posterity say to this? I wish I dared call him out—then I should have the room to myself. [*Exit* R.

STED. I see the scoundrel is bent on unravelling this mystery. (*To Careless.*) We are surrounded by the very spirit of Dionysius, his ear was not more susceptible of sound than are these walls, and the listeners about them—therefore be cautious. (*As he is going, he perceives the door opening cautiously.*) Again, so, so—(*Gets to* R. H. JACOB *enters with cane and not seeing Stedfast.*)

JACOB. Dash me but he's gone—now then—

STED. (*Slaps him on the shoulder.*) What brings you now?

JACOB. Your cane.

STED. My cane—then my cane shall take you out again. (*Beats him round the stage and off*, R. H.

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.—SCENE I.

Same as Scene I. Act I.

Enter MRS. PEERY, R. H.

MRS. P. So, Jacob and his master are gone out, and my daughter gone crying to her room. Now as I am certain no lady has gone out, I'll see what discoveries I can make while the opportunity affords me time—there seems no place where a female could be concealed, but this closet—and it is open —and no female there. This is very strange—Jacob and Charlotte were very positive—I declare I begin to feel quite interested in the discovery—not from any curiosity of my own—oh, no—entirely on my daughter's account. What plan shall I pursue? I have it. I'll hide myself in this closet. As Stedfast supposes it to be empty, he will not think of looking there, and when I've gained the knowledge of his perfidy, I'll discover myself and surprize and confound him. Who would have thought Stedfast guilty of such paw, paw practices. [*Enters closet.*

Enter CHARLOTTE, R. H. *dressed as Hannibal Peery, with pistols and cane.*

CHAR. Nobody here—thanks to this suit of my brother's clothes which I found in his trunk he sent this morning, I have been able to disguise myself *en militaire*, without much fear, I think of being found out. I have also made free with his duelling pistols, and with their assistance and the aid of certain military airs and graces, I hope to frighten my lady out of her box, there, in which she thinks she is

sitting so snug. I have taken care to have only a little powder in the pans, and so I can bluster about as well as the best little grenadier of them all. (*Knock* R.) Oh! here he comes,—now then, for the true military swagger—"How do—fine day—been to the club?—any news?—if there's a war I shall sell out—wou[illegible] lisfigure one's face so."

(*Struts to back.*

Enter [illegible] FAST R. H.

STED. A stranger here! [illegible] may I know your business?

CHAR. Eh! oh! you [illegible] man I suppose.

STED. Sir!

CHAR. Be cool—your name is—

STED. Stedfast, Sir.

CHAR. Yes, I know—be cool—don't be in such a hurry, my fine fellow—I come here upon a very serious affair, on which life and death are depending.

STED. Oh! this is some person about Careless's duel.

(*Aside.*

CHAR. Concerning a person you have concealed here.

STED. Well, Sir!

CHAR. (*Aside.*) He does not deny it. Be cool—now, Sir, I insist on your producing that person before me this instant.

STED. I'll die first—till I know the motive of this demand.

CHAR. (*Aside.*) Oh the wretch! he would die for her! Motive, Sir!—don't put me in a passion or you may have cause to tremble.

STED. Tremble!

CHAR. Ay, Sir, tremble!—produce the party.

STED. I am too devoted to the party, to suffer any threats you can utter to sway me from my determination.

CHAR. (*Aside.*) This is beyond bearing. Then, Sir, you shall give me satisfaction.

STED. Satisfaction!

CHAR. Aye, Sir,—instant satisfaction.

STED. And pray, Sir, who have I the honour of addressing?

CHAR. Hannibal Peery, Sir—brother to that much injured angel, Charlotte Peery—and by the soul of that great general, whose name I bear—I'll blow you to the devil, Sir.

STED. Is it possible?

CHAR. What, Sir—do you doubt me—no more trifling—produce the lady, or, I produce my pistols.

STED. Nay, my dear cousin.

CHAR. Don't cousin me—neither I nor my sister mean to be cozened by you any more.

STED. Will you listen to reason?

CHAR. Sir, reason's out of the question, when a lady is concerned.

STED. If I assure you on my honor that no lady is concealed here, will that suffice?

CHAR. And you have not a certain person concealed in that closet?

STED. Upon my honor I have not.

CHAR. Then oblige me by opening the door, and I am satisfied?

STED. Certainly—and then, Sir—I shall expect some apology for your conduct.

CHAR. I shall be happy to make it.

STED. (*Goes to closet door.*) Zounds! the door is locked—surely Careless has changed his quarters—how imprudent.

CHAR. Have you the key, Sir?

STED. No, Sir.

CHAR. No? (*Goes to the door.*) No, the key is inside.

STED. (*Aside.*) Then he is there—confound it!

CHAR. Can't you force the door, Sir?

STED. I am bound in honor not to do so, however strange it may appear.

CHAR. I am sorry for it—how contemptible must that man appear—who, to cover his own bad practices, deliberately pledges [illegible] ehood.

STED. I will not p[illegible] this language any longer, were you my own Br[illegible]

CHAR. (*Aside.*) [illegible] shed—then take your choice, Sir, this, (*Shewi[illegible]* this, (*Pistol.*)

STED. Dare t[illegible] an inch higher—you presuming puppy, [illegible] ou out of the window.

CHAR. That's enough—take your pistol, Sir—you'll chuck me out of the window—gad I'll send you into the other world.

STED. (*Aside.*) I dislike duelling, but did I flinch now, I should despise myself—I will not give this coxcomb the opportunity of posting me, which I have no doubt would be more gratifying to him than fighting.

CHAR. (*Having placed herself against the door.*) You are a long time taking your ground, Sir, this is mine—so if you miss me, your miss inside may not be so fortunate—you may crack a bottle with the lady before you intended, Mr. Stedfast, I have given timely notice to quit, but if the lady prefers a ball in to a bawl out, why she must e'en dance to her own music,—come, Sir, I am resolute.

STED. And so am I, Sir.

CHAR. Very well, Sir, now, (*Talking at the person in the closet.*) One-two (*Mrs. Peery screams.*) Aha! now, how does your honor feel? eh, Sir.

STED. (*Aside.*) 'Tis witchcraft! that was not Careless's voice—I swear were it the devil himself, he should come out—open the door this instant or by heavens I'll shiver it to

atoms, and send the contents of this pistol through your body. *(Mrs. P. screams and rushes out.*

CHAR. My Mother!—then I'm off. [*Exit* R. H.

STED. My aunt! I'm astonished.

MRS. P. A chair, Henry, or I shall faint.

(Stedfast brings chair.

STED. So, Madam, you can forget yourself so far as to become a spy upon my actions.

MRS. P. Oh! Henry, don't say another word, or, you will be the death of me. I have no curiosity about the other world yet, nor will I have in this for the future.

STED. Why not have discovered yourself sooner, Madam, and not have subjected me to be insulted, as I have been?

MRS. P. I confess, I was ashamed to be detected in such a situation, and could I suppose, for an instant, you would fight in a drawing room? I thought you would have gone out and settled the dispute, and then I could have followed and prevented accidents, and you would have been none the wiser. That young rogue of mine, to proceed to such extremities; but I'll give it him for exposing my weakness, and make him ask your pardon on his knees, Henry, or, I'll never call him son again. Why he talks of pistol balls with as much unconcern as a lady would of balls of cotton—make me dance to my own music too! As some atonement for my indiscretion, I will seek Charlotte, convince her she wrongs you, and put an end to these disagreeables at once. Dance to my own music, indeed! I'll give it him! [*Exit* R.

CARE. *(Coming forward from behind the chimney board.)* Ha! ha! ha!

STED. Upon my word you seem vastly amused at my troubles.

CARE. Ha! ha! ha! who can help laughing at a good joke?

STED. It would have been a mighty good joke if I had been shot through the body, by that trifling cock sparrow just now.

CARE. Is it possible you did not know who it was?

STED. To be sure I did; it was the brother of my Charlotte.

CARE. Rather, your Charlotte, herself.

STED. No, no, that won't do neither.

CARE. Love na[illegible] to the charms of your mistress—why if she were to [illegible] he breeches after marriage, you wouldn't know your [illegible] it, fortunately, love has not beat such a tattoo [illegible] s of your ears to make you deaf as well as [illegible] stand some chance of convincing you I am righ[illegible] first place, do you think I should have remained quie[illegible] sconced behind that screen, like an owl in an ivy bush, had I thought you were in danger? and, secondly, do you think an ambitious young soldier as full of honor as Marlborough's grave, would challenge you with unloaded pistols? Convince yourself by the one remaining. Thanks to the assistance of a penknife, I was enabled to make a small incision in your screen, to which applying alternately ears and eyes, I learnt enough to convince me, who was who. By George, I thought I should have died with laughter, when the old lady made her appearance.

STED. So, a pretty fool Miss Charlotte has made of me; but, if I don't be even with her, may she decorate my brow, with anything but laurels, before the end of the honeymoon.

CARE. Well, I'll to my hole again till all's quiet, I think I ought to have a billet upon the sign of the grate here, light a fire and so take up my quarters in a regular manner. I say, Stedfast, examine the challenger and the pistols before you fight again.

STED. Jacob.

Enter JACOB, *immediately*, R. H.

JACOB. Sir.

STED. Go to the hotel at the corner of this street, and see

if there is any letter for me, and if there is, bring it here immediately.

JACOB. Yes, Sir. [*Exit* R. H.

STED. Well, I hope I have endured enough for one day however. (*Sits down.*)

Enter JACOB, *and* CHARLOTTE, *as Madlle. Vif*, R. H.

JACOB. What did you say, ma'am ?

CHAR. Is de gentillehomme sorti ?

JACOB. Oh, no, ma'am—there's none of your gentleman sort here.

CHAR. Oh, no, monsieur, dat is not it—point de tout—not at all.

JACOB. Point the toe. (*Aside.*) Oh ! she's one of your Opera dancers.

CHAR. Vous etes une bête—vere is votre maître—de fille and de mère.

JACOB. Mare—master dont keep no horses nor fields !

CHAR. Oh, non—de moder and daughter send me upstairs.

STED. (*Coming forward.*) Now, how to be revenged upon this darling she devil for the trouble she has given me. Gad, I'll marry the first pretty woman I meet, and—

CHAR. Pardon, Monsieur—mais—but I go to come a vous to pay mes devoirs.

STED. (*To Jacob.*) Why are you not gone where I sent you?

JACOB. This lady's outlandish talk has put me all abroad, Sir, but I'll go directly. [*Exit.*

STED. What is your business, Madam?

CHAR. Taisez vous donc, Monsieur, s'il vous plait—I am Mdlle. Vif, Marchande des Modes. Ah, Monsieur! you happy man much—you have beaucoup de felicity.

STED. Madam, I don't know—

CHAR. Taisez vous donc, s'il vous plait, Monsieur—I know, ah-ha ! vous vous mariez monsieur—me hear him last

night, that was yesterday before tomorrow, and, and when one hear you was marry yourself—

STED. Marry myself.

CHAR. Oh, non—me say he marry somebody. C'est vrai? me say dere some pretty lady in de box and he nice gentleman comme a vous, m[illegible]t faire, dat is he must make great number of j[illegible] presents. Comprenez vous, monsieur? wedding prese[illegible] me have look out great many new ti[illegible] what n[illegible]ver shall see before or since, and me bri[illegible] to you

STED. I a[illegible]

CHAR. Taisez vous donc, [illegible]nsieur, s'il vous plait—me let you know what shall please the lady—regardez la, monsieur, here is one fine cap—n'est ce pas superbe? me put him by for you. Here is une paire de ciseaux wis dis grand inscription, by milor Byron, "we part to meet again," comme ça, monsieur. (*Opening scissors.*) Me put him by for you. You have no scents?

STED. Why—

CHAR. Taisez vous donc, monsieur, s'il vous plait—me know you have no scents, no gentleman have scents when he go to be marry. Non, non, he get all dat after, but, you must have some before; voila, monsieur, here is Eau de Cologne,—Eau de fleur d'Orange—Eau de vie, ah, non, monsieur, me sell dat to lady when dey all alone,—tout seul, dat is grand mistake—merci, monsieur, tank you sare, you take all these, me put dem by for you.

STED. Allow me to say—

CHAR. Taisez vous, monsieur, s'il vous plait, me shew you one more, den me fini, here is beautiful ting, day light never see him, c'est magnifique—dis shawl was made for de Queen of France, but no afford to buy, and me sell him at grand loss out of respect pour les Anglois.

STED. I am not in a mood to be trifled with, so leave me.

CHAR. Taisez vous donc—you got no spirits, you out of dem, me give you some little spirit, me shew you wid dis shawl, how ladies win de gentilhomme—tout le monde.

SONG.—CHARLOTTE.

AIR—"*Rose d'amour.*"

Lady, you love dear, with heart sincere
She, in return, love you a l'Anglaise.
If she be wise, she keep your eyes
From being bewildered amidst beauty's blaze.
Varietie's all gentilhommes desires,
In dis little shawl de mystery lays.
If lady of France you should admire,
She dress to please you so—a la Francaise.
(Spoken) Comme ça,—*(places shawl round neck—then dances singing)*
Lira, lira, la, &c.

Ladies no know secret I show,
Or so many men not true to dere wives,
Dey come to me, how dey soon see
To make dem happy de rest of der lives.
Should he abroad go for foreign flower,
We shew him dat we possess as much soul
As Spain's dark-eyed maids, by using our power,
And dress to please him so—a l'Espagnole.
(Spoken.) Commo ça—*places shawl on her head.*—Lira, lira, la.

What catch de eye in dress much lie,
Costume is every ting—be sure of dis.
Men would not roam if found at home
The charms of each country abounding in his.
Italy, Greece, Russia, or China,
About dem den he make no piece of work.
For the Turban's soft folds of the East—should he pine, ah!
We dress to please him den so—a la Turque.
(Spoken) Comme ça.—*Arranges shawl as turban.—(Singing)* Lira, la!

STED. *(Aside.)* Eh—why it is—

CHAR. *(Aside.)* He doesn't know me, however—

STED. *(Aside.)* Charlotte herself by all my hopes. So,

so, my pretty damsel, caught fairly in the snare you were laying for me:—Now, if you have a spark of jealousy in your disposition, I'll kindle it into a flame that shall consume this curious spirit of yours.

CHAR. Den, you will buy dis shawl? c'est bien! me put him by [illegible]

STED. [illegible] nd you too, my sweet little French [illegible]

CHAR. [illegible] od—ah, ah, c'est bon; but dis shawl—you b[illegible] heap—me have shew you de various fo[illegible] ver's knot.

STED. [illegible] ed beyond the power of extrication. You are a beautiful creature.

CHAR. Ah, Monsieur, you make de fun, Monsieur—non non, you no like pauvre Française—you love de lady dat is below you, down stairs.

STED. What the landlady?

CHAR. Landlady—bah! non—de pretty amiable young lady dat bring me up to you.

STED. Well, this is the first time I ever heard there was a pretty amiable young lady in the house—I must have a look at her—where did you see her?

CHAR. Wid her moder on de floor, what is come between dis and de street?

STED. Oh, I suppose you mean the person I intend the honour of making my wife?

CHAR. Ah, oui; you love her before all de world?

STED. Yes, before all de world, I do; or rather, I appear to do so: but how can you be so silly? Love one's wife! ridiculous!! You see, my dear, I want a housekeeper, a person—when I give parties to the handsome women about town, to take the head of the table, make tea, et cetera; so that I may have no anxiety about refreshments

and can enjoy myself with the dear creatures to my heart's content.

CHAR. Bein agreeable! dat vhy you marry dis person?

STED. Yes, merely a match of convenience; I have paid her some little attention, but that was to lull suspicion, you see, my dear: now do you imagine I would tie myself to a girl like that, who is for ever plaguing me with her childish folly, there is plenty of money which will allow me to indulge—

CHAR. Indulge! you very amiable Monsieur.

STED. Yes, my darling; do you know I have taken a prodigious fancy to you, and if you accept the handkerchief I throw to you, à la Turque, you shall have a stylish house, a dashing equipage, and while my wife is driving the servants about at home, we'll be driving every thing before us without.

CHAR. *(Sarcastically.)* Oh! you nice man!

STED. *(Aside.)* It works. What say you to being my chère amie, sans ceremonie? my wife shall have all my respect, but you shall have all my love.

CHAR. Suppose, Mounseer, before we agree, we consult the young person if she like dis arrangement?

STED. Oh, no; not for the world, she must not know any thing about it.

CHAR. *(Unable any longer to restrain her passion)* But she does know every thing about it, you good for nothing man, you!

STED. Good heavens! What is this? Charlotte!

CHAR. Yes, I am that unfortunate young woman; oh, oh—*(Crying.)*

STED. But, my dear Charlotte, who could know you in that dress?

CHAR. Don't touch me, sir, you shall never come near me, as long as I live.

STED. Don't make any rash vows, my love.

CHAR. I'm not your love; I'm no man's love, I care for no man' love; and sooner than be united to one of your vile sex, I'd die an old maid, fifty times over.

STED. What, and lead apes in the other world?

CHAR. ed to the altar by a monkey in this,

STED. it had been you, I should have act

CHAR. d, sir; you have duplicity enough f

B, R. H.

JACOB. Oh, sir, a gentleman stopped me as I was coming in, and asked me if I had seen a suspicious looking lady about this neighbourhood; and on my describing the lady I saw here this morning, he said that was the very person, and insisted on searching the apartments.

STED. You have not let him in?

JACOB. No, sir, he came in of his own accord, and is now talking with Mrs. Peery.

STED. Oh, undone, undone!

CHAR. I'm glad of it; now, Mr. Stedfast, you're found out at last.

JACOB. I told him it was no use, as we had searched every where and couldn't find her; he's coming, sir.

CARE. *(Throwing down screen.)* Is he? then, the devil take the hindmost.

(Runs to window, gets on a chair that is standing close to it, and is about to leap out, when Charlotte prevents him, by taking hold of his petticoat, then turns to Jacob, calling to him to fetch the officer,—Stedfast holds the door. In the mean time, Careless untying the petticoat, and throwing off the woman's dress,

succeeds in effecting his escape, unperceived by Charlotte and Jacob, just as Snatch the officer forces the door and enters with Mrs. Peery.)

JACOB. and CHAR. Here she is! here she is! come in, sir, here she is—*(Turning round, finds Careless gone.)*

CHAR. Gone! I'm electrified!

JACOB. Without her petticoats, I'm shocked!

SNATCH. I dare say Mr. Careless finds he can run better without them: aye, Mr. Careless has dropt from here on the leads, and from those in to the street; however, one or two of my companions are at his heels.

CHAR. JACOB. MRS. P. Mr.—Mr. Careless!

STED. Yes, my friend, *Mis-ter* Careless who is a victim to your indiscretion.

CHAR. Why, what in heaven's name has he done?

SNATCH. Only shot a gentleman this morning in a duel; that's all, ma'am; so was obliged to sail about under false colors to avoid being captivated; but we were too deep for him; I must go and see if they have nabbed him. [*Exit* R. H.

CHAR. *(To Stedfast who is much agitated.)* Compose yourself, something may yet be done to save him.

STED. What! when the judges have decided to show no mercy to duellists?

CHAR. I am sure, Henry, I would go to the world's end to atone for my error.

JACOB. *(Who has been looking out of window.)* Hurra, hurra! they've got him, they've got him!

STED. *(Going to Jacob and thumping him round the stage.)* You infernal, impudent rascal! how dare you play with my feelings in this way? Had you gone to the Hotel as I told you, this would not have happened; instead of that you must be chattering about my concerns to the first person you meet.

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